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DONNE.

And in this course attire which now I wear
With God and with the Muses I confer.

Engraved by C. Tomkins

THE

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS.

WITH

LIVES OF THE AUTHORS,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

VOL. IV.

DAVIES, &c.

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY MITCHELL, AMES, AND WHITE.
William Brown, Printer.

1819.

Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit:

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the sixteent
in the forty-third year of the Independence of the
America. A. D. 1819, Ezekiel Sanford, of the sa
deposited in this office the title of a book, the r
claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit

"The Works of the British Poets. With Lives of
Ezekiel Sanford."

In conformity to the act of the Congress of th
entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learni
the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the auth
tors of such copies, during the times therein me
also to the act, entitled, "An act supplementary to
'An act for the encouragement of learning, by see
of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and pro
copies during the times therein mentioned,' and
benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engravin
historical and other prints."

D. CAL
Clerk of the Eastern District o

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1895

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Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit:

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the sixteenth day of March, in the forty-third year of the Independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1819, Ezekiel Sanford, of the said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

"The Works of the British Poets. With Lives of the Authors, by Ezekiel Sanford."

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned."—And also to the act, entitled, "An act supplementary to an act, entitled, 'An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned,' and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

D. CALDWELL,
Clerk of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

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SIR JOHN DAVIES.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

SELECT POEMS

OF

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

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A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

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EZEKIEL SANFORD.

LIFE OF DAVIES.

SIR JOHN DAVIES, the third son of John Davies, a wealthy tanner, according to Wood,—but 'late of New Inn, gentleman,' by the record of the Middle Temple, was born at Chisgrove, in the parish of Tisbury, Wiltshire, in 1570. In his fifteenth year, he became a commoner of Queen's College, Oxford; and, though he removed to the Middle Temple, in 1588, the circumstance of his taking his first degree, two years afterwards, would show, that he still considered himself as a member of the University.

In the Temple, he seems to have been more studious of mischief than of law. He was first fined, and finally removed, for misdemeanors; and, though he came to the bar, in 1595, he was expelled the society of the Middle Temple, in 1598, for beating Richard Martin, while at dinner in the common hall. His progress at the bar seems to have been retarded by his misbehaviour; and his only achievement, up to the present date, was that of twenty-six acrostics, in honour of Queen Elizabeth. In 1599, he established his reputation, as a poet, by the publication of NOSCE TEIPSUM, *or the Immortality of the Soul.* In 1601, the favour of Lord Ellismere restored him to his chamber in the Temple; and, being returned to the House of Commons, the same year, for Corfe-Castle, in Dorsetshire, he is said to have *become* an active and useful member *of parliament.*

He accompanied Lord Heersdon, in his mission to congratulate King James on his accession to the throne. As soon as he was introduced, his Majesty asked if he was *Nosce Teipsum;* and, when answered in the affirmative, he took him in his arms, and assured him of his favour. Nor was it merely an unmeaning compliment. In 1603, he went as solicitor general to Ireland; and, soon after, received the appointment of attorney general. He engaged with activity, in the colonization of Ulster; and, in the midst of his official duties, found time to compose a volume of *Historical Tracts* upon the country; which, if they do him no credit as a writer, are at least a proof, that he had become industrious. He was made sergeant at law, in 1606; received the honour of knighthood, in 1607; and, five years afterwards, became the king's sergeant, and was chosen speaker of the first Irish House of Commons. His Reports were published, in 1615. A change in the administration occasioned his return from Ireland; and, up to the year 1626, the only things recorded of him, are, that he acted, for some time, as a justice of the assizes, and, in 1621, was returned as a member of parliament for Newcastle-under-Line. He was about to enter upon the duties of lord chief justice, in 1626; when an apoplexy carried him off, at his house in the Strand, on the night of the 7th of December.

His wife, Lady Eleanor Touchet, was the daughter of George Lord Audley, Earl of Castlehaven; and became so formidable by her prophecies, as to have provoked, after his death, the rigorous chastisement of the High Commission Court. An account of her prophecies was published in 1649. She died herself three years afterwards. Sir John had an idiot son, who happily died young,—and a daughter, named Lucy, who was married to Ferdinando Lord Hastings, afterwards Earl of Huntingdon.

The inscription on our author's monument, erected near his grave in St. Martin's in the Fields, is, that 'He was a man of fine abilities and uncommon eloquence, and a most excellent writer, both in prose and verse. He tempered the severity of the lawyer with the politeness and learning of a gentleman: he was a faithful advocate, an impartial judge, and equally remarkable for a love of sincere piety, and a contempt of anxious superstition.' He is certainly the first, and perhaps the best, didactic poet, in the language. His poem of *Nosce Teipsum* is distinguished for a novelty and force of argument, a precision of logical and systematic arrangement, and an ease and neatness of versification, which few English authors have been able to parallel. Dr. Johnson praises Waller for the distinguished harmony of his verse; and suggests, that he might have studied Davies as a model.*

* Life of Waller, near the end.

ON THE

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL,

PUBLISHED IN 1699.

THE PREFACE.

There is a natural love and fondness in Englishmen for whatever was done in the reign of queen Elizabeth; we look upon her time as our golden age; and the great men who lived in it, as our chiefest heroes of virtue, and greatest examples of wisdom, courage, integrity and learning.

Among many others, the author of this poem merits a lasting honour; for, as he was a most eloquent lawyer, so, in the composition of this piece, we admire him for a good poet, and exact philosopher. It is not rhyming that makes a poet, but the true and impartial representing of virtue and vice, so as to instruct mankind in matters of greatest importance. And this observation has been made of our countrymen, that sir John Suckling wrote in the most courtly and gentleman-like style; Waller in the most sweet and flowing numbers; Denham with the most accurate judgment and correctness; Cowley with pleasing softness, and plenty of imagination: none ever uttered more divine thought than Mr. Herbert; none more philosophical than sir John Davies. His thoughts are moulded into easy and significant words; his rhymes never mislead the sense, but are led and governed by it: so that in reading such useful performances, the wit of

mankind may be refined from its dross, their memories furnished with the best notions, their judgments strengthened, and their conceptions enlarged, by which means the mind will be raised to the most perfect ideas it is capable of in this degenerate state.

But as others have laboured to carry out our thoughts, and to entertain them with all manner of delights abroad; it is the peculiar character of this author, that he has taught us (with Antoninus) to meditate upon ourselves; that he has disclosed to us greater secrets at home; self-reflection being the only way to valuable and true knowledge, which consists in that rare science of a man's self, which the moral philosopher loses in a crowd of definitions, divisions, and distinctions: the historian cannot find it amongst all his musty records, being far better acquainted with the transactions of a thousand years past, than with the present age, or with himself: the writer of fables and romances wanders from it, in following the delusions of a wild fancy, chimeras and fictions that do not only exceed the works, but also the possibility of nature. Whereas the resemblance of truth is the utmost limit of poetical liberty, which our author has very religiously observed; for he has not only placed and connected together the most amiable images of all those powers that are in our souls, but he has furnished and squared his matter like a true philosopher; that is, he has made both body and soul, colour and shadow, of his poem out of the storehouse of his own mind, which gives the whole work a real and natural beauty; when that which is borrowed out of books (the boxes of counterfeit com-

plexion) shows well or ill as it has more or less likeness to the natural. But our author is beholding to none but himself; and by knowing himself thoroughly, he has arrived to know much; which appears in his admirable variety of well-chosen metaphors and similitudes, that cannot be found within the compass of a narrow knowledge. For this reason the poem, on account of its intrinsic worth, would be as lasting as the Iliad, or the Æneid, if the language it is wrote in were as immutable as that of the Greeks and Romans.

Now it would be of great benefit to the beaux of our age to carry this glass in their pocket, whereby they might learn to think, rather than dress well: it would be of use also to the wits and virtuosoes to carry this antidote about them against the poison they have sucked in from Lucretius or Hobbs. This would acquaint them with some principles of religion; for in old times the poets were their divines, and exercised a kind of spiritual authority amongst the people. Verse in those days was the sacred style, the style of oracles and laws. The vows and thanks of the people were recommended to their gods in songs and hymns. Why may they not retain this privilege? for if prose should contend with verse, it would be upon unequal terms, and, as it were, on foot against the wings of Pegasus. With what delight are we touched in hearing the stories of Hercules, Achilles, Cyrus, and Æneas? Because in their characters we have wisdom, honour, fortitude, and justice, set before our eyes. It was Plato's opinion, that if a man could see virtue, he would be strangely enamoured on her person. Which is the reason why Horace and Virgil have

continued so long in reputation, because they have drawn her in all the charms of poetry. No man is so senseless of rational impressions, as not to be wonderfully affected with the pastorals of the ancients, when, under the stories of wolves and sheep, they describe the misery of people under hard masters, and their happiness under good. So the bitter but wholesome iambic was wont to make villainy blush; the satire incited men to laugh at folly; the comedian chastised the common errors of life; and the tragedian made kings afraid to be tyrants, and tyrants to be their own tormentors.

Wherefore, as sir Philip Sidney said of Chaucer, that he knew not which he should most wonder at, either that he in his dark time should see so distinctly, or that we in this clear age should go so stumblingly after him; so may we marvel at and bewail the low condition of poetry now, when in our plays scarce any one rule of decorum is observed, but in the space of two hours and an half we pass through all the fits of Bedlam; in one scene we are all in mirth, in the next we are sunk into sadness; whilst even the most laboured parts are commonly starved for want of thought; a confused heap of words, and empty sound of rhyme.

This very consideration should advance the esteem of the following poem, wherein are represented the various movements of the mind; at which we are as much transported as with the most excellent scenes of passion in Shakespeare, or Fletcher: for in this, as in a mirror (that will not flatter) we see how the soul arbitrates in the understanding upon the various reports of sense, and *all the changes of* imagination: how compliant the

will is to her dictates, and obeys her as a queen does her king. At the same time acknowledging a subjection, and yet retaining a majesty. How the passions move at her command, like a well disciplined army; from which regular composure of the faculties, all operating in their proper time and place, there arises a complacency upon the whole soul, that infinitely transcends all other pleasures.

What deep philosophy is this! to discover the process of God's art in fashioning the soul of man after his own image; by remarking how one part moves another, and how those motions are varied by several positions of each part, from the first springs and plummets, to the very hand that points out the visible and last effects. What eloquence and force of wit to convey these profound speculations in the easiest language, expressed in words so vulgarly received, that they are understood by the meanest capacities!

For the poet takes care in every line to satisfy the understandings of mankind: he follows step by step the workings of the mind from the first strokes of sense, then of fancy, afterwards of judgment, into the principles both of natural and supernatural motives: hereby the soul is made intelligible, which comprehends all things besides: the boundless tracks of sea and land, and the vaster spaces of Heaven; that vital principle of action, which has always been busied in inquiries abroad, is now made known to itself; insomuch that we may find out what we ourselves are, from whence we came, and whither we must go: we may perceive what noble guests those are, which we lodge in our bosoms,

which are nearer to us than all other things, and yet nothing further from our acquaintance.

But here all the labyrinths and windings of the human frame are laid open: it is seen by what pullies and wheels the work is carried on, as plainly as if a window were opened into our breast: for it is the work of God alone to create a mind. The next to this is to show how its operations are performed.

N. TATE.

THE

AUTHOR'S DEDICATION

TO

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

To that clear majesty which in the north
  Doth, like another Sun, in glory rise, [worth;
Which standeth fix'd, yet spreads her heav'nly
  Loadstone to hearts, and loadstar to all eyes.

Like Heav'n in all, like Earth to this alone,
  That through great states by her support do
Yet she herself supported is of none, [stand;
  But by the finger of th' Almighty's hand.

To the divinest and the richest mind,
  Both by Art's purchase, and by Nature's dow'r,
That ever was from Heaven to Earth confin'd,
  To show the utmost of a creature's pow'r:

To that great spring, which doth great kingdoms
move; [streams,
  The sacred spring, whence right and honour
Distilling virtue, shedding peace and love,
  In every place, as Cynthia sheds her beams:

I offer up some sparkles of that fire,
  Whereby we reason, live, and move, and be,
These sparks by nature evermore aspire,
  Which makes them now to such a highness flee.

Fair soul, since to the fairest body join'd,
  You give such lively life, such quick'ning pow'r;
And influence of such celestial kind,
  As keeps it still in youth's immortal flower:

As where the sun is present all the year,
  And never doth retire his golden ray,
Needs must the spring be everlasting there,
  And every season like the month of May.

O! many, many years may you remain
  A happy angel to this happy land:
Long, long may you on earth our empress reign,
  Ere you in Heaven a glorious angel stand.

Stay long (sweet spirit) ere thou to Heaven depart,
Who mak'st each place a Heaven wherein thou art.

Her majesty's devoted subject

and servant,

JOHN DAVIES.

July 11, 1592.

THE

INTRODUCTION.[*]

Why did my parents send me to the schools,
  That I with knowledge might enrich my mind?
Since the desire to know first made men fools,
  And did corrupt the root of all mankind;

For when God's hand had written in the hearts
  Of the first parents all the rules of good,
So that their skill infus'd, did pass all arts
  That ever were before or since the flood;

And when their reason's eye was sharp and clear,
  And (as an eagle can behold the Sun)
Could have approach'd th' eternal light as near
  As th' intellectual angels could have done.

E'en then to them the spirit of lies suggests,
  That they were blind, because they saw not ill,
And breath'd into their incorrupted breasts
  A curious wish, which did corrupt their will.

For that same ill they straight desir'd to know;
  Which ill, being nought but a defect of good,
In all God's works the Devil could not show,
  While man their lord in his perfection stood.

* This poem was published by Mr. Tate, with the universal applause of the nation; and was, without dispute, except Spenser's Fairy Queen, the best that was written in Queen Elizabeth's, even King James the first's time. *W. T.*

So that themselves were first to do the ill,
  Ere they thereof the knowledge could attain,
Like him that knew not poison's power to kill,
  Until (by tasting it) himself was slain.

E'en so by tasting of that fruit forbid,
  Where they sought knowledge, they did error [find;
Ill they desir'd to know, and ill they did;
  And to give passion eyes, made reason blind.

For then their minds did first in passion see
  Those wretched shapes of misery and woe,
Of nakedness, of shame, of poverty, [know.
  Which then their own experience made them

But then grew reason dark, that she no more
  Could the fair forms of good and truth discern;
Bats they became, that eagles were before;
  And this they got by their desire to learn.

But we, their wretched offspring, what do we?
  Do not we still taste of the fruit forbid?
Whilst with fond fruitless curiosity,
  In books profane we seek for knowledge hid.

What is this knowledge? but the sky-stol'n fire,
  For which the thief* still chain'd in ice doth sit?
And which the poor rude satyr† did admire,
  And needs would kiss, but burnt his lips with it.

What is it? but the cloud of empty rain, [got?
  Which when Jove's guest‡ embrac'd, he monsters

* *Prometheus.* † See Æsop's Fables. ‡ Ixion.

Or the false pails,* which oft being fill'd with pain,
  Receiv'd the water, but retain'd it not?

In fine, what is it, but the fiery coach [withall?
  Which the youth† sought, and sought his death
Or the boys‡ wings, which, when he did approach
  The Sun's hot beams, did melt and let him fall?

And yet, alas! when all our lamps are burn'd,
  Our bodies wasted, and our spirits spent;
When we have all the learned volumes turn'd
  Which yield men's wits both help and ornament:

What can we know? or what can we discern?
  When error chokes the windows of the mind;
The divers forms of things how can we learn,
  That have been ever from our birth-day blind?

When reason's lamp, which (like the Sun in sky)
  Throughout man's little world her beams did
Is now become a sparkle, which doth lie [spread,
  Under the ashes, half extinct and dead:

How can we hope, that through the eye and ear,
  This dying sparkle, in this cloudy place,
Can recollect these beams of knowledge clear,
  Which were infus'd in the first minds by grace?

So might the heir, whose father hath, in play,
  Wasted a thousand pounds of ancient rent,
By painful earning of one groat a day,
  Hope to restore the patrimony spent.

* *Danaides.* † Phaeton. ‡ Icarus.

The wits that div'd most deep, and soar'd most high
  Seeking man's pow'rs, have found his weaknes
"Skill comes so slow, and life so fast doth fly, [such
  We learn so little, and forget so much."

For this the wisest of all moral men
  Said, *he knew nought, but that he nought did know*
And the great mocking-master mock'd not then,
  When he said, *truth was buried deep below.*

For how may we to other things attain,
  When none of us his own soul understands?
For which the Devil mocks our curious brain,
  When, "know thyself," his oracle commands.

For why should we the busy soul believe,
  When boldly she concludes of that and this,
When of herself she can no judgment give,
  Nor how, nor whence, nor where, nor what she i

All things without, which round about we see,
  We seek to know, and how therewith to do:
But that whereby we reason, live, and be,
  Within ourselves, we strangers are thereto.

We seek to know the moving of each sphere, [Nile
  And the strange cause of th' ebbs and floods
But of that clock within our breasts we bear,
  The subtle motions we forget the while.

We that acquaint ourselves with every zone,
  And pass both tropics, and behold each pole,
When we come home, are to ourselves unknown,
  And unacquainted still with our own soul.

We study speech, but others we persuade,
  We leach-craft learn, but others cure with it,
We interpret laws, which other men have made,
  But read not those which in our hearts are writ.

It is because the mind is like the eye,
  Through which it gathers knowledge by degrees,
Whose rays reflect not, but spread outwardly;
  Not seeing itself, when other things it sees?

No, doubtless; for the mind can backward cast
  Upon herself, her understanding's light,
But she is so corrupt, and so defac'd,
  As her own image doth herself affright.

As is the fable of the lady fair,
  Which for her lust was turn'd into a cow,
When thirsty to a stream she did repair,
  And saw herself transform'd she wist not how;

At first she startles, then she stands amaz'd;
  At last with terror she from thence doth fly,
And loaths the wat'ry glass wherein she gaz'd,
  And shuns it still, though she for thirst doth die:

E'en so man's soul, which did God's image bear,
  And was at first fair, good, and spotless pure,
Since with her sins her beauties blotted were,
  Doth of all sights her own sight least endure:

For e'en at first reflection she espies,
  Such strange chimeras, and such monsters there,
Such toys, such antics, and such vanities,
  As she retires, and shrinks for shame and fear.

And as the man loves least at home to be,
  That hath a sluttish house haunted with sprites
So she, impatient her own faults to see,
  Turns from herself, and in strange things delight

For this few know themselves: for merchants broi
  View their estate with discontent and pain,
And seas are troubled, when they do revoke
  Their flowing waves into themselves again.

And while the face of outward things we find,
  Pleasing and fair, agreeable and sweet,
These things transport, and carry out the mind,
  That with herself, the mind can never meet.

Yet if Affliction once her wars begin,
  And threat the feebler sense with sword and fir
The mind contracts herself, and shrinketh in,
  And to herself she gladly doth retire:

As spiders touch'd, seek their web's inmost part;
  As bees in storms back to their hives return;
As blood in danger gathers to the heart;
  As men seek towns, when foes the country bur

If aught can teach us aught, Affliction's looks,
  (Making us pry into ourselves so near)
Teach us to know ourselves beyond all books,
  Or all the learned schools that ever were.

This mistress lately pluck'd me by the ear,
  And many a golden lesson hath me taught;
Hath made my senses quick, and reason clear;
  Reform'd my will, and rectify'd my thought.

So do the winds and thunders cleanse the air:
  So working seas settle and purge the wine:
So lopp'd and pruned trees do flourish fair:
  So doth the fire the drossy gold refine.

Neither Minerva, nor the learned Muse,
  Nor rules of art, nor precepts of the wise,
Could in my brain those beams of skill infuse,
  As but the glance of this dame's angry eyes.

She within lists my ranging mind hath brought,
  That now beyond myself I will not go;
Myself am centre of my circling thought,
  Only myself I study, learn, and know.

I know my body's of so frail a kind,
  As force without, fevers within, can kill:
I know the heavenly nature of my mind,
  But 'tis corrupted both in wit and will.

I know my soul hath power to know all things,
  Yet is she blind and ignorant in all:
I know I'm one of Nature's little kings,
  Yet to the least and vilest things am thrall.

I know my life's a pain, and but a span,
  I know my sense is mock'd in every thing,
And to conclude, I know myself a man,
  Which is a proud and yet a wretched thing.

OF

THE SOUL OF MAN,

AND

THE IMMORTALITY THEREOF.

The lights of Heav'n (which are the world's fair eyes)
  Look down into the world, the world to see;
And as they turn, or wander in the skies,
  Survey all things, that on this centre be.

And yet the lights which in my tow'r do shine,
  Mine eyes which view all objects nigh and far,
Look not into this little world of mine,
  Nor see my face, wherein they fixed are.

Since Nature fails us in no needful thing,
  Why want I means my inward self to see?
Which sight the knowledge of myself might bring,
  Which to true wisdom is the first degree.

That pow'r which gave me eyes the world to view,
  To view myself, infus'd an inward light,
Whereby my soul, as by a mirror true,
  Of her own form may take a perfect sight.

But as the sharpest eye discerneth nought,
  Except the sun-beams in the air do shine:
So the best soul, with her reflecting thought,
  Sees not herself without some light divine.

O Light, which mak'st the light, which mak'st the day!
  Which set'st the eye without, and mind within;
'Lighten my spirit with one clear heavenly ray,
  Which now to view itself doth first begin.

For her true form how can my spark discern,
  Which, dim by nature, art did never clear?
When the great wits, of whom all skill we learn,
  Are ignorant both what she is, and where.

One thinks the soul is air; another, fire;
  Another, blood diffus'd about the heart;
Another saith, the elements conspire,
  And to her essence each doth give a part.

Musicians think our souls are harmonies,
  Physicians hold that they complexions be;
Epicures make them swarms of atomies,
  Which do by chance into our bodies flee.

Some think one gen'ral soul fills ev'ry brain,
  As the bright Sun sheds light in every star;
And others think the name of soul is vain,
  And that we only well-mix'd bodies are.

In judgment of her substance thus they vary,
  And thus they vary in judgment of her seat;

For some her chair up to the brain do carry,
  Some thrust it down into the stomach's heat.

Some place it in the root of life, the heart;
  Some in the river fountain of the veins;
Some say, she's all in all, and all in every part:
  Some say, she's not contain'd, but all contains.

Thus these great clerks their little wisdom show,
  While with their doctrines they at hazard play;
Tossing their light opinions to and fro,
  To mock the lewd, as learn'd in this as they.

For no craz'd brain could ever yet propound,
  Touching the soul, so vain and fond a thought;
But some among these masters have been found,
  Which in their schools the self-same thing have
    taught.

God only wise, to punish pride of wit,
  Among men's wits has this confusion wrought,
As the proud tow'r whose points the clouds did hit,
  By tongues' confusion was to ruin brought.

But (thou) which didst man's soul of nothing make,
  And when to nothing it was fallen again,
"To make it new, the form of man didst take;
  And God with God, becam'st a man with men."

Thou that hast fashion'd twice this soul of ours,
  So that she is by double title thine,
Thou only know'st her nature and her pow'rs;
  Her subtle form thou only canst define.

To judge herself, she must herself transcend,
  As greater circles comprehend the less;
But she wants pow'r, her own pow'rs to extend,
  As fetter'd men cannot their strength express.

But thou, bright morning Star, thou rising Sun,
  Which in these later times hast brought to light
Those mysteries, that, since the world begun,
  Lay hid in darkness, and eternal night.

Thou (like the Sun) do'st with an equal ray
  Into the palace and the cottage shine,
And show'st the soul, both to the clerk and lay,
  By the clear lamp of oracle divine.

This lamp, through all the regions of my brain,
  Where my soul sits, doth spread such beams of [grace,
As now, methinks, I do distinguish plain,
  Each subtle line of her immortal face.

The soul a substance and a spirit is,
  Which God himself doth in the body make,
Which makes the man, for every man from this
  The nature of a man and name doth take.

And though this spirit be to th' body knit,
  As an apt means her pow'rs to exercise,
Which are life, motion, sense, and will, and wit,
  Yet she survives, although the body dies.

SECTION I.

THAT THE SOUL IS A THING SUBSISTING BY ITSELF WITHOUT THE BODY.

She is a substance, and a real thing,
  Which hath itself an actual working might,
Which neither from the senses' power doth spring,
  Nor from the body's humours temper'd right.

She is a vine, which doth no propping need
  To make her spread herself, or spring upright;
She is a star, whose beams do not proceed
  From any sun, but from a native light.

For when she sorts things present with things past,
  And thereby things to come doth oft foresee;
When she doth doubt at first, and choose at last,
  These acts her own,* without her body be.

When of the dew, which th' eye and ear do take
  From flow'rs abroad, and bring into the brain,
She doth within both wax and honey make:
  This work is her's, this is her proper pain.

When she from sundry acts one skill doth draw;
  Gathering from divers fights one art of war,

* That the soul hath a proper operation without the body.

From many cases, like one rule of law;
  These her collections, not the senses are.

When in th' effects she doth the causes know,
  And, seeing the stream, thinks where the spring
    doth rise;
And, seeing the branch, conceives the root below;
  These things she views without the body's eyes.

When she, without a Pegasus, doth fly,
  Swifter than lightning's fire from east to west;
About the centre, and above the sky,
  She travels then, although the body rest.

When all her works she formeth first within,
  Proportions them, and sees their perfect end;
Ere she in act doth any part begin,
  What instruments doth then the body lend?

When without hands she doth thus castles build,
  Sees without eyes, and without feet doth run;
When she digests the world, yet is not fill'd;
  By her own pow'rs these miracles are done.

When she defines, argues, divides, compounds,
  Considers virtue, vice, and general things:
And marrying divers principles and grounds,
  Out of their match a true conclusion brings.

These actions in her closet, all alone,
  (Retir'd within herself) she doth fulfil;
Use of her body's organs she hath none,
  When she doth use the pow'rs of wit and will.

Yet in the body's prison so she lies,
  As through the body's windows she must look,
Her divers powers of sense to exercise,
  By gathering notes out of the world's great book.

Nor can herself discourse or judge of ought,
  But what the sense collects, and home doth bring;
And yet the pow'rs of her discoursing thought,
  From these collections is a diverse thing.

For though our eyes can nought but colours see,
  Yet colours give them not the pow'r of sight:
So, though these fruits of sense her objects be,
  Yet she discerns them by her proper light.

The workman on his stuff his skill doth show,
  And yet the stuff gives not the man his skill:
Kings their affairs do by their servants know,
  But order them by their own royal will.

So, though this cunning mistress, and this queen,
  Doth, as her instruments, the senses use,
To know all things that are felt, heard, or seen;
  Yet she herself doth only judge and choose.

E'en as a prudent emperor, that reigns
  By sovereign title over sundry lands,
Borrows, in mean affairs, his subjects' pains,
  Sees by their eyes, and writeth by their hands:

But things of weight and consequence indeed,
  Himself does in his chamber them debate;

Where all his counsellors he doth exceed,
  As far in judgment, as he doth in state.

Or as the man whom princes do advance,
  Upon their gracious mercy-seat to sit,
Doth common things, of course and circumstance,
  To the reports of common men commit:

But when the cause itself must be decreed,
  Himself in person, in his proper court,
To grave and solemn hearing doth proceed,
  Of ev'ry proof, and ev'ry by-report.

Then, like God's angel, he pronounceth right,
  And milk and honey from his tongue doth flow:
Happy are they that still are in his sight,
  To reap the wisdom which his lips do sow.

Right so the soul, which is a lady free,
  And doth the justice of her state maintain:
Because the senses ready servants be,
  Attending nigh about her court, the brain:

By them the forms of outward things she learns,
  For they return into the fantasie,
Whatever each of them abroad discerns;
  And there enroll it for the mind to see.

But when she sits to judge the good and ill,
  And to discern betwixt the false and true,
She is not guided by the senses' skill,
  But doth each thing in her own mirror view.

Then she the senses checks, which oft do err,
  And e'en against their false reports decrees;
And oft she doth condemn what they prefer;
  For with a pow'r above the sense she sees.

Therefore no sense the precious joys conceives,
  Which in her private contemplations be;
For then the ravish'd spirit th' senses leaves,
  Hath her own pow'rs, and proper actions free.

Her harmonies are sweet, and full of skill,
  When on the body's instruments she plays;
But the proportions of the wit and will,
  Those sweet accords are even th' angels' lays.

These tunes of reason are Amphion's lyre,
  Wherewith he did the Theban city found:
These are the notes wherewith the heavenly choir
  The praise of him which made the Heav'n doth
    sound.

Then her self-being nature shines in this,
  That she performs her noblest works alone:
"The work, the touch-stone of the nature is;
  And by their operations things are known."

SECTION II.

THAT THE SOUL IS MORE THAN A PERFECTION, OR REFLECTION OF THE SENSE.

Are they not senseless then, that think the soul
  Nought but a fine perfection of the sense,
Or of the forms which fancy doth enroll;
  A quick resulting, and a consequence?

What is it then that doth the sense accuse,
  Both of false judgment, and fond appetites?
What makes us do what sense doth most refuse,
  Which oft in torment of the sense delights?

Sense thinks the planets' spheres not much asunder
  What tells us then the distance is so far?
Sense thinks the lightning born before the thunder
  What tells us then they both together are?

When men seem crows far off upon a tow'r,
  Sense saith they're crows: what makes us think
    them men?
When we in agues think all sweet things sour,
  What makes us know our tongue's false judgment
    then?

What pow'r was that, whereby Medea saw,
  And well approv'd, and prais'd the better course;
When her rebellious sense did so withdraw
  Her feeble pow'rs, that she pursued the worse?

Did sense persuade Ulysses not to hear
  The mermaid's songs which so his men did please,
That they were all persuaded, through the ear,
  To quit the ship and leap into the seas?

Could any pow'r of sense the Roman move,
  To burn his own right hand with courage stout?
Could sense make Marius sit unbound, and prove
  The cruel lancing of the knotty gout?

Doubtless, in man there is a nature found,
  Beside the senses, and above them far;
"Though most men being in sensual pleasures drown'd,
  It seems their souls but in their senses are."

If we had nought but sense, then only they
  Should have sound minds which have their senses sound:
But wisdom grows when senses do decay;
  And folly most in quickest sense is found.

If we had nought but sense, each living wight,
  Which we call brute, would be more sharp than we;
As having sense's apprehensive might
  In a more clear and excellent degree.

But they do want that quick discoursing pow'r,
  Which doth in us the erring sense correct;
Therefore the bee did suck the painted flow'r,
  And birds, of grapes, the cunning shadow peck'd.

Sense outsides knows, the soul through all things
sees:
Sense, circumstance; she doth the substance view:
Sense sees the bark; but she the life of trees:
Sense hears the sounds; but she the concords true.

But why do I the soul and sense divide,
When sense is but a pow'r, which she extends;
Which being in divers parts diversify'd,
The divers forms of objects apprehends?

This power spreads outward, but the root doth grow
In th' inward soul, which only doth perceive;
For th' eyes and ears no more their objects know,
Than glasses know what faces they receive.

For if we chance to fix our thoughts elsewhere,
Though our eyes open be, we cannot see:
And if one pow'r did not both see and hear,
Our sights and sounds would always double be.

Then is a soul a nature, which contains
The pow'r of sense within a greater pow'r;
Which doth employ and use the sense's pains,
But sits and rules within her private bow'r.

SECTION III.

THAT THE SOUL IS MORE THAN THE TEMPERATURE OF THE HUMOURS OF THE BODY.

If she doth then the subtle sense excel,
  How gross are they that drown her in the blood?
Or in the body's humours temper'd well;
  As if in them such high perfection stood?

As if most skill in that musician were,
  Which had the best, and best tun'd instrument?
As if the pencil neat, and colours clear,
  Had power to make the painter excellent?

Why doth not beauty then refine the wit,
  And good complexion rectify the will?
Why doth not health bring wisdom still with it?
  Why doth not sickness make men brutish still.

Who can in memory, or wit, or will,
  Or air, or fire, or earth, or water find?
What alchymist can draw, with all his skill,
  The quintessence of these out of the mind?

If th' elements which have nor life, nor sense,
  Can breed in us so great a pow'r as this,
Why give they not themselves like excellence,
  Or other things wherein their mixture is?

If she were but the body's quality,
  Then she would be with it sick, maim'd, and blind:
But we perceive, where these privations be,
  An healthy, perfect, and sharp-sighted mind.

If she the body's nature did partake,
  Her strength would with the body's strength decay:
But when the body's strongest sinews slake,
  Then is the soul most active, quick, and gay.

If she were but the body's accident,
  And her sole being did in it subsist,
As white in snow she might herself absent,
  And in the body's substance not be miss'd.

But it on her, not she on it, depends;
  For she the body doth sustain and cherish:
Such secret pow'rs of life to it she lends,
  That when they fail, then doth the body perish.

Since then the soul works by herself alone,
  Springs not from sense, nor humours well agreeing,
Her nature is peculiar, and her own;
  She is a substance, and a perfect being.

SECTION IV.

THAT THE SOUL IS A SPIRIT.

But though this substance be the root of sense,
  Sense knows her not, which doth but bodies know:
She is a spirit, and heav'nly influence,
  Which from th' fountain of God's spirit doth flow.

She is a spirit, yet not like air or wind;
  Nor like the spirits about the heart or brain;
Nor like those spirits which alchymists do find,
  When they in every thing seek gold in vain.

For she all natures under Heav'n doth pass, [see,
  Being like those spirits, which God's bright face do
Or like himself, whose image once she was,
  Though now, alas! she scarce his shadow be.

For of all forms, she holds the first degree,
  That are to gross material bodies knit;
Yet she herself is bodyless and free;
  And, though confin'd, is almost infinite.

Were she a body,* how could she remain
  Within this body, which is less than she?
Or how could she the world's great shape contain,
  And in our narrow breasts contained be?

All bodies are confin'd within some place,
  But she all place within herself confines:
All bodies have their measure and their space;
  But who can draw the soul's dimensive lines?

No body can at once two forms admit,
  Except the one the other do deface;
But in the soul ten thousand forms do sit,
  And none intrudes into her neighbour's place.

All bodies are with other bodies fill'd,
  But she receives both Heaven and Earth together:
Nor are their forms by rash encounter spill'd,
  For there they stand, and neither toucheth either.

Nor can her wide embracements filled be;
  For they that most and greatest things embrace,
Enlarge thereby their mind's capacity,
  As streams enlarg'd, enlarge the channel's space.

* That it cannot be a body.

l things receiv'd do such proportion take,
As those things have wherein they are receiv'd;
) little glasses little faces make,
And narrow webs on narrow frames are weav'd.

'hen what vast body must we make the mind,
Wherein are men, beasts, trees, towns, seas, and [lands;
And yet each thing a proper place doth find,
And each thing in the true proportion stands?

Doubtless, this could not be, but that she turns
Bodies to spirits, by sublimation strange;
As fire converts to fire the things it burns;
As we our meats into our nature change.

From their gross matter she abstracts the forms,
And draws a kind of quintessence from things;
Which to her proper nature she transforms,
To bear them light on her celestial wings.

This doth she, when, from things particular,
She doth abstract the universal kinds,
Which bodyless and immaterial are,
And can be only lodg'd within our minds.

And thus, from divers accidents and acts
Which do within her observation fall,
She goddesses and pow'rs divine abstracts;
As Nature, Fortune, and the Virtues all.

Again; how can she several bodies know,
If in herself a body's form she bear?
How can a mirror sundry faces show,
If from all shapes and forms it be not clear?

Nor could we by our eyes all colours learn,
  Except our eyes were of all colours void;
Nor sundry tastes can any tongue discern,
  Which is with gross and bitter humours cloy'd.

Nor can a man of passions judge aright,
  Except his mind be from all passions free:
Nor can a judge his office well acquit,
  If he possess'd of either party be.

If, lastly, this quick pow'r a body were,
  Were it as swift as is the wind or fire,
(Whose atoms do the one down side-ways bear,
  And th' other make in pyramids aspire.)

Her nimble body yet in time must move,
  And not in instants through all places slide:
But she is nigh and far, beneath, above,
  In point of time, which thought cannot divide:

She's sent as soon to China as to Spain;
  And thence returns, as soon as she is sent:
She measures with one time, and with one pain,
  An ell of silk, and Heav'n's wide spreading tent.

As then the soul a substance hath alone,
  Besides the body in which she's confin'd;
So hath she not a body of her own,
  But is a spirit, and immaterial mind.

Since body and soul have such diversities,
  Well might we muse, how first their match began:
But that we learn, that He that spread the skie
  And fix'd the Earth, first form'd the soul in

This true Prometheus, first made man of earth,
  And shed in him a beam of heavenly fire;
Now in their mother's wombs, before their birth,
  Doth in all sons of men their souls inspire.

And as Minerva is in fables said,
  From Jove, without a mother, to proceed:
So our true Jove, without a mother's aid,
  Doth daily millions of Minervas breed.

SECTION V.

ERRONEOUS OPINIONS OF THE CREATION OF SOULS.

Then neither from eternity before,
  Nor from the time, when time's first point begun,
Made he all souls, which now he keeps in store;
  Some in the Moon, and others in the Sun:

Nor in a secret cloister doth he keep
  These virgin-spirits, till their marriage day;
Nor locks them up in chambers, where they sleep,
  Till they awake within these beds of clay.

Nor did he first a certain number make,
  Infusing part in beast and part in men;
And, as unwilling further pains to take,
  Would make no more than those he framed then.

So that the widow soul, her body dying,
  Unto the next born body married was;
And so, by often changing and supplying,
  Men's souls to beasts, and beasts to men did pass.

(These thoughts are fond; for since the bodies born
Be more in number far, than those that die,
Thousands must be abortive, and forlorn
Ere others' deaths to them their souls supply:)

But as God's handmaid, Nature, doth create
Bodies in time distinct, and order due;
So God gives souls the like successive date,
Which himself makes, in bodies formed new:

Which himself makes of no material thing;
For unto angels he no pow'r hath giv'n
Either to form the shape, or stuff to bring
From air or fire, or substance of the Heav'n.

Nor herein doth he Nature's service use;
For though from bodies she can bodies bring,
Yet could she never souls from souls traduce,
As fire from fire, or light from light doth spring.

SECTION VI.

THAT THE SOUL IS NOT EX TRADUCE.

Alas! that some who were great lights of old,
And in their hands the lamp of God did bear!
Some rev'rend fathers did this error hold,
Having their eyes dimm'd with religious fear.

OBJECTION.

For when, say they, by rule of faith we find,
  That ev'ry soul unto her body knit,
Brings from the mother's womb the sin of kind,
  The root of all the ill she doth commit.

How can we say that God the soul doth make,
  But we must make him author of her sin?
Then from man's soul she doth beginning take,
  Since in man's soul corruption did begin.

For if God make her first, he makes her ill,
  (Which God forbid our thoughts should yield [unto;)
Or makes the body her fair form to spill,
  Which, of itself, it had not pow'r to do.

Not Adam's body, but his soul did sin,
  And so herself unto corruption brought;
But our poor soul corrupted is within,
  Ere she had sinn'd, either in act or thought:

And yet we see in her such pow'rs divine,
  As we could gladly think, from God she came:
Fain would we make him author of the wine,
  If for the dregs we could some other blame.

ANSWER.

Thus these good men with holy zeal were blind,
  ien on the other part the truth did shine;
  ıereof we do clear demonstrations find,
  y light of nature, and by light divine.

None are so gross as to contend for this,
  That souls from bodies may traduced be;
Between whose natures no proportion is,
  When root and branch in nature still agree.

But many subtle wits have justify'd,
  That souls from souls spiritually may spring;
Which (if the nature of the soul be try'd)
  Will e'en in nature prove so gross a thing.

SECTION VII.

REASONS DRAWN FROM NATURE.

For all things made, are either made of nought,
  Or made of stuff that ready made doth stand:
Of nought no creature ever formed ought,
  For that is proper to th' Almighty's hand.

If then the soul another soul do make,
  Because her pow'r is kept within a bound,
She must some former stuff or matter take;
  But in the soul there is no matter found.

Then if her heav'nly form do not agree
  With any matter which the world contains,
Then she of nothing must created be;
  And to create, to God alone pertains.

Again, if souls do other souls beget,
  'Tis by themselves, or by the body's pow'r:

If by themselves, what doth their working let,
  But they might souls engender ev'ry hour?

If by the body, how can wit and will
  Join with the body only in this act,
Since when they do their other works fulfil,
  They from the body do themselves abstract.

Again, if souls of souls begotten were,
  Into each other they should change and move:
And change and motion still corruption bear;
  How shall we then the soul immortal prove?

If, lastly, souls do generation use,
  Then should they spread incorruptible seed:
What then becomes of that which they do lose,
  When th' act of generation do not speed?

And though the soul could cast spiritual seed,
  Yet would she not, because she never dies;
For mortal things desire their like to breed,
  That so they may their kind immortalize.

Therefore the angels sons of God are nam'd,
  And marry not, nor are in marriage giv'n:
Their spirits and ours are of one substance fram'd,
  And have one father, e'en the Lord of Heaven;

Who would at first, that in each other thing
  The earth and water living souls should breed,
But that man's soul, whom he would make their king,
  Should from himself immediately proceed.

And when he took the woman from man's side,
  Doubtless himself inspir'd her soul alone:
For 'tis not said, he did man's soul divide,
  But took flesh of his flesh, bone of his bone.

Lastly, God being made man for man's own sake,
  And being like man in all, except in sin,
His body from the virgin's womb did take;
  But all agree, God form'd his soul within.

Then is the soul from God; so Pagans say,
  Which saw by Nature's light her heav'nly kind;
Naming her kin to God, and God's bright ray,
  A citizen of Heav'n, to Earth confin'd.

But now I feel, they pluck me by the ear,
  Whom my young Muse so boldly termed blind!
And crave more heav'nly light, that cloud to clear,
  Which makes them think, God doth not make
    the mind.

SECTION VIII.

REASONS FROM DIVINITY.

God doubtless makes her, and doth make her good.
  And grafts her in the body, there to spring;
Which, though it be corrupted flesh and blood,
  Can no way to the soul corruption bring:

Yet is not God the author of her ill,
  Though author of her being, and being there

And if we dare to judge our Maker's will,
  He can condemn us, and himself can clear.

First, God from infinite eternity
  Decreed, what hath been, is, or shall be done;
And was resolv'd that ev'ry man should be,
  And in his turn his race of life should run:

And so did purpose all the souls to make,
  That ever have been made, or ever shall;
And that their being they should only take
  In human bodies, or not be at all.

Was it then fit that such a weak event
  (Weakness itself, the sin and fall of man)
His counsel's execution should prevent,
  Decreed and fix'd before the world began?

Or that one penal law, by Adam broke,
  Should make God break his own eternal law;
The settled order of the world revoke,
  And change all forms of things which he foresaw?

Could Eve's weak hand, extended to the tree,
  In sunder rent that adamantine chain,
Whose golden links, effects and causes be;
  And which to God's own chair doth fix'd remain?

O could we see how cause from cause doth spring!
  How mutually they link'd and folded are!
And hear how oft one disagreeing string
  The harmony doth rather make than mar!

And view at once how death by sin is brought;
  And how from death a better life doth rise!
How this God's justice, and his mercy taught!
  We this decree would praise, as right and wise.

But we that measure times by first and last,
  The sight of things successively do take,
When God on all at once his view doth cast,
  And of all times doth but one instant make.

All in himself, as in a glass, he sees;
  For from him, by him, through him, all things be;
His sight is not discoursive, by degrees;
  But seeing th' whole, each single part doth see.

He looks on Adam as a root or well;
  And on his heirs as branches, and as streams:
He sees all men as one man, though they dwell
  In sundry cities, and in sundry realms.

And as the root and branch are but one tree,
  And well and stream do but one river make;
So, if the root and well corrupted be,
  The stream and branch the same corruption take.

So, when the root and fountain of mankind
  Did draw corruption, and God's curse, by sin;
This was a charge, that all his heirs did bind,
  And all his offspring grew corrupt therein.

And as when th' hand doth strike, the man offends
  (For part from whole, law severs not in this)
  Adam's sin to the whole kind extends;
  For all their natures are but part of his.

Therefore this sin of kind, not personal,
  But real and hereditary was;
The guilt thereof, and punishment to all,
  By course of nature and of law doth pass.

For as that easy law was giv'n to all,
  To ancestor and heir, to first and last,
So was the first transgression general;
  And all did pluck the fruit, and all did taste.

Of this we find some footsteps in our law,
  Which doth her root from God and Nature take;
Ten thousand men she doth together draw,
  And of them all one corporation make:

Yet these, and their successors, are but one;
  And if they gain or lose their liberties,
They harm or profit not themselves alone,
  But such as in succeeding times shall rise.

And so the ancestor, and all his heirs,
  Though they in number pass the stars of Heav'n,
Are still but one; his forfeitures are theirs,
  And unto them are his advancements giv'n:

His civil acts do bind and bar them all;
  And as from Adam all corruption take,
So, if the father's crime be capital,
  In all the blood law doth corruption make.

Is it then just with us, to disinherit
  Th' unborn nephews, for the father's fault;
And to advance again, for one man's merit,
  A thousand heirs that have deserved nought?

And is not God's decree as just as ours,
  If he, for Adam's sin, his sons deprive
Of all those native virtues, and those pow'rs,
  Which he to him and to his race did give?

For what is this contagious sin of kind,
  But a privation of that grace within,
And of that great rich dowry of the mind,
  Which all had had, but for the first man's sin?

If then a man on light conditions gain
  A great estate, to him and his, for ever;
If wilfully he forfeit it again,
  Who doth bemoan his heir, or blame the giver?

So, though God make the soul good, rich, and fair,
  Yet when her form is to the body knit,
Which makes the man, which man is Adam's heir,
  Justly forthwith he takes his grace from it:

And then the soul, being first from nothing brought,
  When God's grace fails her, doth to nothing fall;
And this declining proneness unto nought,
  Is e'en that sin that we are born withal.

Yet not alone the first good qualities,
  Which in the first soul were, deprived are;
But in their place the contrary do rise,
  And real spots of sin her beauty mar.

Nor is it strange that Adam's ill desert
  Should be transferr'd unto his guilty race,
When Christ his grace and justice doth impart,
  To men unjust, and such as have no grace.

Lastly, the soul were better so to be
  Born slave to sin, than not to be at all;
Since (if she do believe) one sets her free,
  That makes her mount the higher for her fall.

Yet this the curious wits will not content;
  They yet will know (since God foresaw this ill)
Why his high providence did not prevent
  The declination of the first man's will.

If by his word he had the current stay'd
  Of Adam's will, which was by nature free,
It had been one, as if his word had said,
  I will henceforth that man no man shall be.

For what is man without a moving mind,
  Which hath a judging wit, and choosing will?
Now, if God's power should her election bind,
  Her motions then would cease and stand all still.

And why did God in man this soul infuse,
  But that he should his maker know and love?
Now, if love be compell'd, and cannot choose,
  How can it grateful or thank-worthy prove?

Love must free-hearted be, and voluntary;
  And not enchanted, or by fate constrain'd:
Nor like that love, which did Ulysses carry
  To Circe's isle, with mighty charms enchain'd.

Besides, were we unchangeable in will,
  And of a wit that nothing could misdeem;
Equal to God, whose wisdom shineth still,
  And never errs, we might ourselves esteem.

O that if man would be unvariable,
He must be God, or like a rock or tree;
For e'en the perfect angels were not stable,
But had a fall more desperate than we.

Then let us praise that pow'r, which makes us be
Men as we are, and rest contented so;
And, knowing man's fall was curiosity,
Admire God's counsels, which we cannot know.

And let us know that God the maker is
Of all the souls, in all the men that be;
Yet their corruption is no fault of his,
But the first man's that broke God's first decree.

SECTION IX.

WHY THE SOUL IS UNITED TO THE BODY.

This substance, and this spirit of God's own making,
Is in the body plac'd, and planted here,
"That both of God, and of the world partaking,
Of all that is, man might the image bear."

God first made angels bodiless, pure minds;
Then other things, which mindless bodies be:
Last he made man, th' horizon 'twixt both kinds,
In whom we do the world's abridgment see.

Besides, this world below did need one wight,
Which might thereof distinguish ev'ry part;
Make use thereof, and take therein delight;
And order things with industry and art:

Which also God might in his works admire,
  And here beneath yield him both pray'r and praise,
As there, above, the holy angels choir
  Doth spread his glory forth with spiritual lays.

Lastly, the brute, unreasonable wights,
  Did want a visible king, o'er them to reign:
And God himself thus to the world unites,
  That so the world might endless bliss obtain.

SECTION X.

IN WHAT MANNER THE SOUL IS UNITED TO THE BODY

But how shall we this union well express?
  Naught ties the soul, her subtlety is such;
She moves the body, which she doth possess;
  Yet no part toucheth, but by virtue's touch.

Then dwells she not therein, as in a tent;
  Nor as a pilot in his ship doth sit;
Nor as the spider in his web is pent;
  Nor as the wax retains the print in it;

Nor as a vessel water doth contain;
  Nor as one liquor in another shed;
Nor as the heat doth in the fire remain;
  Nor as a voice throughout the air is spread:

But as the fair and cheerful morning light
  Doth here and there her silver beams impart,
And in an instant doth herself unite
  To the transparent air in all and ev'ry part

Still resting whole, when blows the air divide;
  Abiding pure when th' air is most corrupted;
Throughout the air, her beams dispersing wide;
  And when the air is toss'd, not interrupted:

So doth the piercing soul the body fill,
  Being all in all, and all in part diffus'd;
Indivisible, incorruptible still;
  Nor forc'd, encounter'd, troubled, or confus'd.

And as the Sun above the light doth bring,
  Though we behold it in the air below;
So from the eternal light the soul doth spring,
  Though in the body she her pow'rs do show.

SECTION XI.

HOW THE SOUL EXERCISES HER POWERS IN THE BODY.

But as the world's Sun doth effect beget
  Diff'rent, in divers places, every day;
Here autumn's temperature, their summer's heat;
  Here flow'ry spring-tide, and there winter grey.

Here ev'n, there morn; here noon, there day, there night,
  Melts wax, dries clay, makes flow'rs, some quick, some dead;
Makes the Moor black, the European white;
  Th' American tawny, and th' East Indian red:

So in our little world, this soul of ours
  Being only one, and to one body ty'd,
Doth use, on divers objects, divers powers;
  And so are her effects diversify'd.

SECTION XII.

THE VEGETATIVE POWER OF THE SOUL.

Her quick'ning power in ev'ry living part,
  Doth as a nurse or as a mother serve;
And doth employ her economic art,
  And busy care, her household to preserve.

Here she attracts, and there she doth retain;
  There she decocts, and doth the food prepare;
There she distributes it to ev'ry vein,
  There she expels what she may fitly spare.

This pow'r to Martha may compared be.
  Who busy was, the household things to do:
Or to a Dryas, living in a tree:
  For e'en to trees this pow'r is proper too.

And though the soul may not this pow'r extend
  Out of the body, but still use it there;
She hath a pow'r which she abroad doth send,
  Which views and searcheth all things ev'ry where.

SECTION XIII.

THE POWER OF SENSE.

This power is sense, which from abroad doth bring
  The colour, taste, and touch, and scent, and sound,
The quantity and shape of ev'ry thing
  Within Earth's centre, or Heav'n's circle found.

ow'r, in parts made fit, fit objects takes;
not the things, but forms of things receives;
en a seal in wax impression makes,
print therein, but not itself, it leaves.

hough things sensible be numberless,
only five the sense's organs be;
those five, all things their forms express,
ich we can touch, taste, feel, or hear, or see.

are the windows, through the which she views
light of knowledge, which is life's load-star:
yet, while she these spectacles doth use,
worldly things seem greater than they are."

SECTION XIV.

SEEING.

the two eyes, which have the seeing pow'r,
d as one watchman, spy, or centinel,
plac'd aloft, within the head's high tow'r;
though both see, yet both but one thing tell.

mirrors take into their little space
forms of Moon and Sun, and ev'ry star,
ry body, and of ev'ry place,
ich with the world's wide arms embraced are:

eir best object, and their noblest use,
eafter in another world will be,
God *in them shall* heav'nly light infuse,
face to face they may their Maker see.

Here are they guides, which do the body lead,
  Which else would stumble in eternal night:
Here in this world they do much knowledge read,
  And are the casements which admit most light:

They are her furthest reaching instrument,
  Yet they no beams unto their objects send;
But all the rays are from their objects sent,
  And in the eyes with pointed angles end.

If th' objects be far off, the rays do meet
  In a sharp point, and so things seem but small:
If they be near, their rays do spread and fleet,
  And make broad points, that things seem great
    withal.

Lastly, nine things to sight required are;
  The *pow'r* to see, the *light*, the *visible* thing,
Being not too *small*, too *thin*, too *nigh*, too *far*,
  Clear space and *time*, the form distinct to bring.

Thus see we how the soul doth use the eyes,
  As instruments of her quick pow'r of sight:
Hence doth th' arts optic, and fair painting rise;
  Painting, which doth all gentle minds delight.

SECTION XV.

HEARING.

Now let us hear how she the ears employs:
  Their office is the troubled air to take;
Which in their mazes forms a sound or noise,
  Whereof herself doth true distinction make.

These wickets of the soul are plac'd on high,
  Because all sounds do lightly mount aloft;
And that they may not pierce too violently,
  They are delay'd with turns and windings oft.

For should the voice directly strike the brain,
  It would astonish and confuse it much;
Therefore these plaits and folds the sound restrain,
  That it the organ may more gently touch.

As streams, which with their winding banks do play,
  Stopp'd by their creeks, run softly through the plain:
So in th' ear's labyrinth the voice doth stray,
  And doth with easy motion touch the brain.

This is the slowest, yet the daintiest sense;
  For e'en the ears of such as have no skill,
Perceive a discord, and conceive offence;
  And, knowing not what's good, yet find the ill.

And though this sense first gentle music found,
  Her proper object is the speech of men;
But that speech chiefly which God's heralds sound,
  When their tongues utter what his spirit did pen.

Our eyes have lids, our ears still ope we see,
  Quickly to hear how ev'ry tale is prov'd:
Our eyes still move, our ears unmoved be;
  That though we hear quick, we be not quickly
    mov'd.

Thus by the organs of the eye and ear,
  The soul with knowledge doth herself endue:
"Thus she her prison may with pleasure bear,
  Having such prospects, all the world to view."

These conduit-pipes of knowledge feed the mind,
  But th' other three attend the body still;
For by their services the soul doth find,
  What things are to the body good or ill.

SECTION XVI.

TASTE.

The body's life with meats and air is fed,
  Therefore the soul doth use the tasting pow'r
In veins, which through the tongue and palate
    spread,
  Distinguish ev'ry relish, sweet and sour.

This is the body's nurse; but since man's wit
  Found th' art of cook'ry to delight his sense,
More bodies are consum'd and kill'd with it,
  Than with the sword, famine, or pestilence.

SECTION XVII.

SMELLING.

NEXT, in the nostrils she doth use the smell:
As God the breath of life in them did give;
So makes he now this pow'r in them to dwell,
To judge all airs, whereby we breathe and live.

This sense is also mistress of an art,
Which to soft people sweet perfumes doth sell;
Though this dear art doth little good impart,
"Since they smell best, that do of nothing smell."

And yet good scents do purify the brain,
Awake the fancy, and the wits refine:
Hence old Devotion incense did ordain,
To make men's spirits apt for thoughts divine.

SECTION XVIII.

FEELING.

LASTLY, the feeling pow'r, which is life's root,
Through ev'ry living part itself doth shed
By sinews, which extend from head to foot;
And, like a net, all o'er the body spread.

Much like a subtle spider,* which doth sit
In middle of her web, which spreadeth wide;

* The spider's touch how exquisitely fine,
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line.
Pope's Essay on Man.

If aught do touch the utmost thread of it,
  She feels it instantly on ev'ry side.

By touch, the first pure qualities we learn,
  Which quicken all things, hot, cold, moist, and dry:
By touch, hard, soft, rough, smooth, we do discern:
  By touch, sweet pleasure and sharp pain we try.

SECTION XIX.

OF THE IMAGINATION, OR COMMON SENSE.

These are the outward instruments of sense;
  These are the guards which ev'ry thing must pass,
Ere it approach the mind's intelligence,
  Or touch the fantasy, wit's looking-glass.

And yet these porters, which all things admit,
  Themselves perceive not, nor discern the things:
One common pow'r doth in the forehead sit,
  Which all their proper forms together brings.

For all those nerves, which spirits of sense do bear,
  And to those outward organs spreading go,
United are, as in a centre, there; [know,
  And there this pow'r those sundry forms doth

Those outward organs present things receive,
  This inward sense doth absent things retain;
Yet straight transmits all forms she doth perceive,
  Unto an higher region of the brain.

SECTION XX.

FANTASY.

Where fantasy, near hand-maid to the mind,
Sits, and beholds, and doth discern them all;
Compounds in one, things diff'rent in their kind;
Compares the black and white, the great and small.

Besides, those single forms she doth esteem,
And in her balance doth their values try;
Where some things good, and some things ill do seem,
And neutral some, in her fantastic eye.

This busy pow'r is working day and night;
For when the outward senses rest do take,
A thousand dreams, fantastical and light,
With flutt'ring wings do keep her still awake.

SECTION XXI.

SENSITIVE MEMORY.

Yet always all may not afore her be;
Successively she this and that intends;
Therefore such forms as she doth cease to see,
To memory's large volume she commends.

This ledger-book lies in the brain behind,
Like Janus' eye, which in his poll was set:
The layman's *tables, storehouse* of the mind;
Which doth remember much, and much forget.

Here sense's apprehension end doth take;
As when a stone is into water cast,
One circle doth another circle make,
Till the last circle touch the bank at last

SECTION XXII.

THE PASSION OF THE SENSE.

But though the apprehensive pow'r do pause,
The motive virtue then begins to move;
Which in the heart below doth passions cause,
Joy, grief, and fear, and hope, and hate, and love.

These passions have a free commanding might,
And divers actions in our life do breed;
For all acts done without true reason's light,
Do from the passion of the sense proceed.

But since the brain doth lodge the pow'rs of sense,
How makes it in the heart those passions spring?
The mutual love, the kind intelligence
'Twixt heart and brain, this sympathy doth bring.

From the kind heat, which in the heart doth reign,
The spirits of life do their beginning take;
These spirits of life ascending to the brain, [make.
When they come there, the spirits of sense do

These spirits of sense, in fantasy's high court,
Judge of the forms of objects, ill or well;
And so they send a good or ill report
wn to the heart, where all affections dwell.

If the report be good, it causeth love,
And longing hope, and well assured joy:
If it be ill, then doth it hatred move,
And trembling fear, and vexing griefs annoy.

Yet were these natural affections good,
(For they which want them, blocks or devils be)
If reason in her first perfection stood,
That she might Nature's passions rectify.

SECTION XXIII.

LOCAL MOTION.

Besides, another motive-power doth 'rise
Out of the heart, from whose pure blood do spring
The vital spirits; which, born in arteries,
Continual motion to all parts do bring.

This makes the pulses beat, and lungs respire;
This holds the sinews like a bridle's reins;
And makes the body to advance, retire,
To turn, or stop, as she them slacks or strains.

Thus the soul tunes the body's instruments,
These harmonies she makes with life and sense;
The organs fit are by the body lent,
But th' actions flow from the soul's influence.

SECTION XXIV.

THE INTELLECTUAL POWERS OF THE SOUL.

But now I have a will, yet want a wit,
  T' express the working of the wit and will;
Which, though their root be to the body knit,
  Use not the body, when they use their skill.

These pow'rs the nature of the soul declare,
  For to man's soul these only proper be;
For on the Earth no other wights there are
  That have these heavenly powers, but only we.

SECTION XXV.

WIT, REASON, UNDERSTANDING, OPINION, JUDGMENT, WISDOM.

The wit, the pupil of the soul's clear eye,
  And in man's world the only shining star,
Looks in the mirror of the fantasy,
  Where all the gath'rings of the senses are.

From thence this pow'r the shapes of things abstracts,
  And them within her passive part receives,
Which are enlight'ned by that part which acts;
  And so the forms of single things perceives.

But after, by discoursing to and fro,
Anticipating and comparing things,

She doth all universal natures know,
  And all effects into their causes brings.

When she rates things, and moves from ground to ground,
  The name of reason she obtains by this:
But when by reason she the truth hath found,
  And standeth fix'd, she understanding is.

When her assent she lightly doth incline
  To either part, she is opinion's light:
But when she doth by principles define
  A certain truth, she hath true judgment's sight.

And as from senses, reason's work doth spring,
  So many reasons understanding gain;
And many understandings, knowledge bring,
  And by much knowledge, wisdom we obtain.

So, many stairs we must ascend upright
  Ere we attain to wisdom's high degree:
So doth this earth eclipse our reason's light,
  Which else (in instants) would like angels see.

SECTION XXVI.

INNATE IDEAS IN THE SOUL.

Yet hath the soul a dowry natural,
  And sparks of light, some common things to see;
Not being a blank where *naught* is writ at all,
  But *what the writer will*, may written be.

For Nature in man's heart her laws doth pen,
  Prescribing truth to wit, and good to will;
Which do accuse, or else excuse all men,
  For ev'ry thought or practice, good or ill:

And yet these sparks grow almost infinite,
  Making the world, and all therein, their food;
As fire so spreads, as no place holdeth it,
  Being nourish'd still with new supplies of wood.

And though these sparks were almost quench'd with sin,
  Yet they whom that just One hath justify'd,
Have them increas'd with heav'nly light within;
  And, like the widow's oil, still multiply'd.

SECTION XXVII.

THE POWER OF WILL, AND RELATION BETWEEN THE WIT AND WILL.

And as this wit should goodness truly know,
  We have a will, which that true good should choose,
Though will do oft (when wit false forms doth show)
  Take ill for good, and good for ill refuse.

Will puts in practice what the wit deviseth:
  Will ever acts, and wit contemplates still:
And as from wit the pow'r of wisdom riseth,
  All other virtues daughters are of will.

Will is the prince, and wit the counsellor,
  Which doth for common good in council sit;
And when wit is resolv'd, will lends her pow'r
  To execute what is advis'd by wit.

Wit is the mind's chief judge, which doth control
  Of fancy's court the judgments false and vain:
Will holds the royal sceptre in the soul,
  And on the passions of the heart doth reign.

Will is as free as any emperor,
  Nought can restrain her gentle liberty:
No tyrant, nor no torment hath the pow'r
  To make us will, when we unwilling be.

SECTION XXVIII.

THE INTELLECTUAL MEMORY.

To these high pow'rs a store-house doth pertain,
  Where they all arts and gen'ral reasons lay;
Which in the soul, e'en after death, remain,
  And no Lethean flood can wash away.

SECTION XXIX.

THE DEPENDENCY OF THE SOUL'S FACULTIES UPON EACH OTHER.

This is the soul, and these her virtues be; [ends,
  Which, though they have their sundry proper
And one exceeds another in degree,
  Yet each on other mutually depends.

Our wit is giv'n Almighty God to know;
  Our will is giv'n to love him, being known:
But God could not be known to us below, [shown.
  But by his works, which through the sense are

And as the wit doth reap the fruits of sense,
  So doth the quick'ning pow'r the senses feed:
Thus while they do their sundry gifts dispense,
  "The best the service of the least doth need."

Ev'n so the king his magistrates do serve,
  Yet commons feed both magistrates and king:
The common's peace the magistrates preserve,
  By borrow'd pow'r, which from the prince doth spring.

The quick'ning power would be, and so would rest;
  The sense would not be only, but be well:
But wit's ambition longeth to the best,
  For it desires in endless bliss to dwell.

And these three pow'rs three sorts of men do make;
For some, like plants, their veins do only fill;
And some, like beasts, their senses' pleasure take;
And some, like angels, do contemplate still.

Therefore the fables turn'd some men to flow'rs,
And others did with brutish forms invest;
And did of others make celestial pow'rs,
Like angels, which still travel, yet still rest.

Yet these three pow'rs are not three souls, but one;
As one and two are both contain'd in three;
Three being one number by itself alone,
A shadow of the blessed Trinity.

Oh! what is man, great Maker of mankind!
That thou to him so great respect dost bear!
That thou adorn'st him with so bright a mind,
Mak'st him a king, and e'en an angel's peer!

Oh! what a lively life, what heav'nly pow'r,
What spreading virtue, what a sparkling fire,
How great, how plentiful, how rich a dow'r
Dost thou within this dying flesh inspire!

Thou leav'st thy print in other works of thine;
But thy whole image thou in man hast writ:
There cannot be a creature more divine,
Except (like thee) it should be infinite!

But it exceeds man's *thought*, to think how high
God hath rais'd man, since God a man became:

The angels do admire this mystery,
  And are astonish'd when they view the same.

Nor hath he giv'n these blessings for a day,
  Nor made them on the body's life depend:
The soul, though made in time, survives for ay;
  And though it hath beginning, sees no end.

SECTION XXX.

THAT THE SOUL IS IMMORTAL, PROVED BY SEVERAL REASONS.

Her only end is never-ending bliss,
  Which is, the eternal face of God to see;
Who, last of ends, and first of causes is:
  And, to do this, she must eternal be.

How senseless then and dead a soul hath he,
  Which thinks his soul doth with his body die.
Or thinks not so, but so would have it be,
  That he might sin with more security?

For though these light and vicious persons say,
  Our soul is but a smoke, or airy blast,
Which, during life, doth in our nostrils play,
  And when we die doth turn to wind at last:

Although they say, "Come, let us eat and drink;
  Our life is but a spark, which quickly dies:"
Though thus they say, they know not what to *think*;
But in their minds ten thousand doubts arise.

Therefore no heretics desire to spread
  Their light opinions, like these epicures;
For so their stagg'ring thoughts are comforted,
  And other men's assent their doubt assures.

Yet though these men against their conscience strive,
  There are some sparkles in their flinty breasts,
Which cannot be extinct, but still revive;
  That, though they would, they cannot quite be beasts.

But whoso makes a mirror of his mind,
  And doth with patience view himself therein,
His soul's eternity shall clearly find,
  Though th' other beauties be defac'd with sin.

REASON I.

Drawn from the desire of knowledge.

First, in man's mind we find an appetite
  To learn and know the truth of ev'ry thing,
Which is co-natural, and born with it,
  And from the essence of the soul doth spring.

With this desire, she hath a native might
  To find out ev'ry truth, if she had time;
Th' innumerable effects to sort aright,
  And, by degrees, from cause to cause to climb.

But since our life so *fast* away doth slide,
  As doth a hungry eagle through the wind;

Or as a ship transported with the tide,
  Which in their passage leave no print behind.

Of which swift little time so much we spend,
  While some few things we through the sense c
That our short race of life is at an end, [strai
  Ere we the principles of skill attain.

Or God (who to vain ends hath nothing done)
  In vain this appetite and pow'r hath giv'n;
Or else our knowledge, which is here begun,
  Hereafter must be perfected in Heav'n.

God never gave a pow'r to one whole kind,
  But most part of that kind did use the same:
Most eyes have perfect sight, though some l
    blind;
  Most legs can nimbly run, though some be lam

But in this life, no soul the truth can know
  So perfectly, as it hath pow'r to do:
If then perfection be not found below,
  An higher place must make her mount thereto

REASON II.

Drawn from the motion of the soul.

Again, how can she but immortal be,
  When, with the motions of both will and wit,
She still aspireth to eternity,
  And never rests, till she attain to it?

Water in conduit-pipes can rise no higher
  Than the well-head, from whence it first doth spring:
Then, since to eternal God she doth aspire,
  She cannot be but an eternal thing.

"All moving things to other things do move,
  Of the same kind which shows their nature such:"
So earth falls down, and fire doth mount above,
  Till both their proper elements do touch.

And as the moisture, which the thirsty earth
  Sucks from the sea, to fill her empty veins,*
From out her womb at last doth take a birth,
  And runs a lymph along the grassy plains:

Long doth she stay, as loth to leave the land,
  From whose soft side she first did issue make:
She tastes all places, turns to ev'ry hand,
  Her flow'ry banks unwilling to forsake:

Yet Nature so her streams doth lead and carry,
  As that her course doth make no final stay,
Till she herself unto the ocean marry,
  Within whose wat'ry bosom first she lay.

E'en so the soul, which in this earthly mould
  The spirit of God doth secretly infuse,
Because at first she doth the earth behold,
  And only this material world she views:

* The soul compared to a river.

At first her mother-earth she holdeth dear,
  And doth embrace the world, and worldly things;
She flies close by the ground, and hovers here,
  And mounts not up with her celestial wings:

Yet under Heav'n she cannot light on aught
  That with her heav'nly nature doth agree:
She cannot rest, she cannot fix her thought,
  She cannot in this world contented be.

For who did ever yet, in honour, wealth,
  Or pleasure of the sense, contentment find?
Who ever ceas'd to wish, when he had health?
  Or, having wisdom, was not vex'd in mind?

Then as a bee which among weeds doth fall,
  Which seem sweet flow'rs, with lustre fresh and gay;
She lights on that, and this, and tasteth all;
  But, pleas'd with none, doth rise, and soar away:

So, when the soul finds here no true content,
  And, like Noah's dove, can no sure footing take,
She doth return from whence she first was sent,
  And flies to Him that first her wings did make.

Wit, seeking truth, from cause to cause ascends,
  And never rests till it the first attain:
Will, seeking good, finds many middle ends;
  But never stays till it the last do gain.

Now God the truth and first of causes is;
  God is the last good end, which lasteth still;
Being alpha and omega nam'd for this;
  Alpha to wit, omega to the will.

Since then her heavenly kind she doth display,
  In that to God she doth directly move;
And on no mortal thing can make her stay,
  She cannot be from hence, but from above.

And yet this first true cause, and last good end,
  She cannot here so well and truly see;
For this perfection she must yet attend,
  Till to her Maker she espoused be.

As a king's daughter, being in person sought
  Of divers princes, who do neighbour near,
On none of them can fix a constant thought,
  Though she to all do lend a gentle ear:

Yet she can love a foreign emperor,
  Whom of great worth and pow'r she hears to be,
If she be woo'd but by ambassador,
  Or but his letters or his pictures see:

For well she knows, that when she shall be brought
  Into the kingdom where her spouse doth reign;
Her eyes shall see what she conceiv'd in thought,
  Himself, his state, his glory, and his train.

So while the virgin soul on Earth doth stay,
  She woo'd and tempted in ten thousand ways,
By these great pow'rs, which on the Earth bear sway;
  The wisdom of the world, wealth, pleasure, praise:

With these sometimes she doth her time beguile,
  These do by fits her fantasy possess;
But she distastes them all within awhile,
  And in the sweetest finds a tediousness.

But if upon the world's Almighty King,
  She once doth fix her humble loving thought,
Who by his picture drawn in ev'ry thing,
  And sacred messages, her love hath sought;

Of him she thinks she cannot think too much;
  This honey tasted still is ever sweet;
The pleasure of her ravish'd thought is such,
  As almost here she with her bliss doth meet:

But when in Heav'n she shall his essence see,
  This is her sov'reign good, and perfect bliss;
Her longing, wishings, hopes, all finish'd be;
  Her joys are full, her motions rest in this:

There is she crown'd with garlands of content;
  There doth she manna eat, and nectar drink:
That presence doth such high delights present,
  As never tongue could speak, nor heart could
    think.

REASON III.

From contempt of death in the better sort of spirits.

For this, the better souls do oft despise
  The body's death, and do it oft desire;
For when on ground the burthen'd balance lies,
  The empty part is lifted up the higher:

But if the body's death the soul should kill,
  Then death must needs against her nature be;
And were it so, all souls would fly it still,
  For nature hates and shuns her contrary.

For all things else, which Nature makes to be,
  Their being to preserve, are chiefly taught;
And though some things desire a change to see,
  Yet never thing did long to turn to naught.

If then by death the soul were quenched quite,
  She could not thus against her nature run;
Since ev'ry senseless thing, by Nature's light,
  Doth preservation seek, destruction shun.

Nor could the world's best spirits so much err,
  If Death took all, that they should all agree,
Before this life their honour to prefer:
  For what is praise to things that nothing be?

Again, if by the body's prop she stand;
  If on the body's life, her life depend,
As Meleager's on the fatal brand,
  The body's good she only would intend:

We should not find her half so brave and bold,
  To lead it to the wars, and to the seas,
To make it suffer watchings, hunger, cold,
  When it might feed with plenty, rest with ease

Doubtless, all souls have a surviving thought,
  Therefore of death we think with quiet mind.
But if we think of being turn'd to naught,
  A trembling horror in our souls we find.

REASON IV.

From the fear of death in the wicked soul.

And as the better spirit, when she doth bear
  A scorn of death, doth show she cannot die;
So when the wicked soul Death's face doth fear,
  E'en then she proves her own eternity.

For when Death's form appears, she feareth not
  An utter quenching or extinguishment;
She would be glad to meet with such a lot,
  That so she might all future ill prevent:

But she doth doubt what after may befall;
  For Nature's law accuseth her within,
And saith, "'Tis true what is affirm'd by all,
  That after death there is a pain for sin."

Then she who hath been hoodwink'd from her birth,
  Doth first herself within Death's mirror see;
And when her body doth return to earth,
  She first takes care, how she alone shall be.

Who ever sees these irreligious men,
  With burthen of a sickness weak and faint,
But hears them talking of religion then,
  And vowing of their souls to ev'ry saint?

When was there ever cursed atheist brought
  Unto the gibbet, but he did adore
That blessed Pow'r which he had set at naught,
  Scorn'd and blasphemed all his life before?

ese light vain persons still are drunk and mad,
Vith surfeitings and pleasures of their youth;
: at their death they are fresh, sober, sad;
Then they discern, and then they speak the truth.

hen all souls, both good and bad, do teach,
Vith gen'ral voice, that souls can never die;
s not man's flattering gloss, but Nature's speech,
Vhich, like God's oracles, can never lie.

REASON V.

From the general desire of immortality.

NCE springs that universal strong desire,
Which all men have of immortality:
t some few spirits unto this thought aspire,
But all men's minds in this united be.

en this desire of Nature is not vain,
"She covets not impossibilities;
nd thoughts may fall into some idle brain,
But one assent of all is ever wise."

om hence that gen'ral care and study springs,
That launching and progression of the mind,
hich all men have so much of future things,
That they no joy do in the present find.

om this desire, that main desire proceeds,
Which all men have surviving fame to gain,
' tombs, by books, by memorable deeds;
For she that this desires, doth still remain.

Hence, lastly, springs care of posterities,
  For things their kind would everlasting make:
Hence is it, that old men do plant young trees,
  The fruit whereof another age shall take.

If we these rules unto ourselves apply,
  And view them by reflection of the mind,
All these true notes of immortality
  In our hearts' tables we shall written find.

REASON VI.

From the very doubt and disputation of immortality.

And though some impious wits do questions move,
  And doubt if souls immortal be or no;
That doubt their immortality doth prove,
  Because they seem immortal things to know.

For he who reasons on both parts doth bring,
  Doth some things mortal, some immortal call;
Now, if himself were but a mortal thing,
  He could not judge immortal things at all.

For when we judge, our minds we mirrors make;
  And as those glasses which material be,
Forms of material things do only take;
  For thoughts or minds in them we cannot see:

So when we God and angels do conceive,
  And think of truth, which is eternal too;
Then do our minds immortal forms receive,
  Which, if they mortal were, they could not do.

And as if beasts conceiv'd what reason were,
And that conception should distinctly shew,
They should the name of reasonable bear;
For without reason, none could reason know:

So when the soul mounts with so high a wing,
As of eternal things she doubts can move;
She proofs of her eternity doth bring,
E'en when she strives the contrary to prove.

For e'en the thought of immortality,
Being an act done without the body's aid,
Shows that herself alone could move and be,
Although the body in the grave were laid.

SECTION XXXI.

THAT THE SOUL CANNOT BE DESTROYED.

And if herself she can so lively move,
And never need a foreign help to take;
Then must her motion everlasting prove,
"Because herself she never can forsake."

But though corruption cannot touch the mind,
By any cause* that from itself may spring,
Some outward cause fate hath perhaps design'd,
Which to the soul may utter quenching bring.

Perhaps her cause may cease,† and she may die:
God is her cause, his word her maker was:
Which shall stand fix'd for all eternity,
When Heav'n and Earth shall like a shadow pass.

* Her cause ceaseth not. † She hath no contrary.

Perhaps some thing, repugnant to her kind,
  By strong antipathy the soul may kill:
But what can be contrary to the mind,
  Which holds all contraries in concord still?

She lodgeth heat, and cold, and moist, and dry,
  And life and death, and peace and war together;
Ten thousand fighting things in her do lie,
  Yet neither troubleth or disturbeth either.

Perhaps for want of food, the soul may pine;*
  But that were strange, since all things bad and [good;
Since all God's creatures, mortal and divine;
  Since God himself is her eternal food.

Bodies are fed with things of mortal kind,
  And so are subject to mortality:
But truth, which is eternal, feeds the mind;
  The tree of life which will not let her die.

Yet violence, perhaps, the soul destroys,†
  As lightning, or the sun-beams, dim the sight;
Or as a thunder clap, or cannon's noise,
  The pow'r of hearing doth astonish quite;

But high perfection to the soul it brings,
  T' encounter things most excellent and high;
For, when she views the best and greatest things,
  They do not hurt, but rather clear the eye.

Besides, as Homer's gods 'gainst armies stand,
  Her subtle form can through all dangers slide:
Bodies are captive, minds endure no band;
  "And will is free, and can no force abide."

* She cannot die for want of food. † Violence cannot destroy her.

But, lastly, time, perhaps, at last hath pow'r*
  To spend her lively pow'rs, and quench her light
But old god Saturn, which doth all devour,
  Doth cherish her, and still augment her might.

Heav'n waxeth old, and all the spheres above
  Shall one day faint, and their swift motion stay;
And time itself, in time shall cease to move;
  Only the soul survives, and lives for ay.

"Our bodies, ev'ry footstep that they make,
  March towards death, until at last they die:
Whether we work or play, or sleep, or wake,
  Our life doth pass, and with Time's wings doth fly:"

But to the soul, time doth perfection give,
  And adds fresh lustre to her beauty still;
And makes her in eternal youth to live,
  Like her which nectar to the gods doth fill.

The more she lives, the more she feeds on truth;
  The more she feeds, her strength doth more increase:
And what is strength, but an effect of youth,
  Which if time nurse, how can it ever cease?

* Time cannot destroy her.

SECTION XXXII.

OBJECTIONS AGAINST THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL, WITH THEIR RESPECTIVE ANSWERS.

But now these Epicures begin to smile,
And say, my doctrine is more safe than true;
And that I fondly do myself beguile,
While these receiv'd opinions I ensue.

OBJECTION I.

For, what, say they? doth not the soul wax old?
How comes it then that aged men do dote;
And that their brains grow sottish, dull and cold,
Which were in youth the only spirits of note?

What? are not souls within themselves corrupted?
How can their idiots then by nature be?
How is it that some wits are interrupted,
That now they dazzled are, now clearly see?

ANSWER.

These questions make a subtil argument
To such as think both sense and reason one;
To whom nor agent, from the instrument,
Nor pow'r of working, from the work is known.

But they that know that wit can show no skill,
But when the things in sense's glass doth view.
Do know, if accident this glass do spill,
It nothing sees, or sees the false for true.

For, if that region of the tender brain,
Where th' inward sense of fantasy should sit,
And th' outward senses, gath'rings should retain;
By nature, or by chance, become unfit:

Either at first uncapable it is,
And so few things, or none at all, receives;
Or mar'd by accident, which haps amiss:
And so amiss it ev'ry thing perceives.

Then, as a cunning prince that useth spies,
If they return no news, doth nothing know;
But if they make advertisement of lies,
The prince's counsels all awry do go:

Ev'n so the soul to such a body knit,
Whose inward senses undisposed be;
And to receive the forms of things unfit,
Where nothing is brought in, can nothing see.

This makes the idiot, which hath yet a mind,
Able to know the truth, and choose the good;
If she such figures in the brain did find,
As might be found, if it in temper stood.

But if a frensy do possess the brain,
It so disturbs and blots the forms of things,
As fantasy proves altogether vain,
And to the wit no true relation brings.

Then doth the wit, admitting all for true,
Build fond conclusions on those idle grounds:
Then *doth it fly the good,* and ill pursue;
Believing all that this false spy propounds.

But purge the humours, and the rage appease,
  Which this distemper in the fancy wrought;
Then shall the wit, which never had disease,
  Discourse, and judge discreetly, as it ought.

So, though the clouds eclipse the Sun's fair light,
  Yet from his face they do not take one beam;
So have our eyes their perfect pow'r of sight,
  Ev'n when they look into a troubled stream.

Then these defects in sense's organs be,
  Not in the soul, or in her working might:
She cannot lose her perfect pow'r to see,
  Though mists and clouds do choke her window [light.

These imperfections then we must impute,
  Not to the agent, but the instrument:
We must not blame Apollo, but his lute,
  If false accords from her false strings be sent.

The soul in all hath one intelligence;
  Though too much moisture in an infant's brain,
And too much dryness in an old man's sense,
  Cannot the prints of outward things retain:

Then doth the soul want work, and idle sit,
  And this we childishness and dotage call;
Yet hath she then a quick and active wit,
  If she had stuff and tools to work withal:

For, give her organs fit, and objects fair;
  Give but the aged man the young man's sense;
Let but Medea Æson's youth repair,
  And straight she shows her wonted excellence.

As a good harper stricken far in years,
  Into whose cunning hands the gout doth fall,
All his old crotchets in his brain he bears,
  But on his harp plays ill, or not at all.

But if Apollo takes his gout away,
  That he his nimble fingers may apply;
Apollo's self will envy at his play,
  And all the world applaud his minstrelsy.

Then dotage is no weakness of the mind,
  But of the sense; for if the mind did waste,
In all old men we should this wasting find,
  When they some certain term of years had pass'd;

But most of them, e'en to their dying hour,
  Retain a mind more lively, quick, and strong;
And better use their understanding pow'r,
  Than when their brains were warm, and limbs
    were young.

For, though the body wasted be and weak,
  And though the leaden form of earth it bears;
Yet when we hear that half dead body speak,
  We oft are ravish'd to the heav'nly spheres.

OBJECTION II.

Yet say these men, if all her organs die,
  Then hath the soul no pow'r her pow'rs to use
So, in a sort, her pow'rs extinct do lie,
  When unto act she cannot them reduce.

And if her pow'rs be dead, then what is she?
  For since from ev'ry thing some pow'rs do spring;
And from those pow'rs, some acts proceeding be;
  Then kill both pow'r and act, and kill the thing.

ANSWER.

Doubtless, the body's death, when once it dies,
  The instruments of sense and life doth kill;
So that she cannot use those faculties,
  Although their root rest in her substance still.

But (as the body living) wit and will
  Can judge and choose, without the body's aid;
Though on such objects they are working still,
  As through the body's organs are convey'd:

So, when the body serves her turn no more,
  And all her senses are extinct and gone,
She can discourse of what she learn'd before,
  In heav'nly contemplations, all alone.

So, if one man well on the lute doth play,
  And have good horsemanship, and learning's [skill,
Though both his lute and horse we take away,
  Doth he not keep his former learning still?

He keeps it, doubtless, and can use it too;
  And doth both th' other skills in pow'r retain;
And can of both the proper actions do,
  If with his lute or horse he meet again.

So though the instruments (by which we live,
  And view the world) the body's death do kill;

Yet with the body they shall all revive,
And all their wonted offices fulfil.

OBJECTION III.

But how, till then, shall she herself employ?
Her spies are dead, which brought home news before:
What she hath got, and keeps, she may enjoy,
But she hath means to understand no more.

Then what do those poor souls, which nothing get?
Or what do those which get, and cannot keep?
Like bucklers bottomless, which all out-let;
Those souls, for want of exercise, must sleep.

ANSWER.

See how man's soul against itself doth strive:
Why should we not have other means to know?
As children, while within the womb they live,
Feed by the navel: here they feed not so.

These children, if they had some use of sense,
And should by chance their mother's talking hear,
That in short time they shall come forth from [thence,
Would fear their birth, more than our death we fear.

They would cry out, "If we this place shall leave,
Then shall we break our tender navel strings:
How shall we then our nourishment receive,
Since our sweet food no other conduit brings?"

And if a man should to these babes reply,
  That into this fair world they shall be brought,
Where they shall view the earth, the sea, the sky,
  The glorious Sun, and all that God hath wrought:

That there ten thousand dainties they shall meet,
  Which by their mouths they shall with pleasure take;
Which shall be cordial too as well as sweet;
  And of their little limbs tall bodies make:

This world they'd think a fable, e'en as we
  Do think the story of the golden age;
Or as some sensual spirits 'mongst us be,
  Which hold the world to come a feigned stage:

Yet shall these infants after find all true,
  Though then thereof they nothing could conceive:
As soon as they are born, the world they view,
  And with their mouths the nurses' milk receive.

So when the soul is born (for death is nought
  But the soul's birth, and so we should it call)
Ten thousand things she sees beyond her thought;
  And, in an unknown manner, knows them all.

Then doth she see by spectacles no more,
  She hears not by report of double spies;
Herself in instants doth all things explore;
  For each thing's present, and before her lies.

OBJECTION IV.

But still this crew with questions me pursues:
  If souls deceas'd (say they) still living be,
Why do they not return, to bring us news [see?
  Of that strange world, where they such wonders

ANSWER.

Fond men! if we believe that man do live
  Under the zenith of both frozen poles,
Though none come thence, advertisement to give,
  Why bear we not the like faith of our souls?

The soul hath here on Earth no more to do,
  Than we have business in our mother's womb:
What child doth covet to return thereto,
  Although all children first from thence do come?

But as Noah's pigeon, which return'd no more,
  Did show, she footing found, for all the flood;
So when good souls, departed through Death's door,
  Come not again, it shows their dwelling good.

And doubtless, such a soul as up doth mount,
  And doth appear before her Maker's face,
Holds this vile world in such a base account,
  As she looks down and scorns this wretched place.

But such as are detruded down to Hell,
  Either for shame, they still themselves retire;

Or ty'd in chains, they in close prison dwell,
  And cannot come, although they much desire.

OBJECTION V.

Well, well, say these vain spirits, though vain it is
  To think our souls to Heav'n or Hell do go;
Politic men have thought it not amiss,
  To spread this lie, to make men virtuous so.

ANSWER.

Do you then think this moral virtue good?
  I think you do, ev'n for your private gain;
For commonwealths by virtue ever stood,
  And common good the private doth contain.

If then this virtue you do love so well,
  Have you no means, her practice to maintain:
But you this lie must to the people tell,
  That good souls live in joy, and ill in pain?

Must virtue be preserved by a lie?
  Virtue and truth do ever best agree;
By this it seems to be a verity,
  Since the effects so good and virtuous be.

For, as the Devil the father is of lies,
  So vice and mischief do his lies ensue:
Then this good doctrine did not he devise;
  But made this lie, which saith, it is not true.

For, how can that be false, which ev'ry tongue
  Of ev'ry mortal man affirms for true?

Which truth hath in all ages been so strong,
As, load-stone like, all hearts it ever drew.

For, not the Christian, or the Jew alone,
The Persian, or the Turk, acknowledge this;
This mystery to the wild Indian known,
And to the cannibal and Tartar is.

This rich Assyrian drug grows ev'ry where;
As common in the north as in the east:
This doctrine doth not enter by the ear,
But of itself is native in the breast.

None that acknowledge God, or providence,
Their soul's eternity did ever doubt;
For all religion taketh root from hence,
Which no poor naked nation lives without.

For since the world for man created was,
(For only man the use thereof doth know)
If man do perish like a wither'd grass,
How doth God's wisdom order things below?

And if that wisdom still wise ends propound,
Why made he man, of other creatures, king;
When (if he perish here) there is not found
In all the world so poor and vile a thing?

If death do quench us quite, we have great wrong,
Since for our service all things else were wrought;
That daws, and trees, and rocks should last so long,
When we must in an instant pass to naught.

But bless'd be that Great Pow'r, that hath us bless'd
With longer life than Heav'n or Earth can have;
Which hath infus'd into our mortal breast
Immortal pow'rs not subject to the grave.

For though the soul do seem her grave to bear,
And in this world is almost bury'd quick,
We have no cause the body's death to fear;
For when the shell is broke, out comes a chick.

SECTION XXXIII.

THREE KINDS OF LIFE ANSWERABLE TO THREE POWERS OF THE SOUL.

For, as the soul's essential pow'rs are three;
The quick'ning pow'r, the pow'r of sense and reason;
Three kinds of life to her designed be,
Which perfect these three pow'rs in their due season.

The first life in the mother's womb is spent,
Where she the nursing pow'r doth only use;
Where, when she finds defect of nourishment,
Sh' expels her body, and this world she views.

This we call birth; but if the child could speak,
He death would call it; and of nature plain,
That she would thrust him out naked and weak,
And in his passage pinch him with such pain.

Yet out he comes, and in this world is plac'd,
  Where all his senses in perfection be;
Where he finds flow'rs to smell, and fruits to taste,
  And sounds to hear, and sundry forms to see.

When he hath pass'd some time upon the stage,
  His reason then a little seems to wake;
Which though she spring when sense doth fade with age,
  Yet can she here no perfect practice make.

Then doth aspiring soul the body leave,
  Which we call death; but were it known to all,
What life our souls do by this death receive,
  Men would it birth or jail-deliv'ry call.

In this third life, reason will be so bright,
  As that her spark will like the sun-beams shine,
And shall of God enjoy the real sight,
  Being still increas'd by influence divine.

SECTION XXXIV.

THE CONCLUSION.

O IGNORANT poor man! what dost thou bear?
  Lock'd up within the casket of thy breast?
What jewels, and what riches hast thou there?
  What heav'nly treasure in so weak a chest?

Look in thy soul, and thou shalt beauties find,
  Like those which drown'd Narcissus in the flood:
Honour and pleasure both are in thy mind,
  And all that in the world is counted good.

Think of her worth, and think that God did mean,
  This worthy mind should worthy things embrace:
Blot not her beauties with thy thoughts unclean,
  Nor her dishonour with thy passion base.

Kill not her quick'ning pow'r with surfeitings:
  Mar not her sense with sensuality:
Cast not her wit on idle things:
  Make not her free will slave to vanity.

And when thou think'st of her eternity,
  Think not that death against her nature is;
Think it a birth: and when thou go'st to die,
  Sing like a swan, as if thou went'st to bliss.

And if thou, like a child, didst fear before,
  Being in the dark, where thou didst nothing see;
Now I have brought thee torch-light, fear no more;
  Now when thou dy'st, thou canst not hood-wink'd be.

And thou, my soul, which turn'st with curious eye,
  To view the beams of thine own form divine,
Know, that thou canst know nothing perfectly,
  While thou art clouded with this flesh of mine.

Take heed of over-weening, and compare
  Thy peacock's feet with thy gay peacock's train:
Study the best and highest things that are,
  But of thyself an humble thought retain.

Cast down thyself, and only strive to raise
  The glory of thy Maker's sacred name:
Use all thy pow'rs, that blessed pow'r to praise,
  Which gives thee pow'r to be, and use the same.

ORCHESTRA;

OR,

*A POEM ON DANCING.**

Where lives the man that never yet did hear
Of chaste Penelope, Ulysses' queen?
Who kept her faith unspotted twenty year,
Till he return'd, that far away had been,
And many men, and many towns had seen:
Ten year at siege of Troy he ling'ring lay,
And ten year in the midland sea did stray.

Homer, to whom the Muses did carouse
A great deep cup with heav'nly nectar fill'd,
The greatest, deepest cup in Jove's great house,
(For Jove himself had so expressly will'd)
He drank off all, nor let one drop be spill'd;
Since when, his brain that had before been dry,
Became the well-spring of all poetry.

* Sir John Harrington has writ an epigram in commendation of this poem. See the 2d Book, Epig. 67, at the end of his Translation of Ariosto's Orlando Furioso, folio.

It is a great pity, and to be lamented by the poetical world, that so very ingenious a poem should be left unfinished, or, what is more likely, that the imperfect part should be lost; for in all probability he completed it, being written in his youth, in queen Elizabeth's [illegible], as appears from the conclusion.

Homer doth tell in his abundant verse,
The long laborious travels of the man,
And of his lady too he doth rehearse,
How she illudes with all the art she can,
Th' ungrateful love which other lords began:
For of her lord, false fame had long since sworn,
That Neptune's monsters had his carcass torn.

All this he tells, but one thing he forgot,
One thing most worthy his eternal song,
But he was old, and blind, and saw it not,
Or else he thought he should Ulysses wrong,
To mingle it his tragic acts among:
Yet was there not in all the world of things,
A sweeter burthen for his Muse's wings.

The courtly love Antinous did make,
Antinous that fresh and jolly knight,
Which of the gallants that did undertake
To win the widow, had most wealth and might,
Wit to persuade, and beauty to delight.
The courtly love he made unto the queen,
Homer forgot as if it had not been.

Sing then Terpsichore, my light Muse sing
His gentle art, and cunning courtesy:
You, lady, can remember ev'ry thing,
For you are daughter of queen Memory;
But sing a plain and easy melody:
For the soft mean that warbleth but the ground,
To my rude ear doth yield the sweetest sound.

One only night's discourse I can report,
When the great torch-bearer of Heav'n was gone

Down in a mask unto the Ocean's court,
To revel it with Thetis all alone;
Antinous disguised and unknown,
Like to the spring in gaudy ornament,
Unto the castle of the princess went.

The sov'reign castle of the rocky isle,
Wherein Penelope the princess lay,
Shone with a thousand lamps, which did exile
The shadows dark, and turn'd the night to day,
Not Jove's blue tent, what time the sunny ray
Behind the bulwark of the Earth retires,
Is seen to sparkle with more twinkling fires.

That night the queen came forth from far within,
And in the presence of her court was seen;
For the sweet singer Phemius did begin
To praise the worthies that at Troy had been;
Somewhat of her Ulysses she did ween.
In his grave hymn the heav'nly man would sing,
Or of his wars, or of his wandering.

Pallas that hour with her sweet breath divine
Inspir'd immortal beauty in her eyes,
That with celestial glory she did shine,
Brighter than Venus when she doth arise
Out of the waters to adorn the skies;
The wooers all amazed do admire,
And check their own presumptuous desire.

Only Antinous, when at first he view'd
Her star-bright eyes that with new honour shin'd,
Was not dismay'd, but therewithal renew'd
The nobleness and splendour of his mind;
And as he did fit circumstances find,

Unto the throne he boldly did advance,
And with fair manners woo'd the queen to dance.

"Goddess of women, sith your heav'nliness
Hath now vouchsaf'd itself to represent
To our dim eyes, which though they see the less,
Yet are they bless'd in their astonishment,
Imitate Heaven, whose beauties excellent
Are in continual motion day and night,
And move thereby more wonder and delight.

"Let me the mover be, to turn about
Those glorious ornaments, that youth and love
Have fix'd in you, ev'ry part throughout,
Which if you will in timely measure move,
Not all those precious gems in Heav'n above
Shall yield a sight more pleasing to behold,
With all their turns and tracings manifold."

With this the modest princess blush'd and smil'd
Like to a clear and rosy eventide;
And softly did return this answer mild:
"Fair sir, you needs must fairly be deny'd,
Where your demand cannot be satisfy'd:
My feet which only nature taught to go,
Did never yet the art of footing know.

"But why persuade you me to this new rage?
(For all disorder and misrule is new)
For such misgovernment in former age
Our old divine forefathers never knew;
Who if they liv'd, and did the follies view
Which their fond nephews make their chief affairs,
Would hate themselves that had begot such heirs."

"Sole heir of virtue and of beauty both,
Whence cometh it," Antinous replies,
"That your imperious virtue is so loth
To grant your beauty her chief exercise?
Or from what spring doth your opinion rise,
That dancing is a frenzy and a rage,
First known and us'd in this new-fangled age?

"Dancing* (bright lady) then began to be,
When the first seeds whereof the world did spring,
The fire, air, earth, and water did agree,
By Love's persuasion, Nature's mighty king,
To leave their first disorder'd combating;
And in a dance such measure to observe,
As all the world their motion should preserve.

"Since when they still are carried in a round,
And changing come one in another's place,
Yet do they neither mingle nor confound,
But ev'ry one doth keep the bounded space
Wherein the dance doth bid it turn or trace:
This wondrous miracle did Love devise,
For dancing is Love's proper exercise.

"Like this, he fram'd the gods' eternal bow'r,
And of a shapeless and confused mass,
By his through piercing and digesting pow'r,
The turning vault of Heaven formed was:
Whose starry wheels he hath so made to pass,
As that their movings do a music frame,
And they themselves still dance unto the same.

* The antiquity of dancing.

"Or if this (all) which round about we see,
(As idle Morpheus some sick brains have taught)
Of undivided motes compacted be,
How was this goodly architecture wrought?
Or by what means were they together brought?
They err, that say they did concur by chance,
Love made them meet in a well order'd dance.

"As when Amphion with his charming lyre
Begot so sweet a syren of the air,
That with her rhetoric made the stones conspire
The ruin of a city to repair,
(A work of wit and reason's wise affair:)
So love's smooth tongue, the motes such measure taught
That they join'd hands, and so the world was wrought.

"How justly then is dancing termed new,
Which with the world in point of time begun;
Yea Time itself, (whose birth Jove never knew,
And which indeed is elder than the Sun)
Had not one moment of his age outrun,
When out leap'd Dancing from the heap of things,
And lightly rode upon his nimble wings.

"Reason hath both her pictures in her treasure,
Where time the measure of all moving is;
And dancing is a moving all in measure;
Now if you do resemble that to this,
And think both one, I think you think amiss:
But if you judge them twins, together got,
And Time first born, your judgment erreth not.

"Thus doth it equal age with age enjoy,
And yet in lusty youth for ever flow'rs,
Like Love his sire, whom painters make a boy,
Yet is he eldest of the heav'nly pow'rs;
Or like his brother Time, whose winged hours
Going and coming will not let him die,
But still preserve him in his infancy."

This said; the queen with her sweet lips, divine,
Gently began to move the subtle air,
Which gladly yielding, did itself incline
To take a shape between those rubies fair;
And being formed, softly did repair
With twenty doublings in the empty way,
Unto Antinous' ears, and thus did say:

"What eye doth see the Heav'n but doth admire
When it the movings of the Heav'ns doth see?
Myself, if I to Heav'n may once aspire,
If that be dancing, will a dancer be:
But as for this your frantic jollity,
How it began, or whence you did it learn,
I never could with reason's eye discern."

Antinous answer'd: "Jewel of the Earth,
Worthy you are that heav'nly dance to lead,
But for you think our Dancing base of birth,
And newly born but of a brain-sick head,
I will forthwith his antique gentry read;
And, for I love him, will his herald be,
And blaze his arms, and draw his pedigree.

"*When Love* had shap'd this world, this great fair wight,
That all wights else in this wide womb contains,

And had instructed it to dance aright,*
A thousand measures with a thousand strains,
Which it should practise with delightful pains,
Until that fatal instant should revolve,
When all to nothing should again resolve.

"The comely order and proportion fair
On ev'ry side, did please his wand'ring eye,
Till glancing through the thin transparent air,
A rude disorder'd rout he did espy
Of men and women, that most spitefully
Did one another throng, and crowd so sore,
That his kind eye in pity wept therefore.

"And swifter than the lightning down he came,
Another shapeless chaos to digest,
He will begin another world to frame,
(For Love till all be well will never rest)
Then with such words as cannot be express'd,
He cuts the troops, that all asunder fling,
And ere they wist, he casts them in a ring.

"Then did he rarefy the element,
And in the centre of the ring appear,
The beams that from his forehead spreading went,
Begot an horror and religious fear
In all the souls that round about him were;
Which in their ears attentiveness procures,
While he, with such like sounds, their minds allures.

"'How doth Confusion's mother, headlong Chance,†
Put Reason's noble squadron to the rout?

* The original of dancing.
† The *speech of Love, persuading* men to learn dancing.

Or how should you that have the governance
Of Nature's children, Heav'n and Earth throughout,
Prescribe them rules, and live yourselves without?
Why should your fellowship a trouble be,
Since man's chief pleasure is society?

" 'If sense hath not yet taught you, learn of me
A comely moderation and discreet,
That your assemblies may well order'd be:
When my uniting pow'r shall make you meet,
With heav'nly tunes it shall be temper'd sweet;
And be the model of the world's great frame,
And you Earth's children, Dancing shall it name.

" 'Behold the world how it is whirled round,
And for it is so whirl'd, is named so;
In whose large volume many rules are found
Of this new art, which it doth fairly show:
For your quick eyes in wand'ring to and fro
From east to west, on no one thing can glance,
But if you mark it well, it seems to dance.

" 'First you see fix'd in this huge mirror blue
Of trembling lights,* a number numberless;
Fix'd they are nam'd, but with a name untrue,
For they all move, and in a dance express
That great long year that doth contain no less
Than threescore hundreds of those years in all,
Which the Sun makes with his course natural.

* By the orderly motion of the fixed stars.

" 'What if to you these sparks disorder'd seem,
As if by chance they had been scatter'd there?
The gods a solemn measure do it deem,
And see a just proportion ev'ry where, [were;
And know the points whence first their movings
To which first points when all return again,
The axle-tree of Heav'n shall break in twain.

" 'Under that spangled sky, five wand'ring flames,*
Besides the king of day, and queen of night,
Are wheel'd around, all in their sundry frames,
And all in sundry measures do delight,
Yet altogether keep no measure right:
For by itself, each doth itself advance,
And by itself, each doth a galliard dance.

" 'Venus, the mother of that bastard Love,
Which doth usurp the world's great marshal's name,
Just with the Sun her dainty feet doth move,
And unto him doth all the gestures frame:
Now after, now afore, the flatt'ring dame,
With divers cunning passages doth err,
Still him respecting that respects not her.

" 'For that brave Sun, the father of the day,
Doth love this Earth, the mother of the night,
And like a reveller in rich array
Doth dance his galliard in his leman's sight
Both back, and forth, and sideways passing light.
His princely grace doth so the gods amaze,
That all stand still and at his beauty gaze.

* Of the planets.

" 'But see the Earth, when he approacheth near,
How she for joy doth spring, and sweetly smile;
But see again her sad and heavy cheer,
When changing places he retires a while:
But those black clouds he shortly will exile,
And make them all before his presence fly,
As mists consum'd before his cheerful eye.

" 'Who doth not see the measures of the Moon,
Which thirteen times she danceth ev'ry year?
And ends her pavin, thirteen times as soon
As doth her brother, of whose golden hair
She borroweth part and proudly doth it wear:
Then doth she coyly turn her face aside,
That half her cheek is scarce sometimes descry'd.

" 'Next her, the pure, subtle, and cleansing fire*
Is swiftly carried in a circle even:
Though Vulcan be pronounc'd by many a liar,
The only halting god that dwells in Heav'n:
But that foul name may be more fitly giv'n
To your false fire, that far from Heav'n is fall,
And doth consume, waste, spoil, disorder all.

" 'And now behold your tender nurse the air,†
And common neighbour that aye runs around,
How many pictures and impressions fair
Within her empty regions are there found,
Which to your senses dancing do propound:
For what are breath, speech, echoes, music, winds,
But dancings of the air in sundry kinds?

* Of the fire. † Of the air.

" 'For when you breathe, the air in order moves,
Now in, now out, in time and measure true;
And when you speak, so well she dancing loves,
That doubling oft, and oft redoubling new,
With thousand forms she doth herself endue:
For all the words that from your lips repair,
Are naught but tricks and turnings of the air.

" 'Hence is her prattling daughter Echo born,
That dances to all voices she can hear:
There is no sound so harsh that she doth scorn,
Nor any time wherein she will forbear
The airy pavement with her feet to wear:
And yet her hearing sense is nothing quick,
For after time she endeth ev'ry trick.

" 'And thou, sweet music, dancing's only life,
The ear's sole happiness, the air's best speech,
Loadstone of fellowship, charming rod of strife,
The soft mind's paradise, the sick mind's leech,
With thine own tongue thou trees and stones can teach,
That when the air doth dance her finest measure,
Then art thou born the gods' and men's sweet pleasure.

" 'Lastly, where keep the winds their revelry,
Their violent turnings, and wild whirling hays?
But in the air's translucent gallery?
Where she herself is turn'd a hundred ways,
While with those maskers wantonly she plays;
Yet in this misrule, they such rule embrace,
As two at once encumber not the place.

" 'If then fire, air, wand'ring and fixed lights
In ev'ry province of the imperial sky,
Yield perfect forms of dancing to your sights,
In vain I teach the ear, that which the eye
With certain view already doth descry.
But for your eyes perceive not all they see,
In this I will your senses master be.

" 'For lo the sea* that fleets about the land,
And like a girdle clips her solid waist,
Music and measure both doth understand:
For his great crystal eye is always cast
Up to the Moon, and on her fixed fast:
And as she danceth in her pallid sphere,
So danceth he about the centre here.

" 'Sometimes his proud green waves in order set,
One after other flow unto the shore,
Which when they have with many kisses wet,
They ebb away in order as before;
And to make known his courtly love the more,
He oft doth lay aside his three-fork'd mace,
And with his arms the tim'rous Earth embrace.

" 'Only the Earth doth stand for ever still,
Her rocks remove not, nor her mountains meet,
(Although some wits enrich'd with learning's skill
Say Heav'n stands firm, and that the Earth doth fleet,
And swiftly turneth underneath their feet)
Yet though the Earth is ever stedfast seen,
On her broad breast hath dancing ever been.

* Of the sea.

"'For those blue veins that through her body spread,
Those sapphire streams which from great hills do spring,*
(The Earth's great dugs; for ev'ry wight is fed
With sweet fresh moisture from them issuing).
Observe a dance in their wild wand'ring:
And still their dance begets a murmur sweet,
And still the murmur with the dance doth meet.

"'Of all their ways I love Meander's path,
Which to the tune of dying swans doth dance,
Such winding slights, such turns and cricks he hath,
Such creaks, such wrenches, and such dalliance;
That whether it be hap or heedless chance,
In this indented course and wriggling play
He seems to dance a perfect cunning hay.

"'But wherefore do these streams for ever run?
To keep themselves for ever sweet and clear:
For let their everlasting course be done,
They straight corrupt and foul with mud appear.
O ye sweet nymphs, that beauty's loss do fear,
Contemn the drugs that physic doth devise,
And learn of Love this dainty exercise.

"'See how those flow'rs that have sweet beauty too,
(The only jewels that the Earth doth wear,†
When the young Sun in bravery her doth woo)
As oft as they the whistling wind do hear,
Do wave their tender bodies here and there;

* Of the rivers. † Of other things upon the Earth.

And though their dance no perfect measure is,
Yet oftentimes their music makes them kiss.

" 'What makes the vine about the elm to dance,
With turnings, windings, and embracements round?
What makes the loadstone to the north advance
His subtle point, as if from thence he found
His chief attracting virtue to redound?
Kind Nature first doth cause all things to love,
Love makes them dance, and in just order move.

" 'Hark how the birds do sing, and mark then how
Jump with the modulation of their lays,
They lightly leap, and skip from bough to bough:
Yet do the cranes deserve a greater praise
Which keep such measure in their airy ways,
As when they all in order ranked are,
They make a perfect form triangular.

" 'In the chief angle flies the watchful guide,
And all the followers their heads do lay
On their foregoers' backs, on either side;
But for the captain hath no rest to stay
His head forwearied with the windy way,
He back retires, and then the next behind,
As his lieutenant leads them through the wind.

" 'But why relate I ev'ry singular?
Since all the world's great fortunes and affairs
Forward and backward rapp'd and whirled are,
According to the music of the spheres:
And Change herself, her nimble feet upbears
On a round slippery wheel that rolleth ay,
And turns all states with her imperious sway.

"'Learn then to dance, you that are princes born,
And lawful lords of earthly creatures all;
Imitate them, and therefore take no scorn,
For this new art to them is natural
And imitate the stars celestial:
For when pale death your vital twist shall sever,
Your better parts must dance with them for ever.'

"Thus Love persuades, and all the crowd of men
That stands around doth make a murmuring:
As when the wind loos'd from his hollow den,
Among the trees a gentle base doth sing,
Or as a brook through pebbles wandering:
But in their looks they utter'd this plain speech,
'That they would learn to dance, if Love would teach.'*

"Then first of all he doth demonstrate plain
The motions seven that are in nature found,
Upward and downward, forth, and back again,
To this side, and to that, and turning round;†
Whereof a thousand brawls he doth compound,
Which he doth teach unto the multitude,
And ever with a turn they must conclude.

"As when a nymph, arising from the land,
Leadeth a dance with her long watery train
Down to the sea, she wryes to every hand,
And every way doth cross the fertile plain:
But when at last she falls into the main,
Then all her traverses concluded are,
And with the sea, her course is circular.

* How Love taught men to dance. † Rounds or country dances.

"Thus when at first Love had them marshalled,
As erst he did the shapeless mass of things,
He taught them rounds and winding hays to tread,
And about trees to cast themselves in rings:
As the two Bears, whom the first mover flings
With a short turn about Heaven's axle-tree,
In a round dance for ever wheeling be.

"But after these, as men more civil grew,
He did more grave and solemn measures frame,*
With such fair order and proportion true,
And correspondence ev'ry way the same,
That no fault-finding eye did ever blame.
For ev'ry eye was moved at the sight
With sober wond'ring, and with sweet delight.

"Not those young students of the heav'nly book,
Atlas the great, Prometheus the wise,
Which on the stars did all their life-time look,
Could ever find such measure in the skies,
So full of change and rare varieties;
Yet all the feet whereon these measures go,
Are only spondees, solemn, grave, and slow.

"But for more diverse and more pleasing show,
A swift and wand'ring dance† she did invent,
With passages uncertain to and fro,
Yet with a certain answer and consent
To the quick music of the instrument.
Five was the number of the music's feet,
Which still the dance did with five paces meet.

* Measures. † Galliards.

"A gallant dance, that lively doth bewray
A spirit and a virtue masculine,
Impatient that her house on Earth should stay
Since she herself is fiery and divine:
Oft doth she make her body upward fine;
With lofty turns and capriols in the air,
Which with the lusty tunes accordeth fair.

"What shall I name those current traverses,*
That on a triple dactyl foot do run
Close by the ground with sliding passages,
Wherein that dancer greatest praise hath won
Which with best order can all orders shun:
For ev'ry where he wantonly must range,
And turn, and wind, with unexpected change.

"Yet is there one the most delightful kind,
A lofty jumping, or a leaping round,†
Where arm in arm, two dancers are entwin'd,
And whirl themselves with strict embracements bound,
And still their feet an anapest do sound:
An anapest is all their music's song,
Whose first two feet are short, and third is long.

"As the victorious twins of Leda and Jove,
That taught the Spartans dancing on the sands
Of Swift Eurotas, dance in Heav'n above,
Knit and united with eternal bands;
Among the stars their double image stands,
Where both are carried with an equal pace,
Together jumping in their turning race.

* *Courantoes.* † Lavoltaes.

"This is the net wherein the Sun's bright eye
Venus and Mars entangled did behold,
For in this dance, their arms they so employ,
As each doth seem the other to enfold:
What if lewd wits another tale have told
Of jealous Vulcan, and of iron chains?
Yet this true sense that forged lie contains.

"These various forms of dancing Love did frame,
And besides these, a hundred millions more,
And as he did invent, he taught the same,
With goodly gesture, and with comely show,
Now keeping state, now humbly honouring low:
And ever for the persons and the place
He taught most fit, and best according grace.*

"For Love, within his fertile working brain
Did then conceive those gracious virgins three,
Whose civil moderation does maintain
All decent order and conveniency,
And fair respect, and seemly modesty:
And then he thought it fit they should be born,
That their sweet presence dancing might adorn.

"Hence is it that these Graces painted are
With hand in hand dancing an endless round:
And with regarding eyes, that still beware
That there be no disgrace amongst them found;
With equal foot they beat the flow'ry ground,
Laughing, or singing, as their passions will,
Yet nothing that they do becomes them ill.

* Grace in dancing.

" Thus Love taught men, and men thus learn'd of Love
Sweet music's sound with feet to counterfeit,
Which was long time before high thund'ring Jove
Was lifted up to Heaven's imperial seat:
For though by birth he were the prince of Crete,
Nor Crete, nor Heav'n, should the young prince have seen
If dancers with their timbrels had not been.

" Since when all ceremonious mysteries,
All sacred orgies, and religious rights,
All pomps, and triumphs, and solemnities,
All funerals, nuptials, and like public sights,
All parliaments of peace, and warlike fights,
All learned arts, and every great affair
A lively shape of dancing seems to bear.*

" For what did he who with his ten-tongu'd lute
Gave beasts and blocks an understanding ear?
Or rather into bestial minds and brute
Shed and infus'd the beams of reason clear?
Doubtless for men that rude and savage were
A civil form of dancing he devis'd,
Wherewith unto their gods they sacrific'd.

" So did Musæus, so Amphion did,
And Linus with his sweet enchanting song,
And he whose hand the Earth of monsters rid,
And had men's ears fast chained to his tongue:
And Theseus to his wood-born slaves among,
Us'd dancing as the finest policy
To plant religion and society.

* The use and *forms of dancing* in sundry affairs of man's life.

"And therefore now the Thracian Orpheus' lyre
And Hercules himself are stellify'd;
And in high Heaven, amidst the starry quire,
Dancing their parts continually do slide:
So on the zodiac Ganymede doth ride,
And so is Hebe with the Muses nine,
For pleasing Jove with dancing, made divine.

"Wherefore was Proteus said himself to change
Into a stream, a lion, and a tree,
And many other forms fantastic strange,
As in his fickle thought he wish'd to be?
But that he danc'd with such facility,
As like a lion he could pace with pride,
Ply like a plant, and like a river slide.

"And how was Cæneus made at first a man,
And then a woman, then a man again,
But in a dance? which when he first began
He the man's part in measure did sustain:
But when he chang'd into a second strain,
He danc'd the woman's part another space,
And then return'd into his former place.

"Hence sprang the fable of Tiresias,
That he the pleasure of both sexes try'd:
For in a dance he man and woman was,
By often change of place from side to side:
But for the woman easily did slide,
And smoothly swim with cunning hidden art,
He took more pleasure in a woman's part.

"So to a fish Venus herself did change,
And swimming through the soft and yielding wave,

With gentle motions did so smoothly range
As none might see where she the water drave:
But this plain truth that falsed fable gave,
That she did dance with sliding easiness,
Pliant and quick in wand'ring passages.

"And merry Bacchus practis'd dancing too,
And to the Lydian numbers rounds did make:
The like he did in th' Eastern India do,
And taught them all when Phebus did awake,
And when at night he did his coach forsake,
To honour Heav'n, and Heaven's great rolling eye
With turning dances, and with melody.

"Thus they who first did found a common-weal,
And they who first religion did ordain,
By dancing first the people's hearts did steal,
Of whom we now a thousand tales do feign:
Yet do we now their perfect rules retain,
And use them still in such devices new,
As in the world long since their withering grew.

"For after towns and kingdoms founded were,
Between great states arose well-order'd war;
Wherein most perfect measure doth appear,
Whether their well-set ranks respected are
In quadrant form or semicircular:
Or else the march, when all the troops advance,
And to the drum in gallant order dance.

"And after wars, when white-wing'd Victory
Is with a glorious triumph beautify'd,
And ev'ry one doth *Iö Iö* cry,
Whilst all in gold the conqueror doth ride;

The solemn pomp that fills the city wide
Observes such rank and measure every where,
As if they altogether dancing were.

" The like just order mourners do observe,
(But with unlike affection and attire)
When some great man that nobly did deserve,
And whom his friends impatiently desire,
Is brought with honour to his latest fire:
The dead corpse too in that sad dance is mov'd,
As if both dead and living dancing lov'd.

" A diverse cause, but like solemnity
Unto the temple leads the bashful bride,
Which blusheth like the Indian ivory
Which is with dip of Tyrian purple dy'd:
A golden troop doth pass on every side
Of flourishing young men and virgins gay,
Which keep fair measure all the flow'ry way.

" And not alone the general multitude,
But those choice Nestors which in council grave
Of cities and of kingdoms do conclude,
Most comely order in their sessions have:
Wherefore the wise Thessalians ever gave
The name of leader of their country's dance
To him that had their country's governance.

" And those great masters of their liberal arts
In all their several schools do dancing teach,
For humble grammar first doth set the parts
Of congruent and well according speech:
Which rhetoric, whose state the clouds doth reach,
And heav'nly poetry do forward lead,
And diverse measure diversely do tread.

"For rhetoric clothing speech in rich array,
In looser numbers teacheth her to range,
With twenty tropes, and turnings ev'ry way,
And various figures, and licentious change;
But poetry with rule and order strange
So curiously doth move each single pace,
As all is marr'd if she one foot misplace.

"These arts of speech the guides and marshals are;
But logic leadeth reason in a dance,
Reason the connoisseur and bright load-star,
In this world's sea t' avoid the rock of chance,
For with close following and continuance
One reason doth another so ensue,
As in conclusion still the dance is true.

"So Music to her own sweet tunes doth trip,
With tricks of three, five, eight, fifteen, and more;
So doth the art of numb'ring seem to skip
From even to odd, in her proportion'd score:
So do those skills, whose quick eyes do explore
The just dimension both of Earth and Heaven,
In all their rules observe a measure even.

"Lo this is Dancing's true nobility:
Dancing the child of Music and of Love;
Dancing itself both love and harmony,
Where all agree, and all in order move;
Dancing the art that all arts do approve:
The fair character of the world's consent,
The Heav'n's true figure, and th' Earth's ornament."

The queen, whose dainty ears had borne too long
The *tedious praise of* that she did despise,

Adding once more the music of the tongue
To the sweet speech of her alluring eyes,
Began to answer in such winning wise,
As that forthwith Antinous' tongue was ty'd,
His eyes fast fix'd, his ears were open wide.

"Forsooth," quoth she, "great glory you have won,
To your trim minion dancing all this while,
By blazing him Love's first-begotten son;
Of every ill the hateful father vile
That doth the world with sorceries beguile:
Cunningly mad, religiously profane,
Wit's monster, reason's canker, sense's bane.

"Love taught the mother that unkind desire
To wash her hands in her own infant's blood;
Love taught the daughter to betray her sire
Into most base and worthy servitude;
Love taught the brother to prepare such food
To feast his brother, that the all-seeing Sun,
Wrapp'd in a cloud, that wicked sight did shun.

"And e'en this self same Love hath dancing taught,
An art that showeth th' idea of his mind
With vainness, frenzy, and misorder fraught;
Sometimes with blood and cruelties unkind:
For in a dance, Tereus' mad wife did find
Fit time and place, by murder of her son,
T' avenge the wrong his traitorous sire had done.

"What mean the mermaids, when they dance and sing,
But certain death unto the mariner?
What tidings do the dancing dolphins bring,

OF DONNE.

descendant, on the father's
ily in Wales, and, on that
family of Sir Thomas More,
1573. At the age of eleven,
of Hart-hall, in Oxford;
ed, that, if he were not
be made so by study.
years; but, being a
not submit to the pro-
pre-requisite to a diplo-
to Trinity College, in
dence of three years,
in London. That he
amorous ditties suffi-
ed the law, his works
contemporaries are

His finer cunning, and more curious art;
Where all the elements themselves impart,
And turn, and wind, and mingle with such measure,
That th' eye that sees it, surfeits with the pleasure?

"Love in the twinkling of your eyelids danceth,
Love danceth in your pulses and your veins;
Love, when you sow, your needle's point advanceth,
And makes it dance a thousand curious strains
Of winding rounds, whereof the form remains:
To show, that your fair hands can dance the hay,
Which your fine feet would learn as well as they.

"And when your ivory fingers touch the strings
Of any silver sounding instrument,
Love makes them dance to those sweet murmurings,
With busy skill, and cunning excellent:
O that your feet those tunes would represent
With artificial motions to and fro,
That Love this art in ev'ry part might show!

"Yet your fair soul, which came from Heav'n above
To rule this house, another Heav'n below,
With divers powers in harmony doth move,
And all the virtues that from her do flow,
In a round measure hand in hand do go:
Could I now see, as I conceive this dance,
Wonder and love would cast me in a trance.

"The richest jewel in all the heav'nly treasure
That ever yet unto the Earth was shown,
Is perfect concord, the only perfect pleasure
That wretched earth-born men have ever known:
For many hearts it doth compound in one:

That what so one doth will, or speak, or do,
With one consent they all agree thereto.

"Concord's true picture shineth in this art,
Where divers men and women ranked be,
And every one doth dance a several part,
Yet all, as one, in measure do agree,
Observing perfect uniformity:
All turn together, all together trace,
And all together honour and embrace.

"If they whom sacred love hath link'd in one,
Do, as they dance, in all their course of life;
Never shall burning grief nor bitter moan,
Nor factious difference, nor unkind strife,
Arise betwixt the husband and the wife:
For whether forth, or back, or round he go,
As the man doth, so must the woman do.

"What if by often interchange of place
Sometime the woman gets the upper hand?
That is but done for more delightful grace,
For on that part she doth not ever stand:
But, as the measure's law doth her command,
She wheels about, and ere the dance doth end,
Into her former place she doth transcend.

"But not alone this correspondence meet
And uniform consent doth dancing praise,
For comeliness, the child of order sweet,
Enamels it with her eye-pleasing rays:
Fair comeliness, ten hundred thousand ways,
Through dancing sheds itself, and makes it shine,
With *glorious beauty*, and with grace divine.

"For comeliness is a disposing fair
Of things and actions in fit time and place;
Which doth in dancing show itself most clear,
When troops confus'd, which here and there do trace
Without distinguishment or bounded space,
By dancing rule into such ranks are brought,
As glads the eye, as ravisheth the thought.

"Then why should reason judge that reasonless
Which is wit's offspring, and the work of art,
Image of concord and of comeliness?
Who sees a clock moving in every part,
A sailing pinnace, or a wheeling cart,
But thinks that reason, ere it came to pass,
The first impulsive cause and mover was?

"Who sees an army all in rank advance,
But deems a wise commander is in place
Which leadeth on that brave victorious dance?
Much more in dancing's art, in dancing's grace,
Blindness itself may reason's footsteps trace:
For of Love's maze it is the curious plot,
And of man's fellowship the true-love knot.

"But if these eyes of yours (load-stars of love,
Showing the world's great dance to your mind's eye)
Cannot with all their demonstrations move
Kind apprehension in your fantasy
Of dancing's virtue and nobility:
How can my barbarous tongue win you thereto,
Which Heav'n and Earth's fair speech could never do?

"*O Love,* my king; if all my wit and power
Have done you all the service that they can,

O be you present in this present hour,
And help your servant and your true liege-man,
End that persuasion which I erst began:
For who in praise of dancing can persuade
With such sweet force as Love, which dancing
made?"

Love heard his pray'r, and swifter than the wind,
Like to a page, in habit, face, and speech,
He came, and stood Antinous behind,*
And many secrets to his thoughts did teach:
At last a crystal mirror he did reach
Unto his hands, that he with one rash view,
All forms therein by Love's revealing knew.

And humbly honouring, gave it to the queen
With this fair speech: "See fairest queen," quoth
"The fairest sight that ever shall be seen, [he,
And th' only wonder of posterity,
The richest work in Nature's treasury;
Which she disdains to show on this world's stage,
And thinks it far too good for our rude age.

"But in another world divided far,
In the great, fortunate, triangled isle,
Thrice twelve degrees remov'd from the north star,
She will this glorious workmanship compile,
Which she hath been conceiving all this while
Since the world's birth, and will bring forth at last,
When six and twenty hundred years are past."

Penelope, the queen, when she had view'd
The strange eye-dazzling admirable sight,

* *A passage to the description of dancing in that age.*

Fain would have prais'd the state and pulchritude,
But she was stricken dumb with wonder quite,
Yet her sweet mind retain'd her thinking might:
Her ravish'd mind in heavenly thoughts did dwell,
But what she thought, no mortal tongue can tell.

You, lady Muse, whom Jove the counsellor
Begot of Memory, Wisdom's treasuress,
To your divining tongue is given a power
Of uttering secrets large and limitless:
You can Penelope's strange thoughts express
Which she conceiv'd, and then would fain have told,
When she the wond'rous crystal did behold.

Her winged thoughts bore up her mind so high,
As that she ween'd she saw the glorious throne
Where the bright Moon doth sit in majesty,
A thousand sparkling stars about her shone;
But she herself did sparkle more alone
Than all those thousand beauties would have done,
If they had been confounded all in one.

And yet she thought those stars mov'd in such mea-
To do their sovereign honour and delight, [sure,
As sooth'd her mind with sweet enchanting pleasure,
Although the various change amaz'd her sight,
And her weak judgment did entangle quite:
Beside, their moving made them shine more clear,
As diamonds mov'd, more sparkling do appear.

This was the picture of her wondrous thought;
But who can wonder that her thought was so,
Sith Vulcan, king of fire, that mirror wrought,
(*Who things* to come, present, and past, doth know,)
As there did represent in lively show

Our glorious English court's divine image,
As it should be in this our golden age?

* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *

Here are wanting some stanzas describing queen Elizabeth. Then follow these:

Her brighter dazzling beams of majesty
Were laid aside, for she vouchsaf'd awhile
With gracious, cheerful, and familiar eye
Upon the revels of her court to smile;
For so time's journies she doth oft beguile:
Like sight no mortal eye might elsewhere see
So full of state, art, and variety.

For of her barons brave, and ladies fair,
(Who had they been elsewhere most fair had been,)
Many an incomparable lovely pair,
With hand in hand were interlinked seen,
Making fair honour to their sovereign queen;
Forward they pac'd, and did their pace apply
To a most sweet and solemn melody.

So subtle and so curious was the measure,
With so unlook'd for change in ev'ry strain;
As that Penelope wrapp'd with sweet pleasure,
When she beheld the true proportion plain
Of her own web, weav'd and unweav'd again;
But that her art was somewhat less she thought,
And on a mere ignoble subject wrought.

For here, like to the silk-worm's industry,
Beauty itself out of itself did weave
So rare a work, and of such subtlety,
As did all eyes entangle and deceive,
And in all minds a strange impression leave:
In this sweet labyrinth did Cupid stray,
And never had the power to pass away.

As when the Indians, neighbours of the morning,
In honour of the cheerful rising Sun,
With pearl and painted plumes themselves adorning,
A solemn stately measure have begun;
The god, well pleas'd with that fair honour done,
Sheds forth his beams, and doth their faces kiss
With that immortal glorious face of his.

So, &c. &c. * * *

SELECT POEMS

OF

JOHN DONNE.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

LIFE OF DONNE.

JOHN DONNE, the descendant, on the father's side, from an ancient family in Wales, and, on that of the mother, from the family of Sir Thomas More, was born in London, in 1573. At the age of eleven, he became a commoner of Hart-hall, in Oxford; where it was soon perceived, that, if he were not born wise, he would never be made so by study. He remained at Oxford three years; but, being a Roman Catholic, he could not submit to the protestant oath, which was the pre-requisite to a diploma. He subsequently went to Trinity College, in Cambridge; and, after a residence of three years, removed to Lincoln's Inn, in London. That he cultivated poetry here, his amorous ditties sufficiently indicate:—that he studied the law, his works no where inform us; and his cotemporaries are silent. In 1592, the death of his father left him a property of 3000*l.*; and, quitting the profession of the law, he entered deeply into an examination of the dispute between the two great religious parties, which then divided the empire of opinion. He began a Roman Catholic, and ended a Protestant.

He was in the Earl of Essex's expedition against Cadiz, in 1596 and 1597; and resided some years both in Spain and in Italy. On his return to England, he was made secretary to Sir Thomas Egerton, lord keeper of the great seal: and, in 1602, he married, in private, Anne, daughter of Sir George Moore, chancellor of the garter, and lieutenant of

the tower; who was so much offended at the union, that he procured Donne's dismissal from service, and caused him to be thrown into prison. But he soon obtained his liberty; and, after a tedious lawsuit, succeeded in recovering his wife. Sir Francis Wooley, a relation, entertained his family several years, in his own house, at Pilford, in Surrey; and was finally enabled to effect a reconciliation between himself and his father-in-law; who agreed to make his daughter's portion 800 pounds, and to give her twenty pounds quarterly, until that sum should be paid. At the death of Sir Francis, Donne removed his family to Mitcham, in Surrey; and took lodgings for himself near Whitehall; where he received the visits and caresses of the nobility, foreign ambassadors, and other persons of distinction. He afterwards took apartments for his family, in the house of his friend, Sir Robert Drury, in Drury-lane.

In 1610, he received the degree of master of arts, from Oxford, as he had previously done, from Cambridge; and, about the year 1612, he accompanied Sir Robert Drury to Paris. On his return, King James persuaded him to take orders; and, shortly after, he was made a chaplain in ordinary to his majesty, and constituted a doctor of divinity by the university of Cambridge. He was much afflicted by the loss of his wife; who died, on the seventh day after the birth of her twelfth child, August 15th, 1617. He was, soon after, chosen preacher to the society of Lincoln's Inn; was appointed, by his majesty, to accompany the Earl of Doncaster, on his embassy to Germany, in 1619; became dean of St. Paul's, in 1621;* and, soon after, received the

* On this occasion Donne was invited to dinner by his majesty; who, when he had sat down, and before he commenced eating, said to his guest, 'Mr. Donne, I have invited you to dinner; and though *you sit not* down with me, yet I will carve to you of a dish that I *know you love well;* for, knowing you love London, I do therefore

vicarage of St. Dunstan in the West, from the Earl of Dorset, and another benefice, from the Earl of Kent. In 1624, he was made prolocutor to the convocation; and was occasionally nominated by the king, to preach sermons at St. Paul's Cross. We hear nothing more of him, till the year 1630; when a fever threw him into a consumption, of which he died, on the 31st of March, 1631. He was interred in the cathedral church of St. Paul's; and had a tomb erected to his memory. He seems to have had a curiosity, while living, to know how he should appear when dead; and, some time before his decease, he enveloped himself in a shroud, closed his eyes, and had his portrait taken.

Donne is considered as a great wit, a tolerable divine, and something of a poet. Poetry, indeed, in the highest sense of the word, we can almost say, he had none. He was more intent upon showing the acuteness of his penetration than the opulence of his fancy; and, instead of grouping and describing new objects, he sets himself laboriously at work to refine and analyze the old. What furnishes other poets with a passing metaphorical allusion, would be a sufficient subject of a whole poem to Donne and his followers. It would take them ten centuries to finish the siege of Troy; and the figures of speech in the first book of the Iliad would supply their laboratory with an inexhaustible stock of materials. We are often amused with the brilliancy of their experiments, and with the novelty of their results. They stimulate our reflection, and awaken our memory; but they seldom excite our feelings, or give play to the imagination. Of Donne, it may be said, that he was more witty than learned; and more learned than poetical.

make you dean of St. Paul's; and, when I have dined, then do you take your beloved dish home to your study; say grace there to yourself, and much good may it do you? Walton's Life of Donne. *All this was contrived, in order that his facetious majesty might play upon the word London.*

THE FLEA.

Mark but this flea, and mark in this,
How little that, which thou deny'st me, is;
Me it suck'd first, and now sucks thee,
And in this flea our two bloods mingled be;
Confess it. This cannot be said
A sin, or shame, or loss of maidenhead,
Yet this enjoys, before it woo,
And pamper'd swells with one blood made of two,
And this, alas! is more than we could do.

Oh stay, three lives in one flea spare,
Where we almost, nay more than marry'd are.
This flea is you and I, and this
Our marriage bed and marriage temple is;
Though parents grudge, and you, w' are met,
And cloister'd in these living walls of jet.
Though use make you apt to kill me,
Let not to that self-murder added be,
And sacrilege, three sins in killing three.

Cruel and sudden, hast thou since
Purpled thy nail in blood of innocence?
Wherein could this flea guilty be,
Except in that blood, which it suck'd from thee?

Yet thou triumph'st, and say'st that thou
Find'st not thyself nor me the weaker now;
'Tis true; then learn how false fears be:
Just so much honour, when thou yield'st to me,
Will waste, as this flea's death took life from thee.

BREAK OF DAY.

STAY, O sweet, and do not rise,
The light, that shines, comes from thine eyes;
The day breaks not, it is my heart,
Because that you and I must part.
Stay, or else my joys will die,
And perish in their infancy.

'Tis true, 'tis day; what though it be?
O wilt thou therefore rise from me?
Why should we rise, because 'tis light?
Did we lie down because 'twas night?
Love, which in spite of darkness brought us hither,
Should in despite of light keep us together.

Light hath no tongue, but is all eye;
If it could speak as well as spy,
This were the worst that it could say,
That being well, I fain would stay,
And that I lov'd my heart and honour so,
That I would not from her, that had them, go.

Must business thee from hence remove?
Oh, that's the worst disease of love;

The poor, the foul, the false, love can
Admit, but not the busied man.
He which hath business, and makes love, doth do
Such wrong, as when a married man doth woo.

A VALEDICTION OF MY NAME,

IN THE WINDOW.

Mr name engrav'd herein,
Doth contribute my firmness to this glass,
Which ever since that charm hath been
As hard as that, which grav'd it, was;
Thine eye will give it price enough, to mock
The diamonds of either rock.

'Tis much that glass should be
As all confessing and through-shine as I,
'Tis more that it shows thee to thee,
And clear reflects thee to thine eye.
But all such rules love's magic can undo,
Here you see me, and I see you.

As no one point nor dash,
Which are but accessaries to this name,
The show'rs and tempests can outwash,
So shall all times find me the same;
You this entireness better may fulfil,
Who have the pattern with you still.

* * * * * * * * *

VALEDICTION TO HIS BOOK.

I'LL tell thee now (dear love) what thou shalt do
  To anger destiny, as she doth us;
  How I shall stay, though she eloigne me thus,
And how posterity shall know it too;
      How thine may out-endure
      Sibyl's glory, and obscure
      Her, who from Pindar could allure,
  And her, through whose help Lucan is not lame,
And her, whose book (they say) Homer did find
        and name.

Study our manuscripts, those myriads
  Of letters, which have past 'twixt thee and me,
  Thence write our annals, and in them will be
To all, whom love's subliming fire invades,
      Rule and example found;
      There, the faith of any ground
      No schismatic will dare to wound,
  That sees how love this grace to us affords,
To make, to keep, to use, to be, these his records.

This book, as long liv'd as the elements,
  Or as the world's form, this all-graved tomb,
  In cipher writ, or new made idiom;
We for love's clergy only are instruments;
      When this book is made thus,
      Should again the ravenous
      Vandals and Goths invade us,
  Learning were safe in this our universe, [verse.
Schools might learn sciences, spheres music, angels

* * * * * * * * *

LOVE'S ALCHYMY.

Some that have deeper digg'd Love's mine than I,
Say, where his centric happiness doth lie:
I've lov'd, and got, and told,
But should I love, get, tell, till I were old,
I should not find that hidden mystery;
Oh, 'tis imposture all:
And as no chymic yet th' elixir got,
But glorifies his pregnant pot,
If by the way to him befall
Some odoriferous thing, medicinal,
So lovers dream a rich and long delight,
But get a winter-seeming summer's night.

Our ease, our thrift, our honour, and our day,
Shall we for this vain bubble's shadow pay?
Ends love in this, that my man
Can be as happy as I; if he can
Endure the short scorn of a bridegroom's play!
That loving wretch that swears,
'Tis not the bodies marry, but the minds,
Which he in her angelic finds,
Would swear as justly, that he hears,
In that day's rude hoarse minstrelsy, the spheres.
Hope not for mind in women; at their best
Sweetness and wit, they 're but mummy possest.

THE BAIT.

Come, live with me, and be my love,
And we will some new pleasures prove
Of golden sands, and crystal brooks,
With silken lines and silver hooks.

There will the river whisp'ring run,
Warm'd by thine eyes more than the Sun:
And there th' enamour'd fish will play,
Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swim in that live bath,
Each fish, which every channel hath,
Will amorously to thee swim,
Gladder to catch thee, than thou him.

If thou to be so seen art loth
By Sun or Moon, thou darken'st both;
And if myself have leave to see,
I need not their light, having thee.

Let others freeze with angling reeds,
And cut their legs with shells and weeds,
Or treacherously poor fish beset,
With strangling snare, or winding net:

Let coarse bold hands from slimy nest
The bedded fish in banks out-wrest,
Or curious traitors sleave silk flies,
Bewitch poor fishes' wand'ring eyes:

Yet n
No thee, thou need'st no such deceit,
The thou thyself art thine own bait;
That fish, that is not catch'd thereby,
An as! is wiser far than I.
A

THE BROKEN HEART.

He is stark mad, whoever says
That he hath been in love an hour,
Yet not that love so soon decays,
But that it can ten in less space devour;
Who will believe me, if I swear
That I have had the plague a year?
Who would not laugh at me, if I should say,
I saw a flash of powder burn a day?

Ah! what a trifle is a heart,
If once into Love's hands it come!
All other griefs allow a part
To other griefs, and ask themselves but some.
They come to us, but us Love draws,
He swallows us and never chaws:
By him, as by chain'd shot, whole ranks do die;
He is the tyrant pike, and we the fry.

If 't were not so, what did become
Of my heart, when I first saw thee?
I brought a heart into the room,
But from the room I carried none with me:
If it had gone to thee, I know
Mine would have taught thine heart to show
More pity unto me: but Love, alas,
At one first blow did shiver it as glass.

ɔthing can to nothing fall,
r any place be empty quite,
refore I think my breast hath all
hose pieces still, though they do not unite:
Com'd now as broken glasses show
And hundred lesser faces, so
Of My rags of heart can like, wish, and adore,
Wi But after one such love can love no more.

LOVE'S DEITY.

I LONG to talk with some old lover's ghost,
Who dy'd before the god of love was born:
I cannot think that he, who then lov'd most,
Sunk so low, as to love one which did scorn.
But since this god produc'd a destiny,
And that vice-nature custom lets it be;
I must love her that loves not me.

Sure they, which made him god, meant not so much,
Nor he in his young godhead practis'd it.
But when an even flame two hearts did touch,
His office was indulgently to fit
Actives to passives, correspondency
Only his subject was; it cannot be
Love, till I love her that loves me.

But every modern god will now extend
His vast prerogative as far as Jove,
To rage, to lust, to write to, to commend,
All is the purlieu of the god of love.

Oh, were we waken'd by this tyranny
T' ungod this child again, it could not be
I should love her who loves not me.

Rebel and atheist too, why murmur I
As though I felt the worst that love could do?
Love may make me leave loving, or might try
A deeper plague, to make her love me too,
Which, since she loves before, I'm loath to see;
Falsehood is worse than hate; and that must be,
If she whom I love should love me.

LOVE'S DIET.

To what a cumbersome unwieldiness
And burthenous corpulence my love had grown;
  But that I did, to make it less,
  And keep it in proportion,
Give it a diet, made it feed upon,
That which love worst endures, discretion.

Above one sigh a-day I allow'd him not,
Of which my fortune and my faults had part;
  And if sometimes by stealth he got
  A she-sigh from my mistress' heart,
And thought to feast on that, I let him see
'Twas neither very sound, nor meant to me.

If he wrung from me a tear, I brin'd it so
With scorn or shame, that him it nourish'd not;
  If he suck'd her's, I let him know
  'Twas not a tear which he had got.

His drink was counterfeit, as was his meat;
Her eyes, which roll towards all, weep not, but sweat.

Whatever she would dictate, I writ that,
But burnt my letters, which she writ to me;
  And if that favour made him fat,
  I said, "If any title be
Convey'd by this, ah! what doth it avail
To be the fortieth man in an entail?"

Thus I reclaim'd my buzzard love to fly
At what, and when, and how, and where I chose;
  Now negligent of sport I lie,
  And now, as other falc'ners use,
I spring a mistress, swear, write, sigh, and weep,
And the game kill'd, or lost, go talk or sleep.

THE WILL.

Before I sign my last gasp, let me breathe,
Great Love, some legacies; I here bequeath
Mine eyes to Argus, if mine eyes can see;
If they be blind, then, Love, I give them thee;
My tongue to Fame; t' ambassadors mine ears;
    To women, or the sea, my tears;
    Thou, Love, hast taught me heretofore,
  By making me love her who 'd twenty more,
That I should give to none, but such as had too much
        before.

My constancy I to the planets give;
My truth to them who at the court do live;

Mine ingenuity and openness
To Jesuits; to buffoons my pensiveness;
My silence t' any who abroad have been;
My money to a capuchin.
Thou, Love, taugh'st me, by appointing me
To love there where no love receiv'd can be,
Only to give to such as have no good capacity.

My faith I give to Roman Catholics;
All my good works unto the schismatics
Of Amsterdam; my best civility
And courtship to an university:
My modesty I give to soldiers bare.
My patience let gamesters share.
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me
Love her, that holds my love disparity,
Only to give to those that count my gifts indignity.

I give my reputation to those
Which were my friends; mine industry to foes;
To schoolmen I bequeath my doubtfulness;
My sickness to physicians, or excess;
To Nature all that I in rhyme have writ;
And to my company my wit.
Thou, Love, by making me adore
Her, who begot this love in me before,
Taught'st me to make, as though I gave, when I do
but restore.

To him, for whom the passing-bell next tolls,
I give my physic books; my written rolls
Of moral counsels I to Bedlam give:
My brazen medals unto them which live

In want of bread; to them, which pass among
All foreigners, mine English tongue.
Thou, Love, by making me love one,
Who thinks her friendship a fit portion
For younger lovers, does my gifts thus disproportion.

Therefore, I'll give no more, but I'll undo
The world by dying; because Love dies too.
Then all your beauties will be no more worth
Than gold in mines, where none doth draw it forth;
And all your graces no more use shall have,
Than a sun-dial in a grave.
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me
Love her, who doth neglect both me and thee,
T' invent and practise this one way, t' annihilate all three.

THE BLOSSOM.

Little think'st thou, poor flower,
Whom I have watch'd six or seven days,
And seen thy birth, and seen what every hour
Gave to thy growth, thee to this height to raise,
And now dost laugh and triumph on this bough,
Little think'st thou
That it will freeze anon, and that I shall
To-morrow find thee fall'n, or not at all.

Little think'st thou (poor heart,
That labourest yet to nestle thee,
And think'st by hovering here to get a part
In a forbidden or forbidding tree,

And hop'st her stiffness by long siege to bow:)
Little think'st thou,
That thou to-morrow, ere the Sun doth wake,
Must with this Sun and me a journey take.

* * * * * * * *

THE DISSOLUTION.

She's dead, and all, which die,
To their first elements resolve;
And we were mutual elements to us,
And made of one another.
My body then doth her's involve,
And those things, whereof I consist, hereby
In me abundant grow and burthenous,
And nourish not, but smother.
My fire of passion, sighs of air,
Water of tears, and earthy sad despair,
Which my materials be,
(But near worn out by love's security,)
She, to my loss, doth by her death repair;
And I might live long wretched so,
But that my fire doth with my fuel grow.
Now as those active kings,
Whose foreign conquest treasure brings,
Receive more, and spend more, and soonest break,
This (which I'm amaz'd that I can speak)
This death hath with my store
My use increas'd.
And so my soul, more earnestly releas'd,
Will outstrip her's: as bullets flown before,
A later bullet may o'ertake, the powder being more.

A JET RING SENT.

Thou art not so black as my heart,
Nor half so brittle as her heart thou art;
What would'st thou say? shall both our properties
by thee be spoke?
Nothing more endless, nothing sooner broke.

Marriage rings are not of this stuff;
Oh! why should aught less precious, or less tough,
Figure our loves? except in thy name thou have
bid it say, [away."
"I'm cheap, and naught but fashion, fling m'

Yet stay with me, since thou art come,
Circle this finger's top, which did'st her thumb:
Be justly proud, and gladly safe, that thou dost
dwell with me; [thee.
She that, oh! broke her faith, would soon break

EPIGRAMS.

HERO AND LEANDER.

Both robb'd of air, we both lie in one ground,
Both whom one fire had burnt, one water drown'd.

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

Two by themselves each other love and fear,
Slain, cruel friends by parting have join'd here.

PHRYNE.

Thy flattering picture, Phryne, 's like to thee
Only in this, that you both painted be.

AN OBSCURE WRITER.

Philo with twelve years study hath been griev'd
To b' understood, when will he be believ'd?

Klockius so deeply hath sworn ne'er more to come
In *bawdy house*, that he dares not go home.

ELEGIES.

THE PERFUME.

Once, and but once, found in thy company,
All thy supposed 'scapes are laid on me;
And as a thief at bar is question'd there
By all the men that have been robb'd that year,
So am I (by this traitorous means surpris'd)
By the hydroptic father catechis'd.
Though he had wont to search with glazed eyes,
As though he came to kill a cockatrice;
Though he hath oft sworn, that he would remove
Thy beauty's beauty, and food of our love,
Hope of his goods, if I with thee were seen;
Yet close and secret, as our souls, we've been.
Though thy immortal mother, which doth lie
Still buried in her bed, yet will not die,
Takes this advantage to sleep out day-light,
And watch thy entries and returns all night;
And, when she takes thy hand, and would seem kind,
Doth search what rings and armlets she can find;
And kissing notes the colour of thy face,
And fearing lest thou'rt swoln, doth thee embrace;
And, to try if thou long, doth name strange meats,
And notes thy paleness, blushes, sighs, and sweats,
And politicly will to thee confess
The sins of her own youth's rank lustiness;

Yet love these sorc'ries did remove, and move
Thee to gull thine own mother for my love.
Thy little brethren, which like fairy sprites
Oft skipp'd into our chamber those sweet nights,
And kiss'd and dandled on thy father's knee,
Were brib'd next day; to tell what they did see:
The grim eight foot high iron-bound serving-man,
That oft names God in oaths, and only then,
He that, to bar the first gate, doth as wide
As the great Rhodian Colossus stride,
Which, if in Hell no other pains there were,
Makes me fear Hell, because he must be there:
Though by thy father he were hir'd to this,
Could never witness any touch or kiss.

* * * * * * * *

HIS PICTURE.

Here, take my picture; though I bid farewell:
Thine in my heart, where my soul dwells, shall dwell,
'Tis like me now, but, I dead, 'twill be more,
When we are shadows both, than 'twas before.
When weather-beaten I come back; my hand
Perhaps with rude oars torn, or sun-beams tann'd
My face and breast of hair-cloth, and my head
With care's harsh sudden hoariness o'erspread;
My body a sack of bones, broken within,
And powder's blue stains scatter'd on my skin:
If rival fools tax thee t' have lov'd a man
So foul and coarse, as, oh! I may seem then,
This shall say what I was: and thou shalt say,
"*Do his hurts reach me?* doth my worth decay?

Or do they reach his judging mind, that he
Should now love less, what he did love to see?
That which in him was fair and delicate,
Was but the milk, which in love's childish state
Did nurse it: who now is grown strong enough
To feed on that, which, to weak tastes, seems toug

ELEGY.

Nature's lay idiot, I taught thee to love,
And in that sophistry, oh! how thou dost prove
Too subtle! Fool, thou didst not understand
The mystic language of the eye nor hand:
Nor could'st thou judge the difference of the ai
Of sighs, and say, this lies, this sounds despair:
Nor by th' eye's water know a malady
Desperately hot, or changing feverously.
I had not taught thee then the alphabet
Of flowers, how they, devisefully being set
And bound up, might with speechless secresy
Deliver errands mutely and mutually.
Remember, since all thy words us'd to be
To every suitor, "I, if my friends agree;"
Since household charms thy husband's name teach
Were all the love tricks that thy wit could reac
And since an hour's discourse could scarce h made
One answer in thee, and that ill array'd
In broken proverbs and torn sentences;
Thou art not by so many duties his,

(That, from the world's common having sever'd thee,
Inlaid thee, neither to be seen nor see)
As mine: who have with amorous delicacies
Refin'd thee into a blissful paradise.
Thy graces and good works my creatures be,
I planted knowledge and life's tree in thee:
Which, oh! shall strangers taste? Must I, alas!
Frame and enamel plate, and drink in glass?
Chafe wax for other's seals? break a colt's force,
And leave him then being made a ready horse?

UPON THE LOSS OF HIS MISTRESS'S CHAIN, FOR WHICH HE MADE SATISFACTION.

Not, that in colour it was like thy hair,
Armlets of that thou may'st still let me wear:
Nor, that thy hand it oft embrac'd and kiss'd,
For so it had that good, which oft I miss'd:
Nor for that silly old morality,
That as these links were knit, our loves should be;
Iourn I, that I thy sevenfold chain have lost:
Nor for the luck's sake; but the bitter cost.
O! shall twelve righteous angels, which as yet
No leaven of vile solder did admit;
Nor yet by any way have stray'd or gone
From the first state of their creation;
Angels, which Heaven commanded to provide
All things to me, and be my faithful guide;
To gain new friends, t' appease old enemies,
To comfort my soul, when I lie or rise:

Shall these twelve innocents by thy severe
Sentence (dread judge) my sin's great burden bear?
Shall they be damn'd, and in the furnace thrown,
And punish'd for offences not their own?
They save not me, they do not ease my pains,
When in that Hell they're burnt and ty'd in chains:
Were they but crowns of France, I cared not,
For most of them their natural country rot
I think possesseth, they come here to us,
So pale, so lame, so lean, so ruinous;
And howsoe'er French kings *most Christian* be,
Their crowns are circumcis'd most Jewishly;
Or were they Spanish stamps still travelling,
That are become as catholic as their king,
Those unlick'd bear-whelps, unfil'd pistolets,
That (more than cannon-shot) avails or lets,
Which, negligently left unrounded, look
Like many angled figures in the book
Of some dread conjurer, that would enforce
Nature, as these do justice, from her course.
Which, as the soul quickens head, feet, and heart,
As streams like veins run through th' Earth's ev'ry part,
Visit all countries, and have slily made
Gorgeous France ruin'd; ragged and decay'd
Scotland, which knew no state, proud in one day;
And mangled seventeen-headed Belgia:
Or were it such gold as that, wherewithall
Almighty chymics from each mineral
Having by subtle fire a soul out-pull'd,
Are dirtily and desperately gull'd:
I would not spit to quench the fire they're in,
For they are guilty of much heinous sin.
But shall my harmless angels perish? Shall
I lose my guard, my ease, my food, my all:

Much hope, which they should nourish, will be dead,
Much of my able youth, and lusty head
Will vanish, if thou, love, let them alone,
For thou wilt love me less, when they are gone:
And be content, that some lewd squeaking crier,
Well pleas'd with one lean thread-bare groat for hire,
May like a devil roar through every street,
And gall the finder's conscience, if they meet.
Or let me creep to some dread conjurer,
That with fantastic scenes fills full much paper;
Which hath divided Heaven in tenements,
And with whores, thieves, and murderers, stuff'd his rents
So full, that though he pass them all in sin,
He leaves himself no room to enter in.
But if, when all his art and time is spent,
He say 'twill ne'er be found, yet be content;
Receive from him the doom ungrudgingly,
Because he is the mouth of Destiny.
Thou say'st, alas! the gold doth still remain,
Though it be chang'd, and put into a chain;
So in the first fall'n angels resteth still
Wisdom and knowledge, but 'tis turn'd to ill:
As these should do good works, and should provide
Necessities; but now must nurse thy pride:
And they are still bad angels; mine are none:
For form gives being, and their form is gone:
Pity these angels yet: their dignities
Pass virtues, powers, and principalities.
But thou art resolute; thy will be done;
Yet with such anguish, as her only son
The mother in the hungry grave doth lay,
Unto the fire these martyrs I betray.

Good souls, (for you give life to every thing)
Good angels, (for good messages you bring)
Destin'd you might have been to such an one,
As would have lov'd and worshipp'd you alone
One that would suffer hunger, nakedness,
Yea death, ere he would make your number le
But I am guilty of your sad decay:
May your few fellows longer with me stay.
  But oh, thou wretched finder, whom I hate
So, that I almost pity thy estate,
Gold being the heaviest metal amongst all,
May my most heavy curse upon thee fall:
Here fetter'd, manacled, and hang'd in chains,
First may'st thou be; then chain'd to hellish ps
Or be with foreign gold brib'd to betray
Thy country, and fail both of it and thy pay.
May the next thing, thou stoop'st to reach, cor
Poison, whose nimble fume rot thy moist brain
Or libels, or some interdicted thing,
Which, negligently kept, thy ruin bring.
Lust-bred diseases rot thee; and dwell with th
Itching desire, and no ability.
May all the evils, that gold ever wrought;
All mischief, that all devils ever thought;
Want after plenty; poor and gouty age;
The plague of travailers, love and marriage,
Afflict thee; and at thy life's last moment
May thy swoln sins themselves to thee present.
  But I forgive: repent, thou honest man:
Gold is restorative, restore it then:
But if that from it thou be'st loth to part,
Because 'tis cordial, would 'twere at thy heart.

THE EXPOSTULATION.

To make the doubt clear, that no woman's true,
Was it my fate to prove it strong in you?
Thought I, but one had breathed purest air,
And must she needs be false, because she's fair?
Is it your beauty's mark, or of your youth,
Or your perfection not to study truth?
Or think you Heav'n is deaf, or hath no eyes,
Or those it hath smile at your perjuries?
Are vows so cheap with women, or the matter
Whereof they're made, that they are writ in water,
And blown away with wind? Or doth their breath
(Both hot and cold) at once make life and death?
Who could have thought so many accents sweet
Form'd into words, so many sighs should meet,
As from our hearts, so many oaths, and tears
Sprinkled among (all sweet'ned by our fears)
And the divine impression of stol'n kisses,
That seal'd the rest, should now prove empty blisses?
Did you draw bonds to forfeit? sign to break?
Or must we read you quite from what you speak,
And find the truth out the wrong way? or must
He first desire you false, who'ld wish you just?
O, I profane: though most of women be
This kind of beast, my thoughts shall except thee,
My dearest love; though froward jealousy
With circumstance might urge thy inconstancy,
Sooner I'll think the Sun will cease to cheer
The teeming Earth, and that forget to bear:

Sooner that rivers will run back, or Thames
With ribs of ice in June will bind his streams;
Or Nature, by whose strength the world endures,
Would change her course, before you alter yours.
But oh! that treacherous breast, to whom weak you
Did trust our counsels, and we both may rue,
Having his falsehood found too late, 'twas he
That made me cast you guilty, and you me;
Whilst he (black wretch) betray'd each simple word
We spake unto the cunning of a third.
Curs'd may he be, that so our love hath slain,
And wander on the Earth, wretched as Cain,
Wretched as he, and not deserve least pity;
In plaguing him let misery be witty.
Let all eyes shun him, and he shun each eye,
Till he be noisome as his infamy;
May he without remorse deny God thrice,
And not be trusted more on his soul's price;
And after all self-torment, when he dies
May wolves tear out his heart, vultures his eyes;
Swine eat his bowels; and his falser tongue,
That utter'd all, be to some raven flung;
And let his carrion-corse be a longer feast
To the king's dogs, than any other beast.
Now I have curs'd, let us our love revive;
In me the flame was never more alive;
I could begin again to court and praise,
And in that pleasure lengthen the short days
Of my life's lease; like painters, that do take
Delight, not in made works, but whilst they make.
I could renew those times, when first I saw
Love in your eyes, that gave my tongue the law
To like what you lik'd; and at masks and plays
Commend the self-same actors the same ways;

Ask how you did, and often, with intent
Of being officious, be impertinent;
All which were such soft pastimes, as in these
Love was as subtily catch'd, as a disease;
But being got it is a treasure sweet,
Which to defend is harder than to get:
And ought not be prôfan'd on either part,
For though 'tis got by chance, 'tis kept by art.

AN EPITHALAMIUM

ON FREDERICK COUNT PALATINE OF THE RHYNE, AND THE LADY ELIZABETH,

Being married on St. Valentine's day.

HAIL bishop Valentine, whose day this is,
All the air is thy diocese,
And all the chirping choristers
And other birds are thy parishioners:
Thou marry'st every year
The lyric lark, and the grave whispering dove;
The sparrow, that neglects his life for love;
The household bird with the red stomacher;
Thou mak'st the blackbird speed as soon,
As doth the goldfinch or the halcyon;
The husband cock looks out, and straight is sped,
And meets his wife, which brings her feather-bed.
This day more cheerfully than ever shine.
This day, which might inflame thyself, old Valentine.

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ECLOGUE.

ALLOPHANES.

Unreasonable man, statue of ice,
What could to country's solitude entice
Thee, in this year's cold and decrepid time?
Nature's instinct draws to the warmer clime
Ev'n smaller birds, who by that courage dare
In numerous fleets sail through their sea, the air.
What delicacy can in fields appear,
Whilst Flora herself doth a frize jerkin wear?
Whilst winds do all the trees and hedges strip
Of leaves, to furnish rods enough to whip
Thy madness from thee, and all springs by frost,
Having tak'n cold, and their sweet murmurs lost?

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SATIRES.

Away, thou changeling motley humourist,
Leave me, and in this standing wooden chest,
Consorted with these few books, let me lie
In prison, and here be coffin'd, when I die:
Here are God's conduits, grave divines; and here
Is Nature's secretary, the philosopher;
And wily statesmen, which teach how to tie
The sinews of a city's mystic body;
Here gathering chroniclers, and by them stand
Giddy fantastic poets of each land.
Shall I leave all this constant company,
And follow headlong wild uncertain thee?
First swear by thy best love here, in earnest,
(If thou, which lov'st all, canst love any best)
Thou wilt not leave me in the middle street,
Though some more spruce companion thou dost [meet;
Not though a captain do come in thy way
Bright parcel gilt, with forty dead men's pay;
Not though a brisk perfum'd pert courtier
Deign with a nod thy courtesy to answer;
Nor come a velvet justice with a long
Great train of blue-coats, twelve or fourteen strong,

Wilt thou grin or fawn on him, or prepare
A speech to court his beauteous son and heir?
For better or worse take me, or leave me:
To take and leave me is adultery.

* * * * * * * * *

Sooner may one guess, who shall bear away
The infantry of London hence to India;
And sooner may a gulling weather-spy,
By drawing forth Heav'n's scheme, tell certainly
What fashion'd hats, or ruffs, or suits, next year
Our giddy-headed antic youth will wear,
Than thou, when thou depart'st from me, can show
Whither, why, when, or with whom, thou would'st go.
But how shall I be pardon'd my offence,
That thus have sinn'd against my conscience?
Now we are in the street; he first of all,
Improvidently proud, creeps to the wall;
And so imprison'd, and hemm'd in by me,
Sells for a little state his liberty;
Yet though he cannot skip forth now to greet
Every fine silken painted fool we meet,
He them to him with amorous smiles allures,
And grins, smacks, shrugs, and such an itch endures,
As 'prentices or school-boys, which do know
Of some gay sport abroad, yet dare not go.

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SATIRE.

Let him ask his. Though Truth and Falsehood be
Near twins, yet Truth a little elder is.
Be busy to seek her; believe me this,
He's not of none, nor worst, that seeks the best.
T' adore, or scorn an image, or protest,
May all be bad. Doubt wisely, in strange way
To stand inquiring right, is not to stray;
To sleep or run wrong, is. On a huge hill,
Cragged and steep, Truth stands, and he, that will
Reach her, about must and about it go;
And what the hill's suddenness resists, win so.
Yet strive so, that before age, death's twilight,
Thy soul rest, for none can work in that night.
To will implies delay, therefore now do:
Hard deeds the body's pains; hard knowledge to
The mind's endeavours reach; and mysteries
Are like the Sun, dazzling, yet plain t' all eyes.
Keep the truth, which thou hast found; men do not
In so ill case, that God hath with his hand [stand
Sign'd kings' blank-charters, to kill whom they hate,
Nor are thy vicars, but hangmen, to fate.
Fool and wretch, wilt thou let thy soul be ty'd
To man's laws, by which she shall not be try'd
At the last day? Or will it then boot thee
To say a Philip or a Gregory,
A Harry or a Martin, taught me this?
Is not this excuse for mere contraries,
Equally strong? cannot both sides say so? [know;
That thou may'st rightly obey power, her bounds
Those past her nature and name's chang'd; to be
Then humble to her is idolatry.

As streams are, power is; those bless'd flowers, th
dwell
At the rough [illegible] head, thrive and do we
But having left their roots, and themselves given
To the stream's t[illegible] rage, alas! are driven
Through mills, ro[illegible] woods, and at last, alm
Consum'd in [illegible] in the sea are lost:
So perish s[illegible] h[illegible] re choose men's unjus
Power, from [illegible] d commo[illegible] han God himself to tru

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SATIRE.

Well; I may now receive, and die. My sin
Indeed is great, but yet I have been in
A purgatory, such as fear'd Hell is
A recreation, and scant map of this.
My mind, neither with pride's itch, nor yet hath be
Poison'd with love to see, or to be seen;
I had no suit there, nor new suit to show,
Yet went to court; but as Glare, which did go
To mass in jest, catch'd, was fain to disburse
The hundred marks, which is the statute's curse
Before he scap'd; so 't pleas'd my destiny
(Guilty of my sin of going) to think me
As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
Ful, as proud, lustful, and as much in debt,
As vain, as witless, and as false as they
Which dwell in court, for once going that way
Therefore I suffer'd this: towards me did run
A thing more strange, than on Nile's slime the S
E'er bred, or all which into Noah's ark came:
A thing which would have pos'd Adam to name

Stranger than seven antiquaries' studies,
Than Afric's monsters, Guiana's rarities,
Stranger than strangers: one, who for a Dane
In the Dane's massacre had sure been slain,
If he had liv'd then; and without help dies,
When next the 'prentices 'gainst strangers rise;
One, whom the watch at noon lets scarce go by;
One, t' whom th' examining justice sure would cry,
" Sir, by your priesthood, tell me what you are."
His clothes were strange, though coarse; and black
though bare;
Sleeveless his jerkin was, and it had been
Velvet, but 'twas now (so much ground was seen)
Become tufftaffaty; and our children shall
See it plain rash awhile, then nought at all.
The thing hath travell'd, and faith speaks all tongues,
And only knoweth what t' all states belongs.
Made of th' accents, and best phrase of all these,
He speaks one language. If strange meats displease,
Art can deceive, or hunger force my taste;
But pedant's motley tongue, soldier's bombast,
Mountebank's drug-tongue, nor the terms of law,
Are strong enough preparatives to draw
Me to hear this, yet I must be content
With his tongue, in his tongue call'd compliment:
In which he can win widows, and pay scores,
Make men speak treason, cozen subtlest whores,
Out-flatter favourites, or outlie either
Jovius or Surius, or both togther.
He names me, and comes to me; I whisper, " God!
How have I sinn'd, that thy wrath's furious rod,
This fellow, chooseth me." He saith, " Sir,
I love your judgment; whom do you prefer,

For the best linguist?" and I sillily
Said, that I thought Calepine's Dictionary.
"Nay, but of men, most sweet sir?" Beza then,
Some Jesuits, and two reverend men
Of our two academies I nam'd; here
He stopp'd me, and said: "Nay, your apostles were
Good pretty linguists, so Panurgus was;
Yet a poor gentleman; all these may pass
By travel;" then, as if he would have sold
His tongue, he prais'd it, and such wonders told,
That I was fain to say, "If you had liv'd, sir,
Time enough to have been interpreter
To Babel's bricklayers, sure the tow'r had stood."
He adds, "If of court-life you knew the good,
You would leave loneness." I said, "Not alone
My loneness is; but Spartan's fashion,
To teach by painting drunkards, doth not last
Now; Aretine's pictures have made few chaste;
No more can princes' courts, though there be few
Better pictures of vice, teach me virtue."
He, like to a high-stretch'd lute-string, squeak'd,
"O, sir,
'Tis sweet to talk of kings."—"At Westminster,"
Said I, "the man that keeps the abbey tombs,
And for his price doth, with whoever comes,
Of all our Harrys and our Edwards talk,
From king to king, and all their kin can walk:
Your ears shall hear nought but kings; your eyes meet
Kings only; the way to it is King's Street."
He smack'd, and cry'd, "He's base, mechanic coarse;
So 're all your English men in their discourse.

Are not your Frenchmen neat?" "Mine, as you see,
I have but one, sir, look, he follows me."
"Certes they're neatly cloth'd. I of this mind am,
Your only wearing is your grogaram."
"Not so, sir, I have more." Under this pitch
He would not fly; I chaf'd him: but as itch
Scratch'd into smart, and as blunt iron ground
Into an edge, hurts worse: so I, fool found,
Crossing hurt me. To fit my sullenness,
He to another key his style doth dress:
And asks, what news; I tell him of new plays,
He takes my hand, and as a still which stays
A semibrief 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,
As lothe to enrich me, so tells many a lie,
More than ten Hollensheads, or Halls, or Stows,
Of trivial household trash he knows; he knows
When the queen frown'd or smil'd, and he knows what
A subtle statesman may gather of that;
He knows who loves whom; and who by poison
Hastes to an office's reversion;
He knows who 'hath sold his land, and now doth beg
A license old iron, boots, and shoes, and egg-
Shells to transport; shortly boys shall not play
At span-counter or blow point, but shall pay
Toil to some courtier; and, wiser than all us,
He knows, what lady is not painted.

* * * * * * * * *

Would n't Heraclitus laugh to see Macrine,
From hat *to shoe*, himself at door refine,

As if the presence were a Moschite; and lift
His skirts and hose, and call his clothes to shrift,
Making them confess not only mortal
Great stains and holes in them, but venial
Feathers and dust, wherewith they fornicate:
And then by Durer's rules survey the state
Of his each limb, and with strings the odds tries
Of his neck to his leg, and waist to thighs.
So in immaculate clothes and symmetry
Perfect as circles, with such nicety,
As a young preacher at his first time goes
To preach, he enters; and a lady, which owes
Him not so much as good will, he arrests,
And unto her protests, protests, protests;
So much as at Rome would serve to 've thrown
Ten cardinals into the Inquisition;
And whispers by Jesu so oft, that a
Pursuivant would have ravish'd him away,
For saying our lady's psalter. But 'tis fit
That they each other plague, they merit it.
But here comes Glorious, that will plague them both,
Who in the other extreme only doth
Call a rough carelessness good fashion;
Whose cloak his spurs tear, or whom he spits on,
He cares not, he. His ill words do no harm
To him, he rushes in, as if, Arm, Arm,
He meant to cry; and though his face be as ill
As theirs, which in old hangings whip Christ, still
He strives to look worse, he keeps all in awe;
Jests like a licens'd fool, commands like law.
Tir'd now I leave this place, and but pleas'd so,
As men from jails to execution go,

Go through the great chamber (why is it hung,
With the seven deadly sins?) being among
Those Askaparts, men big enough to throw
Charing-cross for a bar, men that do know
No token of worth, but queen's man, and fine
Living, barrels of beef, and flaggons of wine.
I shook like a spy'd spy. Preachers, which are
Seas of wit and arts, you can, then dare
Drown the sins of this place, for, for me,
Which am but a scant brook, it enough shall be
To wash the stains away; although I yet
(With Machabee, modesty) the known merit
Of my work lessen: yet some wise men shall,
I hope, esteem my wits canonical.

SATIRE.

I FOUND, by him, least sound him who most knows.
He swears well, speaks ill, but best of clothes,
What fit summer, what what winter, what the spring,
He had living, but now these ways come in
His whole revenues. Where his whore now dwells,
And hath dwelt, since his father's death, he tells.
Yea he tells most cunningly each hid cause
Why whores forsake their bawds. To these some laws
He knows of the duel, and on his skill
The least jot in that or these he quarrel will,
Though sober, but ne'er fought. I know
What made his valour undubb'd windmill go,

Within a point at most: yet for all this
(Which is most strange) Natta thinks no man is
More honest than himself. Thus men may want
Conscience, whilst being brought up ignorant,
They use themselves to vice. And besides those
Illiberal arts forenam'd, no vicar knows,
Nor other captain less than he, his schools
Are ordinaries, where civil men seem fools,
Or are for being there; his best books, plays,
Where, meeting godly scenes, perhaps he prays.
His first set prayer was for his father's ill,
And sick, that he might die: that had, until
The lands were gone he troubled God no more;
And then ask'd him but his right, that the whore
Whom he had kept, might now keep him: she spent,
They left each other on even terms; she went
To Bridewell, he unto the wars, where want
Hath made him valiant, and a lieutenant
He is become: where, as they pass apace,
He steps aside, and for his captain's place
He prays again: tells God, he will confess
His sins, swear, drink, dice, and whore thenceforth
On this condition, that if his captain die [less,
And he succeed, but his prayer did not; they
Both cashier'd came home, and he is braver now
Than his captain: all men wonder, few know how,
Can he rob? No;—Cheat? No;—or doth he spend
His own? No. Fidus, he is thy dear friend,
That keeps him up. I would thou wert thine own,
Or thou had'st as good a friend as thou art one.

* * * * * * * * *

Durst take so hard a task kings were but men,
And by their place more noted, if they err;
How they and their lords unworthy men prefer;
And, as unthrifts, had rather give away
Great sums to flatterers, than small debts pay;
So they their greatness hide, and greatness show,
By giving them that which to worth they owe:
What treason is, and what did Essex kill?
Not true treason, but treason handled ill:
And which of them stood for their country's good?
Or what might be the cause of so much blood?
He said she stunk, and men might not have said
That she was old before that she was dead.
His case was hard to do or suffer; loath
To do, he made it harder, and did both:
Too much preparing lost them all their lives,
Like some in plagues kill'd with preservatives.
Friends, like land-soldiers in a storm at sea,
Not knowing what to do, for him did pray.
They told it all the world; where was their wit?
Cuffs, putting on a sword, might have told it.
And princes must fear favourites more than foes,
For still beyond revenge ambition goes.
How since her death, with sumpter horse that Scot
Hath rid, who, at his coming up, had not
A sumpter-dog. But till that I can write
Things worth thy tenth reading, dear Nick, good
night.

SATIRE.

Men write, that love and reason disagree,
But I ne'er saw't express'd as 'tis in thee.
Well, I may lead thee, God must make thee see;
But thine eyes blind too, there's no hope for thee.
Thou say'st, she's wise and witty, fair and free;
All these are reasons why she should scorn thee.
Thou dost protest thy love, and would'st it show
By matching her, as she would match her foe:
And would'st persuade her to a worse offence
Than that, whereof thou didst accuse her wench.

* * * * * * * * *

Do what she can, love for nothing allow.
Besides, here were too much gain and merchandise;
And when thou art rewarded, desert dies.
Now thou hast odds of him she loves, he may doubt
Her constancy, but none can put thee out.
Again, be thy love true, she'll prove divine,
And in the end the good on't will be thine:
For though thou must ne'er think of other love,
And so wilt advance her as high above
Virtue, as cause above effect can be;
'Tis virtue to be chaste, which she'll make thee.

LETTERS

TO SEVERAL PERSONAGES.

TO MR. CHRISTOPHER BROOK,

FROM THE ISLAND VOYAGE WITH THE EARL OF ESSEX.

THE STORM.

THOU, which art I, ('tis nothing to be so)
Thou, which art still thyself, by this shalt know
Part of our passage; and a hand, or eye,
By Hilliard drawn, is worth a history
By a worse painter made; and (without pride)
When by thy judgment they are dignify'd,
My lines are such. 'Tis the pre-eminence
Of friendship only t' impute excellence.
England, to whom we owe what we be, and have,
Sad that her sons did seek a foreign grave,
(For Fate's or Fortune's drifts none can gainsay,
Honour and misery have one face, one way)
From out her pregnant entrails sigh'd a wind,
Which at th' air's middle marble room did find
Such strong resistance, that itself it threw
Downward again; and so when it did view
How in the port our fleet dear time did leese,
Withering like prisoners, which lie but for fees,

Mildly it kiss'd our sails, and fresh and sweet,
As to a stomach starv'd, whose insides meet,
Meat comes, it came; and swole our sails, when we
So joy'd, as Sarah her swelling joy'd to see:
But 'twas but so kind, as our countrymen, [then.
Which bring friends one day's way, and leave them
Then like two mighty kings, which dwelling far
Asunder, meet against a third to war,
The south and west winds join'd, and, as they blew,
Waves like a rolling trench before them threw.
Sooner than you read this line, did the gale,
Like shot not fear'd till felt, our sails assail;
And what at first was call'd a gust, the same
Hath now a storm's, anon a tempest's name.
Jonas, I pity thee, and curse those men,
Who, when the storm rag'd most, did wake thee
Sleep is pain's easiest salve, and doth fulfil [then:
All offices of death, except to kill.
But when I wak'd, I saw that I saw not.
I and the Sun, which should teach thee, had forgot
East, west, day, night; and I could only say,
Had the world lasted, that it had been day.
Thousands our noises were, yet we 'mongst all
Could none by his right name, but thunder call:
Lightning was all our light, and it rain'd more
Than if the Sun had drunk the sea before.
Some coffin'd in their cabins lie, equally
Griev'd that they are not dead, and yet must die
And as sin-burden'd souls from graves will creep
At the last day, some forth their cabins peep:
And trembling ask what news, and do hear so
As jealous husbands, what they would not know
Some, sitting on the hatches, would seem there
With hideous gazing to fear away fear.

There note they the ship's sicknesses, the mast
Shak'd with an ague, and the hold and waste
With a salt dropsy clogg'd, and our tacklings
Snapping, like too high-stretch'd treble strings.
And from our tatter'd sails rags drop down so,
As from one hang'd in chains a year ago.
Yea, even our ordnance, plac'd for our defence,
Strives to break loose, and 'scape away from thence.
Pumping hath tir'd our men, and what's the gain?
Seas into seas thrown we suck in again:
Hearing hath deaf'd our sailors, and if they
Knew how to hear, there's none knows what to say.
Compar'd to these storms, death is but a qualm,
Hell somewhat lightsome, the Bermuda's calm.
Darkness, Light's eldest brother, his birth-right
Claims o'er the world, and to Heav'n hath chased
light.
All things are one; and that one none can be,
Since all forms uniform deformity
Doth cover; so that we, except God say
Another fiat, shall have no more day,
So violent, yet long these furies be, [thee.
That though thine absence starve me, I wish not

THE CALM.

Our storm is past, and that storm's tyrannous rage
A stupid calm, but nothing it doth swage.
The fable is inverted, and far more
A block afflicts now, than a stork before.
Storms chafe, and soon wear out themselves or us;
In calms, Heaven laughs to see us languish thus.
As steady as I could wish my thoughts were,
smooth as thy mistress' glass, or what shines there,

The sea is now, and as the isles which we
Seek, when we can move, our ships rooted be.
As water did in storms, now pitch runs out,
As lead, when a fir'd church becomes one spout;
And all our beauty and our trim decays,
Like courts removing, or like ending plays.
The fighting place now seamen's rage supply;
And all the tackling is a frippery.
No use of lanthorns; and in one place lay
Feathers and dust, to-day and yesterday.
Earth's hollowness, which the world's lungs are,
Have no more wind than the upper vault of air.
We can nor lost friends nor sought foes recover,
But, meteor-like, save that we move not, hover.
Only the calenture together draws
Dear friends, which meet dead in great fish's maws;
And on the hatches, as on altars, lies
Each one, his own priest, and own sacrifice.
Who live, that miracle do multiply,
Where walkers in hot ovens do not die.
If in despite of these we swim, that hath
No more refreshing than a brimstone bath;
But from the sea into the ship we turn,
Like parboil'd wretches, on the coals to burn.
Like Bajazet encag'd, the shepherd's scoff;
Or like slack-sinew'd Sampson, his hair off,
Languish our ships. Now as a myriad
Of ants durst th' emperor's lov'd snake invade:
The crawling galleys, sea-gulls, finny chips,
Might brave our pinnaces, our bed-rid ships:
Whether a rotten state and hope of gain,
Or to disuse me from the queasy pain
Of being belov'd and loving, or the thirst
Of honour, or fair death, out-push'd me first;

I lose my end: for here as well as I
A desperate may live, and coward die.
Stag, dog, and all, which from or towards flies,
Is paid with life or prey, or doing dies:
Fate grudges us all, and doth subtily lay
A scourge, 'gainst which we all forgot to pray.
He that at sea prays for more wind, as well
Under the poles may beg cold, heat in Hell.
What are we then? How little more, alas!
Is man now, than, before he was, he was?
Nothing; for us, we are for nothing fit;
Chance or ourselves still disproportion it;
We have no power, no will, no sense: I lie;
I should not then thus feel this misery.

TO MR. B. B.

Is not thy sacred hunger of science
  Yet satisfy'd? is not thy brain's rich hive
  Fulfill'd with honey, which thou dost derive
From the arts' spirits and their quintessence?
Then wean thyself at last, and thee withdraw
  From Cambridge, thy old nurse; and, as the rest,
  Here toughly chew and sturdily digest
Th' immense vast volumes of our common law;
And begin soon, lest my grief grieve thee too,
  Which is that that, which I should have begun
  In my youth's morning, now late must be done:
And I as giddy travellers must do,
  Which stray or sleep all day, and having lost
  Light and strength, dark and tir'd must then
    ride post.

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TO THE

COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

I CANNOT feel the tempest of a frown,
I may be rais'd by love, but not thrown down;
Though I can pity those sigh twice a day,
I hate that thing whispers itself away.
Yet since all love is feverish, who to trees
Doth talk, yet doth in love's cold ague freeze.
'Tis love, but with such fatal weakness made,
That it destroys itself with its own shade. [pain
Who first look'd sad, griev'd, pin'd, and show'd hi
Was he that first taught women to disdain.
As all things were but one nothing, dull and weal
Until this raw disorder'd heap did break,
And several desires led parts away,
Water declin'd with earth, the air did stay,
Fire rose, and each from other but unty'd,
Themselves unprison'd were and purify'd:
So was love, first in vast confusion hid,
An unripe willingness which nothing did,
A thirst, an appetite which had no ease,
That found a want, but knew not what would please
What pretty innocence in that day mov'd!
Man ignorantly walk'd by her he lov'd;
Both sigh'd and interchang'd a speaking eye,
Both trembled and were sick, yet knew not why.
That natural fearfulness, that struck man dumb,
Might well (those times consider'd) man become.
As all discoverers, whose first essay
Finds but the place; after, the nearest way:

So passion is to woman's love, about,
Nay, further off, than when we first set out.
It is not love, that sues or doth contend;
Love either conquers, or but meets a friend.
Man's better part consists of purer fire,
And finds itself allow'd, ere it desire.
Love is wise here, keeps home, gives reason sway,
And journies not till it find summer-way.
A weather-beaten lover, but once known,
Is sport for every girl to practise on. [know,
Who strives through woman's scorns women to
Is lost, and seeks his shadow to outgo;
It is mere sickness after one disdain,
Though he be call'd aloud, to look again.
Let others sin and grieve; one cunning sleight
Shall freeze my love to crystal in a night.
I can love first, and (if I win) love still;
And cannot be remov'd, unless she will.
It is her fault, if I unsure remain;
She only can untie, I bind again.
The honesties of love with ease I do,
But am no porter for a tedious woe.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN SIR HENRY WOOTTON AND MR. DONNE.

If her disdain least change in you can move,
You do not love;
For when that hope gives fuel to the fire,
You sell desire.
Love is not love, but given free;
And so is mine, so should yours be.

Her heart, that melts to hear of other's moan,
To mine is stone;
Her eyes, that weep a stranger's eyes to see,
Joy to wound me:
Yet I so well affect each part,
As (caus'd by them) I love my smart.

Say her disdainings justly must be grac'd
With name of chaste;
And that she frowns, lest longing should exceed,
And raging breed;
So her disdains can ne'er offend;
Unless self-love take private end.

'Tis love breeds love in me, and cold disdain
Kills that again;
As water causeth fire to fret and fume,
Till all consume.
Who can of love more rich gift make,
Than to love's self for love's own sake?

I'll never dig in quarry of an heart,
To have no part;
Nor roast in fiery eyes, which always are
Canicular.
Who this way would a lover prove,
May show his patience, not his love.

A frown may be sometimes for physic good,
But not for food;
And for that raging humour there is sure
A gentler cure.
Why bar you love of private end,
Which never should to public tend?

TO THE

COUNTESS OF SALISBURY.

AUGUST, 1614.

Fair, great, and good, since seeing you we see
What Heav'n can do, what any earth can be:
Since now your beauty shines, now when the Sun,
Grown stale, is to so low a value run,
That his dishevel'd beams and scatter'd fires
Serve but for ladies' periwigs and tires
In lovers' sonnets: you come to repair
God's book of creatures, teaching what is fair.
Since now, when all is wither'd, shrunk, and dry'd,
All virtues ebb'd out to a dead low tide,
All the world's frame being crumbled into sand,
Where ev'ry man thinks by himself to stand,
Integrity, friendship, and confidence,
(Cements of greatness) being vapour'd hence,
And narrow man being fill'd with little shares,
Courts, city, church, are all shops of small-wares,
All having blown to sparks their noble fire,
And drawn their sound gold ingot into wire;
All trying by a love of littleness
To make abridgments and to draw to less,
Even that nothing, which at first we were;
Since in these times your greatness doth appear,
And that we learn by it, that man, to get
Towards him that's infinite, must first be great.
Since in an age so ill, as none is fit
So much as to accuse, much less mend it,

(For who can judge or witness of those times,
Where all alike are guilty of the crimes?)
Where he, that would be good, is thought by all
A monster, or at best fantastical:
Since now you durst be good, and that I do
Discern, by daring to contemplate you,
That there may be degrees of fair, great, good,
Through your light, largeness, virtue understood:
If in this sacrifice of mine be shown
Any small spark of these, call it your own:
And if things like these have been said by me
Of others; call not that idolatry.
For had God made man first, and man had seen
The third day's fruits and flowers, and various green,
He might have said the best that he could say
Of those fair creatures, which were made that day:
And when next day he had admir'd the birth
Of Sun, Moon, stars, fairer than late-prais'd Earth,
He might have said the best that he could say,
And not be chid for praising yesterday:
So though some things are not together true,
As, that another's worthiest, and that you:
Yet to say so doth not condemn a man,
If, when he spoke them, they were both true then.
How fair a proof of this in our soul grows?
We first have souls of growth, and sense; and those,
When our last soul, our soul immortal, came,
Were swallow'd into it, and have no name:
Nor doth he injure those souls, which doth cast
The power and praise of both them on the last;
No more do I wrong any, if I adore
The same things now, which I ador'd before,
The subject chang'd, and measure; the same thing
In a low constable and in the king

I reverence; his power to work on me:
So did I humbly reverence each degree
Of fair, great, good; but more, now I am come
From having found their walks, to find their home.
And as I owe my first soul's thanks, that they
For my last soul did fit and mould my clay,
So am I debtor unto them, whose worth
Enabled me to profit, and take forth
This new great lesson, thus to study you;
Which none, not reading others first, could do.
Nor lack I light to read this book, though I
In a dark cave, yea, in a grave do lie;
For as your fellow angels, so you do
Illustrate them, who come to study you.
The first, whom we in histories do find
To have profess'd all arts, was one born blind:
He lack'd those eyes beasts have as well as we,
Not those, by which angels are seen and see;
So, though I'm born without those eyes to live,
Which Fortune, who hath none herself, doth give,
Which are fit means to see bright courts and you,
Yet may I see you thus, as now I do;
I shall by that all goodness have discern'd,
And, though I burn my library, be learn'd.

TO BEN JONSON.

NOV. 9, 1603.

If great men wrong me, I will spare myself;
If mean, I will spare them; I know, the pelf,
Which is ill got, the owner doth upbraid;
It may corrupt a judge, make me afraid

And a jury: but 'twill revenge in this,
That, though himself be judge, he guilty is.
What care I though of weakness men tax me?
I'd rather sufferer than doer be;
That I did trust it was my nature's praise,
For breach of word I knew but as a phrase.
That judgment is, that surely can comprise
The world in precepts, most happy and most wise.
What though? though less, yet some of both have
Who have learn'd it by use and misery. [we,
Poor I, whom every petty cross doth trouble,
Who apprehend each hurt, that's done me, double,
Am of this (though it should think me) careless,
It would but force me t' a stricter goodness.
They have great gain of me, who gain do win
(If such gain be not loss) from every sin.
The standing of great men's lives would afford
A pretty sum, if God would sell his word.
He cannot; they can theirs, and break them too.
How unlike they are that they're likened to?
Yet I conclude, they are amidst my evils,
If good, like gods; the naught are so like devils.

EPICEDES AND OBSEQUIES.

ON HIS WIFE.

By our first strange and fatal interview,
By all desires, which thereof did ensue,
By our long striving hopes, by that remorse,
Which my words masculine persuasive force
Begot in thee, and by the memory
Of hurts, which spies and rivals threaten'd me,
I calmly beg. But by thy father's wrath,
By all pains, which want and divorcement hath,
I conjure thee; and all the oaths, which I
And thou have sworn to seal joint constancy,
I here unswear, and overswear them thus;
Thou shalt not love by means so dangerous.
Temper, O fair love! love's impetuous rage,
Be my true mistress, not my feigned page;
I'll go, and, by thy kind leave, leave behind
Thee, only worthy to nurse in my mind,
Thirst to come back; O, if thou die before,
My soul from other lands to thee shall soar;
Thy (else almighty) beauty cannot move
Rage from the seas, nor thy love teach them love,
Nor tame wild Boreas' harshness; thou hast read
How roughly he in pieces shivered
Fair Orithea, whom he swore he lov'd.
Fall ill or good, 'tis madness to have prov'd

Dangers unurg'd: feed on this flattery,
That absent lovers one in th' other be.
Dissemble nothing, not a boy, nor change
Thy body's habit, nor mind; be not strange
To thyself only. All will spy in thy face
A blushing womanly discovering grace.
Richly cloth'd apes, are call'd apes; and as soon
Eclips'd, as bright we call the Moon, the Moon,
Men of France, changeable chameleons,
Spittles of diseases, shops of fashions,
Love's fuellers, and th' rightest company
Of players, which upon the world's stage be,
Will too too quickly know thee; and alas,
Th' indifferent Italian, as we pass
His warm land, well content to think thee page,
Will hunt thee with such lust and hideous rage,
As Lot's fair guests were vex'd. But none of these,
Nor spungy hydroptic Dutch, shall thee displease,
If thou stay here. O, stay here; for, for thee
England is only a worthy gallery,
To walk in expectation, till from thence
Our greatest king call thee to his presence.
When I am gone, dream me some happiness,
Nor let thy looks our long hid love confess;
Nor praise, nor dispraise me; nor bless, nor curse
Openly love's force; nor in bed fright thy nurse
With midnight's startings, crying out, "Oh! oh!
Nurse, O! my love is slain; I saw him go
O'er the white Alps alone; I saw him, I,
Assail'd, taken, fight, stabb'd, bleed, fall, and die."
Augure me better chance, except dread Jove
Think it enough for me t' have had thy love.

ON MRS. BOULSTRED.

DEATH, be not proud; thy hand gave not this blow,
Sin was her captive, whence thy power doth flow;
The executioner of wrath thou art,
But to destroy the just is not thy part.
Thy coming terror, anguish, grief denounces;
Her happy state, courage, ease, joy pronounces.
From out the crystal palace of her breast,
The clearer soul was call'd to endless rest,
(Not by the thund'ring voice, wherewith God threats,
But as with crowned saints in Heav'n he treats)
And, waited on by angels, home was brought,
To joy that it through many dangers sought;
The key of mercy gently did unlock
The door 'twixt Heav'n and it, when life did knock.
Nor boast, the fairest frame was made thy prey,
Because to mortal eyes it did decay;
A better witness than thou art assures,
That, though dissolv'd, it yet a space endures;
No dram thereof shall want or loss sustain,
When her best soul inhabits it again.
Go then to people curs'd before they were,
Their souls in triumph to thy conquest bear.
Glory not thou thyself in these hot tears,
Which our face, not for her, but our harm, wears:
The mourning livery giv'n by Grace, not thee,
Which wills our souls in these streams wash'd should be;
And on our hearts, her memory's best tomb,
In this her epitaph doth write thy doom.

Blind were those eyes, saw not how bright did shine
Through flesh's misty veil those beams divine;
Deaf were the ears, not charm'd with that sweet sound,
Which did i' the spirit's instructed voice abound;
Of flint the conscience, did not yield and melt,
At what in her last act it saw and felt.
Weep not, nor grudge then, to have lost her sight,
Taught thus, our after-stay's but a short night:
But by all souls, not by corruption choked,
Let in high rais'd notes that pow'r be invoked;
Calm the rough seas, by which she sails to rest,
From sorrows here t' a kingdom ever bless'd.
And teach this hymn of her with joy, and sing,
The grave no conquest gets, Death hath no sting.

UPON

MR. THOMAS CORYAT'S CRUDITIES.

O to what height will love of greatness drive
Thy learned spirit, sesqui-superlative?
Venice' vast lake thou hast seen, and would'st seek [then
Some vaster thing, and found'st a courtezan.
That inland sea having discover'd well,
A cellar gulf, where one might sail to Hell
From Heydelberg, thou long'st to see: and thou
This book, greater than all, producest now.
Infinite work! which doth so far extend,
That none can study it to any end.
'Tis no one thing, it is not fruit, nor root,
Nor poorly limited with head or foot.

If man be therefore man, because he can
Reason and laugh, thy book doth half make man.
One half being made, thy modesty was such,
That thou on th' other half would'st never touch.
When wilt thou be at full, great lunatic?
Not till thou exceed the world? Canst thou be like
A prosperous nose-born wen, which sometimes
To be far greater than the mother nose? [grows
Go then, and as to thee, when thou didst go,
Munster did towns, and Gesner authors show;
Mount now to Gallo-belgicus; appear
As deep a statesman as a garretteer.
Homely and familiarly, when thou com'st back,
Talk of Will Conqueror, and Prester Jack.
Go, bashful man, lest here thou blush to look
Upon the progress of thy glorious book,
To which both Indies sacrifices send;
The West sent gold, which thou did'st freely spend,
Meaning to see't no more upon the press:
The East sends hither her deliciousness; [hence,
And thy leaves must embrace what comes from
The myrrh, the pepper, and the frankincense.
This magnifies thy leaves; but if they stoop
To neighbour wares, when merchants do unhoop
Voluminous barrels; if thy leaves do then
Convey these wares in parcels unto men;
If for vast tuns of currants, and of figs,
Of med'cinal and aromatic twigs,
Thy leaves a better method do provide,
Divide to pounds, and ounces subdivide.
If they stoop lower yet, and vent our wares,
Home manufactures to thick popular fairs,
If omni-pregnant there, upon warm stalls
They hatch all wares, for which the buyer calls;

Then thus thy leaves we justly may commend,
That they all kind of matter comprehend.
Thus thou, by means, which th' ancients never took,
A pandect mak'st, and universal book.
The bravest heroes, for their country's good,
Scatter'd in divers lands their limbs and blood;
Worst malefactors, to whom men are prize,
Do public good, cut in anatomies;
So will thy book in pieces, for a lord,
Which casts at Portescue's, and all the board
Provide whole books; each leaf enough will be
For friends to pass time, and keep company.
Can all carouse up thee? no, thou must fit
Measures; and fill out for the half-pint wit.
Some shall wrap pills, and save a friend's life so;
Some shall stop muskets, and so kill a foe.
Thou shalt not ease the critics of next age
So much, as once their hunger to assuage:
Nor shall wit-pirates hope to find thee lie
All in one bottom, in one library.
Some leaves may paste strings there in other books,
And so one may, which on another looks,
Pilfer, alas! a little wit from you;
But hardly much; and yet I think this true
As Sibil's was, your book is mystical,
For every piece is as much worth as all.
Therefore mine impotency I confess,
The healths, which my brain bears, must be far less.
Thy giant-wit o'erthrows me, I am gone;
And, rather than read all, I would read none.

SONNET.

THE TOKEN.

SEND me some tokens, that my hope may live,
  Or that my easeless thoughts may sleep and rest;
Send me some honey, to make sweet my hive,
  That in my passions I may hope the best.
I beg nor ribband wrought with thy own hands,
  To knit our loves in the fantastic strain
Of new-touch'd youth; nor ring, to show the stands
  Of our affection, that, as that's round and plain,
So should our loves meet in simplicity;
  No, nor the corals, which thy wrist enfold,
Lac'd up together in congruity,
  To show our thoughts should rest in the same hold;
No, nor thy picture, though most gracious,
  And most desir'd, 'cause 'tis like the best;
Nor witty lines, which are most copious,
  Within the writings, which thou hast address'd.
Send me nor this, nor that, t' increase my score;
But swear thou think'st I love thee, and no more.

SELECT POEMS

OF

JOSEPH HALL, D. D.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

LIFE OF HALL.

JOSEPH HALL was born at Bristow Park, in the parish of Ashby de la Zouch, Leicestershire, on the 1st of July, 1574. He was put to school, in his native place, until he was fifteen years of age; when he was sent to Emanuel College, in Cambridge; where, in due time, he received his degrees, and became a fellow. He spent his time, chiefly, in disputing and preaching before the University; and in delivering a course of lectures upon rhetoric to, what he calls, 'a sufficient frequency of auditors.' In his twenty-third year, he established his poetical reputation by giving to the world his *Vergidemiarum;* and, after a residence of eight years at college, was presented, by Sir Robert Drury, to the rectory of Halstead, in Suffolk.

He married the daughter of a Mr. George Wenuff. In 1605, he published his *Second Century of Meditations;* which were so well received at court, and so greatly pleased Prince Henry, that the author was made his chaplain, and received, from Lord Denny, the donative of Waltham Holy-cross. In 1612, he was made doctor of divinity: became dean of Worcester, in 1616; and, in the following year, was taken with his majesty into Scotland, to *fight the battles* of episcopacy. He was one of the

English polemics deputed to the synod of Dort; and, when ill health occasioned his premature return, the whole assembly took solemn leave of him, and the representatives from the states presented him with a golden medal. He refused the bishopric of Gloucester, from King James, in 1624; but accepted that of Exeter, from King Charles, in 1627. His life now passed without eclat, until the year 1641; when he was translated to the see of Norwich.

But he was soon destined to a translation of a different kind. Having joined with the archbishop of York, and eleven other prelates, in protesting against the validity of laws, made while they were compelled to be absent, he was sent to the Tower, with the rest, on the 30th of January, 1642; and, being shortly after brought before the house of commons, on an impeachment for high treason, he was treated with the greatest rudeness and contempt. The prosecution for high treason was, at length, discontinued; but another pretext was found to recommit the prisoners; nor was it till the following June, that they obtained their final discharge. In April, 1643, the commons passed the ordinance for sequestering the property of notorious delinquents; and, Hall being expressly mentioned by name, all his rents were first stopped, and soon afterwards the sequestrators entered his palace, and commenced the work of devastation.

'The sequestrators,' says he, 'sent certain men, appointed by them, (whereof one had been burned in the hand,) to appraise all the goods that were in my house; which they accordingly executed with all diligent severity, not leaving so much as a dozen of trenchers, or my children's pictures, out of their curious inventory. Yea, they would have appraised our very wearing apparel, had not some of them declared their opinion to the contrary. These goods, both library and household stuff of all kinds,

were appointed to be sold at public sale; but, in the mean time, Mrs. Goodwin, a religious, good gentlewoman, whom yet we had never known or seen, being moved with compassion, very kindly offered to lay down to the sequestrators the whole sum at which the goods were valued; and was pleased to leave them in our hands, for our use, till we might be able to re-purchase them. As for the books, several stationers looked on them; but were not forward to buy. At last, Mr. Cook, a worthy divine of this diocese, gave bond to the sequestrators, to pay them the whole sum whereat they were set.'

This quieted the hounds; but it did not satisfy the hunters. They made assessments for estates, which they had already seized; levied distresses, after they had deprived him of all his goods; and, though he had no longer any power in his diocese, demanded the arms, which had been usually furnished by his predecessors. But misfortune seems never to have damped his courage. Driven from his palace to a small estate in Higham, he continued to preach in every pulpit, to which he could gain access; and, in the face of all his persecutors, published, in 1644, a bold treatise in favour of episcopacy, under the title of *A Modest Offer of some Meet Considerations*. Being now without power, he was no longer molested; and, on the 8th of September, 1656, was placed beyond the reach of human tribulation.

Hall is distinguished as the first writer of satires in the English language. Endowed by nature with an acute perception of right and wrong, and accustomed, by his calling, to combat and analyze, he was quick in the detection of weakness; had little toleration for delinquency; and, looking generally on the dark side of the picture, saw nothing but vice in man, and nothing but absurdity in books. His poetry gives us an idea of weight and smooth-

ness: but his conceptions are frequently gross, and his allusions too often vulgar. There is a constant effort to be sententious: by labouring to compress much into a small space, he has sometimes excluded all meaning; and the reader, left in the dark, would be tempted to abandon the pursuit, were it not for the vivid lines, which frequently break forth. The ancient masters were constantly in the eye of our author; nor did he always study them as a mere imitator; for it too often happens, that while he pretends to be delineating the manners of the age, he is only translating Juvenal.

VIRGIDEMIARUM.

SATIRES

IN SIX BOOKS.

A

DEFIANCE TO ENVY.

NAY; let the prouder pines of Ida feare
  The sudden fires of Heaven, and decline
Their yielding tops that dar'd the skies whilere:
  And shake your sturdy trunks, ye prouder pines,
Whose swelling grains are like begall'd alone,
With the deep furrows of the thunder-stone.

Stand ye secure, ye safer shrubs below,
  In humble dales, whom Heav'ns do not despight;
Nor angry clouds conspire your overthrow,
  Envying at your too disdainful height.
Let high attempts dread envy and ill tongues,
And cow'rdly shrinke for feare of causelesse wrongs.

So wont big oaks feare winding ivy weed:
  So soaring eagles fear the neighbour Sunne:
So golden Mazor wont suspicion breed,
  Of deadly hemloc's poisoned potion:
So adders shroud themselves in fairest leaves:
So fouler fate the fairer thing bereaves.

Nor the low bush feares climbing ivy twine:
  Nor lowly bustard dreads the distant rays:
Nor earthen pot wont secret death to shrine:
  Nor subtle snake doth lurk in pathed ways.
Nor baser deed dreads envy and ill tongues,
Nor shrinks so soon for fear of causelesse wrongs.

Needs me then hope, or doth me need mis-dread:
  Hope for that honour, dread that wrongful spite:
Spite of the party, honour of the deed,
  Which wont alone on lofty objects light.
That envy should accost my Muse and me,
For this so rude and recklesse poesy.

Would she but shade her tender browes with bay,
  That now lye bare in carelesse wilful rage,
And trance herself in that sweet extacy
  That rouseth drooping thoughts of bashful age.
(Though now those bays and that aspired thought,
In carelesse rage, she sets at worse than nought.)

Or would we loose her plumy pineon,
  Manacled long with bonds of modest feare,
Soone might she have those kestrels proud outgone,
  Whose flighty wings are dew'd with wetter aire.
And hopen now to shoulder from above
The eagle from the stairs of friendly Jove.

Or list she rather in late triumph reare
  Eternal trophies to some conquerour,
Whose dead deserts slept in his sepulcher,
  And never saw, nor life, nor light before.
To lead sad Pluto captive with my song,
To grace the triumphs he obscur'd so long.

Or scoure the rusted swords of elvish knights,
  Bathed in Pagan blood, or sheath them new
In misty moral types; or tell their fights,
  Who mighty giants, or who monsters slew:
And by some strange enchanted speare and shield,
Vanquish'd their foe, and won the doubtful field.

May-be she might in stately stanzas frame
  Stories of ladies, and advent'rous knights,
To raise her silent and inglorious name
  Unto a reachlesse pitch of praises hight,
And somewhat say, as more unworthy done,
Worthy of brasse, and hoary marble stone.

Then might vain Envy waste her duller wing,
  To trace the airy steps she spiteing sees,
And vainly faint in hopelesse following
  The clouded paths her native drosse denies.
But now such lowly satires here I sing,
Not worth our Muse, not worth her envying.

Too good (if ill) to be expos'd to blame:
  Too good, if worse, to shadow shamelesse vice.
Ill, if too good, not answering their name:
  So good and ill in fickle censure lies.
Since in our satire lies both good and ill,
And they and it in varying readers will.

Witnesse, ye Muses, how I wilful sung
  These heady rhimes, withouten second care;
And wish'd them worse, my guilty thoughts among;
  The ruder satire should go ragg'd and bare,
And show his rougher and his hairy hide, [pride.
Though mine be smooth, and deck'd in carelesse

Would we but breathe within a wax-bound quill,
  Pan's seven-fold pipe, some plaintive pastoral;
To teach each hollow grove, and shrubby hill,
  Each murmuring brook, each solitary vale,
To sound our love, and to our song accord,
Wearying Echo with one changelesse word.

Or list us make two striving shepherds sing,
  With costly wagers for the victory,
Under Menalcas judge; while one doth bring
  A carven bowl well wrought of beechen tree,
Praising it by the story, or the frame,
Or want of use, or skilful maker's name.

Another layeth a well-marked lamb,
  Or spotted kid, or some more forward steere,
And from the paile doth praise their fertile dam;
  So do they strive in doubt, in hope, in feare,
Awaiting for their trusty umpire's doome,
Faulted as false by him that's overcome.

Whether so me list my lovely thought to sing,
  Come dance, ye nimble Dryads, by my side,
Ye gentle wood-nymphs, come; and with you bring
  The willing fawns that mought your music guide.
Come, nymphs and fawns, that haunt those shady [groves,
While I report my fortunes or my loves.

Or whether list me sing so personate,
  My striving selfe to conquer with my verse,
Speake, ye attentive swains that heard me late,
  Needs me give grasse unto the conquerours.
At Colin's feet I throw my yielding reed,
But let the rest win homage by their deed.

But now (ye Muses) sith your sacred hests
  Profaned are by each presuming tongue;
In scornful rage I vow this silent rest,
  That never field nor grove shall heare my song.
Only these refuse rhimes I here mis-spend
To chide the world, that did my thoughts offend

DE SUIS SATIRIS.

Dum satyræ dixi, videor dixisse sat iræ
Corripio ; aut istæc non satis est satyra.

Ira facit satyram, reliquum sat temperat iram ;
Pinge tuo satyram sanguine, tum satyra est.

Ecce novam satyram : satyrum sine cornibus ! Euge
Monstra novi monstri hæc, et satyri et satyræ.

SATIRES.

BOOK I.

PROLOGUE.

I FIRST adventure, with fool-hardy might,
To tread the steps of perilous despite.
I first adventure, follow me who list,
And be the second English satirist.
Envy waits on my back, Truth on my side;
Envy will be my page, and Truth my guide.
Envy the margent holds, and Truth the line:
Truth doth approve, but Envy doth repine.
For in this smoothing age who durst indite
Hath made his pen an hired parasite,
To claw the back of him that beastly lives,
And pranck base men in proud superlatives.
Whence damned Vice is shrouded quite from shame,
And crown'd with Virtue's meed, immortal name!
Infamy dispossess'd of native due,
Ordain'd of old on looser life to sue:
The world's eye-bleared with those shameless lyes,
Mask'd in the show of meal-mouth'd poesies.
Go, daring Muse, on with thy thanklesse task,
And do the ugly face of Vice unmask:

And if thou canst not thine high flight remit,
So as it mought a lowly satire fit,
Let lowly satires rise aloft to thee:
Truth be thy speed, and Truth thy patron be.

SATIRE I.

Nor ladie's wanton love, nor wand'ring knight,
Legend I out in rhimes all richly dight.
Nor fright the reader with the Pagan vaunt
Of mightie Mahound, and great Termagaunt.
Nor list I sonnet of my mistress' face,
To paint some Blowesse with a borrowed grace;
Nor can I bide to pen some hungrie scene
For thick-skin ears, and undiscerning eyne.
Nor ever could my scornful Muse abide
With tragic shoes her ankles for to hide.
Nor can I crouch, and writhe my fawning tayle
To some great patron, for my best avayle.
Such hunger-starven trencher-poetrie,
Oh let it never live, or timely die:
Nor under every bank and every tree,
Speak rhimes unto my oaten minstralsie:
Nor carol out so pleasing lively laies,
As mought the Graces move my mirth to praise.
Trumpet, and reeds, and socks, and buskins fine,
I them* bequeath: whose statues wand'ring twine
Of ivy mix'd with bays, circling around
Their living temples likewise laurel-bound.
Rather had I, albe in careless rhymes,
Check the mis-order'd world, and lawless times.

* *Earl of Surrey, Wyat, Sidney, Dyer, &c.*

Nor need I crave the Muse's midwifry,
To bring to light so worthless poetry:
Or if we list, what baser Muse can bide,
To sit and sing by Granta's naked side?
They haunt the tided Thames and salt Medway,
E'er since the fame of their late bridal day.*
Nought have we here but willow-shaded shore,
To tell our Grant his banks are left for lore.

SATIRE II.

Whilom the sisters nine were vestal maides,
And held their temple in the secret shades
Of fair Parnassus, that two-headed hill,
Whose auncient fame the southern world did fill;
And in the stead of their eternal fame,
Was the cool stream that took his endless name,
From out the fertile hoof of winged steed:
There did they sit and do their holy deed,
That pleas'd both Heav'n and Earth—till that of late
Whom should I fault? or the most righteous fate,
Or Heav'n, or men, or feinds, or aught beside,
That ever made that foul mischance betide?
Some of the sisters in securer shades
Defloured were.....
And ever since, disdaining sacred shame,
Done aught that might their heav'nly stock defame.
Now is Parnassus turned to a stewes,
And on bay stocks the wanton myrtle grewes;
Cythêron hill's become a brothel-bed,
And Pyrene sweet turn'd to a poison'd head

* See Spenser.

Of coal-black puddle, whose infectious stain
Corrupteth all the lowly fruitful plain.
Their modest stole, to garish looser weed, [meed:
Deck'd with love-favours, their late whoredoms
And where they wont sip of the simple flood,
Now toss they bowls of Bacchus' boiling blood.
I marvell'd much, with doubtful jealousie,
Whence came such litters of new poetrie:
Methought I fear'd, lest the horse-hoofed well
His native banks did proudly over-swell
In some late discontent, thence to ensue
Such wondrous rabblements of rhymesters new:
But since I saw it painted on Fame's wings,
The Muses to be wexen wantonings.
Each bush, each bank, and each base apple-squire
Can serve to sate their beastly lewd desire.
Ye bastard poets, see your pedigree,
From common trulls and loathsome brothelry!

SATIRE III.

With some pot-fury, ravish'd from their wit,
They sit and muse on some no-vulgar writ:
As frozen dung-hills in a winter's morn,
That void of vapour seemed all beforn,
Soon as the Sun sends out his piercing beams
Exhale out filthy smoak and stinking steams.
So doth the base and the fore-barren brain,
Soon as the raging wine begins to reign.
One higher pitch'd doth set his soaring thought
On crowned kings, that Fortune hath low brought:

Or some upreared, high-aspiring swaine,
As it might be the Turkish Tamberlane:
Then weeneth he his base drink-drowned spright,
Rapt to the threefold loft of Heaven hight,
When he conceives upon his faigned stage
The stalking steps of his great personage,
Graced with huff-cap terms and thund'ring threats,
That his poor hearers' hair quite upright sets.
Such soon as some brave-minded hungry youth
Sees fitly frame to his wide-strained mouth,
He vaunts his voyce upon an hired stage,
With high-set steps, and princely carriage;
Now soouping in side robes of royalty,
That erst did skrub in lowsy brokery,
There if he can with terms Italianate
Big-sounding sentences, and words of state,
Fair patch me up his pure iambic verse,
He ravishes the gazing scaffolders:
Then certes was the famous Corduban*
Never but half so high tragedian.
Now, lest such frightful shows of Fortune's fall,
And bloody tyrant's rage, should chance apall
The dead-struck audience, 'midst the silent rout,
Comes leaping in a self-misformed lout,
And laughs, and grins, and frames his mimic face,
And justles straight into the prince's place;
Then doth the theatre echo all aloud,
With gladsome noise of that applauding crowd.
A goodly hotch-potch! when vile russetings
Are match'd with monarchs, and with mighty kings.
A goodly grace to sober tragic Muse,
When each base clown his clumbsy fist doth bruise.

* Seneca.

And show his teeth in double rotten row,
For laughter at his self-resembled show.
Meanwhile our poets in high parliament
Sit watching every word and gesturement,
Like curious censors of some doughty gear,
Whispering their verdict in their fellow's ear.
Woe to the word whose margent in their scrole
Is noted with a black condemning coal.
But if each period might the synod please,
Ho!——bring the ivy boughs, and bands of bays.
Now when they part and leave the naked stage,
Gins the bare hearer, in a guilty rage,
To curse and ban, and blame his likerous eye,
That thus hath lavish'd his late half-penny.
Shame that the Muses should be bought and sold,
For every peasant's brass, on each scaffold.

SATIRE IV.

Too popular is tragic poesie,
Straining his tip-toes for a farthing fee,
And doth beside on rhymeless numbers tread,
Unbid iambics flow from careless head.
Some braver brain in high heroic rhymes
Compileth worm-eat stories of old times:
And he like some imperious Maronist,
Conjures the Muses that they him assist.
Then strives he to bombast his feeble lines
With far-fetch'd phrase;.....
And maketh up his hard-betaken tale
With strange enchantments, fetch'd from darksom [vale,

Of some Melissa,* that by magic doom
To Tuscan's soil transporteth Merlin's tomb.
Painters and poets hold your auncient right:
Write what you will, and write not what you might:
Their limits be their list, their reason will.
But if some painter, in presuming skill,
Should paint the stars in center of the Earth,
Could ye forbear some smiles, and taunting mirth?
But let no rebel satyr dare traduce
Th' eternal legends of thy faerie Muse,
Renowned Spencer: whom no earthly wight
Dares once to emulate, much less dares despight.
Salust† of France, and Tuscan Ariost,
Yield up the lawrel garland ye have lost:
And let all others willow wear with me,
Or let their undeserving temples bared be.

SATIRE V.

Another, whose more heavy hearted saint
Delights in naught but notes of rueful plaint,
Urgeth his melting Muse with solemn tears
Rhyme of some dreary fates of luckless peers.
Then brings he up some branded whining ghost,
To tell how old misfortunes had him toss'd.
Then must he ban the guiltless fates above,
Or fortune frail, or unrewarded love.
And when he hath parbrak'd his grieved mind,
He sends him down where erst he did him find,
Without one penny to pay Charon's hire,
That waiteth for the waud'ring ghost's retire,

* Ariosto. † Dubarta.

SATIRE VI.

Another scorns the home-spun thread of rhymes,
Match'd with the lofty feet of elder times:
Give me the number'd verse that Virgil sung,
And Virgil's self shall speak the English tongue:
Manhood and garboiles shall he chaunt with chaunged feet
And head-strong dactyls making music meet.
The nimble dactyl striving to out-go,
The drawling spondees pacing it below.
The ling'ring spondees, labouring to delay,
The breathless dactyls with a sudden stay.
Who ever saw a colt wanton and wild,
Yok'd with a slow-foot ox on fallow field,
Can right areed how handsomely besets
Dull spondees with the English dactylets.
If Jove speak English in a thund'ring cloud,
"Thwick thwack," and "riff raff," roars he out aloud.
Fie on the forged mint that did create
New coin of words never articulate.

SATIRE VII.

Great is the folly of a feeble brain,
O'er-rul'd with love, and tyrannous disdain:
For love, however in the basest breast,
It breeds high thoughts that feed the fancy best.
Yet is he blind, and leads poor fools awry,
While they hang gazing on their mistress' eye.

The love-sick poet, whose importune prayer
Repulsed is with resolute despair,
Hopeth to conquer his disdainful dame,
With public plaints of his conceived flame.
Then pours he forth, in patched sonnettings,
His love, his lust, and loathsome flatterings:
As though the staring world hang'd on his sleeve,
When once he smiles, to laugh: and when he sighs,
to grieve.
Careth the world, thou love, thou live, or die?
Careth the world how fair thy fair-one be?
Fond wit-wal that would'st load thy witless head
With timely horns, before thy bridal bed.
Then can he term his dirty ill-fac'd bride
Lady and queen, and virgin deify'd:
Be she all sooty black, or berry brown,
She's white as morrow's milk, or flakes new blown.
And though she be some dunghill drudge at home,
Yet can he her resign some refuse room
Amidst the well known stars; or if not there,
Sure will he saint her in his Kalendere.

SATIRE VIII.

Hence, ye profane! mell not with holy things
That Sion's Muse from Palestina brings.
Parnassus is transform'd to Sion Hill,
And iv'ry-palms her steep ascents done fill.
Now good St. Peter* weeps pure Helicon,
And both the Maries make a music moan:

* Robert Southwell's St. Peter's Complaint.

Yea, and the prophet of the heavenly lyre,
Great Solomon, sings in the English quire;
And is become a new-found sonnetist,
Singing his love, the holy spouse of Christ:
Like as she were some light-skirts of the rest,
In mightiest inkhornisms he can thither wrest.
Ye Sion Muses shall by my dear will,
For this your zeal and far-admired skill,
Be straight transported from Jerusalem,
Unto the holy house of Bethlehem.

SATIRE IX.

Envy, ye Muses, at your thriving mate,
Cupid hath crowned a new laureat:
I saw his statue gayly 'tir'd in green,
As if he had some second Phœbus been.
His statue trimm'd with the venerean tree,
And shrined fair within your sanctuary.
What, he, that erst to gain the rhyming goal,
The worn recital-post of capitol,
Rhymed in rules of stewish ribaldry,
Teaching experimental bawdery!
Whiles th' itching vulgar, tickled with the song,
Hanged on their unready poet's tongue.
Take this, ye patient Muses; and foul shame
Shall wait upon your once profaned name:
Take this, ye Muses, this so high despite,
And let all hateful luckless birds of night;
Let screeching owls nest in your razed roofs,
And let your floors with horned satyres' hoofs

Be dinted, and defiled every morn:
And let your walls be an eternal scorn.
What if some Shoreditch fury should incite
Some lust-strung lecher: must he needs indite
The beastly rites of hired venery,
The whole world's universal bawd to be?
Did never yet no damned libertine,
Nor elder heathen, nor new Florentine,*
Though they were famous for lewd liberty,
Venture upon so shameful villany;
Our epigrammatarians, old and late,
Were wont be blam'd for too licentiate.
Chaste men, they did but glance at Lesbia's deed,
And handsomely leave off with cleanly speed.
But arts of whoring, stories of the stews,
Ye Muses will ye bear, and may refuse?
Nay, let the Devil and St. Valentine
Be gossips to those ribald rhymes of thine.

* Peter Aretine.

SATIRES.

BOOK II.

PROLOGUE.

Or been the manes of that Cynic spright,
Cloath'd with some stubborn clay, and led to light?
Or do the relic ashes of his grave
Revive and rise from their forsaken cave?
That so with gall-wet words and speeches rude
Controuls the manners of the multitude.
Envy belike incites his pining heart,
And bids it sate itself with others' smart.
Nay, no despight: but angry Nemesis,
Whose scourge doth follow all that done amiss:
That scourge I bear, albe in ruder fist,
And wound, and strike, and pardon whom she list.

SATIRE I.

For shame! write better, Labeo, or write none;
Or better write, or Labeo write alone:
Nay, call the Cynic but a wittie foole,
Thence to abjure his handsome drinking bowl;

Because the thirstie swaine with hollow hand,
Conveied the streame to weet his drie weasand.
Write they that can, though they that cannot doe:
But who knowes that, but they that do not know.
Lo! what it is that makes white rags so deare,
That men must give a teston for a queare.
Lo! what it is that makes goose wings so scant,
That the distressed sempster did them want:
So lavish ope-tyde causeth fasting lents,
And starveling famine comes of large expense.
Might not (so they were pleas'd that beene above)
Long paper-abstinence cur death remove?
Then manie a Lollerd would in forfaitment,
Beare paper-faggots o'er the pavement.
But now men wager who shall blot the most,
And each man writes. *There's so much labour lost,*
That's good, that's great: nay much is seldome well
Of what is bad, a little's a greate deale.
Better is more: but best is nought at all.
Lesse is the next, and lesser criminall.
Little and good, is greatest good save one,
Then, Labeo, or write little, or write none.
Tush, but small paines can be but little art,
Or lode full drie-fats fro the forren mart,
With folio volumes, two to an oxe hide,
Or else ye pamphleteer go stand aside;
Reade in each schoole, in everie margent quoted,
In everie catalogue for an authour noted.
There's happiness well given and well got,
Lesse gifts, and lesser gaines, I weigh them not.
So may the giant roam and write on high,
Be he a dwarfe that writes not their as I.
But well fare Strabo, which, as stories tell,
Contriv'd all Troy within one walnut shell.

His curious ghost now lately hither came;
Arriving neere the mouth of luckie Tame,
I saw a pismire struggling with the load,
Dragging all Troy home towards her abode.
Now dare we hither, if we durst appeare,
The subtile stithy-man that liv'd while ere:
Such one was once, or once I was mistaught,
A smith at Vulcan's owne forge up brought,
That made an iron chariót so light,
The coach-horse was a flea in trappings dight.
The tamelesse steed could well his waggon wield,
Through downes and dales of the uneven field.
Strive they, laugh we: meane while the black storie
Passes new Strabo, and new Strabo's Troy.
Little for great; and great for good; all one:
For shame! or better write, or Labeo write none.
But who conjur'd this bawdie Poggie's ghost,
From out the stewes of his lewde home-bred coast:
Or wicked Rablais' dronken revellings,
To grace the mis-rule of our tavernings?
Or who put bayes into blind Cupid's fist,
That he should crown what laureats him list?
Whose words are those, to remedie the deed,
That cause men stop their noses when they read?
Both good things ill, and ill things well; all one?
For shame! write cleanly, Labeo, or write none.

SATIRE II.

To what end did our lavish auncestours
Erect of old these stately piles of ours?

For thread-bare cloaks, and for the ragged Muse,
Whom better fit some cotes of sad seclose?
Blush niggard Age, and be asham'd to see
These monuments of wiser ancestrie.
And ye fair capes, the Muses sacred shrines,
(In spite of time, and envious repines)
Stand still and flourish till the world's last day,
Upbraiding it with former love's decay.
Here may you, Muses, our deare soveraigues,
Scorne each base lordling even you disdaines;
And every peasant churle, whose smokie roofe
Denied harbour for your deare behoofe.
Scorne ye the world before it do complaine,
And scorne the world that scorneth you againe.
And scorne contempt itselfe, that doth incite
Each single-sold 'squire to set you at so light.
What needes me care for anie bookish skill,
To blot white papers with my restlesse quill:
Or pore on painted leaves, or beat my braine
With far-fetch thought; or to consume in vaine
In latter even, or midst of winter nights,
Ill smelling oyles, or some still watching lights?
Let them them that meane by bookish businesse
To earne their bread, or hopen to professe
Their hard got skill, let them alone for me,
Busie their braines with deeper brokerie.
Great gaines shall bide you sure, when ye have spent
A thousand lamps, and thousand reames have rent
Of needless papers; and a thousand nights
Have burned out with costly candle lights.
Ye palish ghosts of Athens, when at last
Your patrimonies spent in witlesse wast,
Your friends all wearie, and your spirits spent,
Ye may your fortunes seeke, and be forwent.

Of your kind cousins, and your churlish sires,
Left there alone, midst the fast-folding briers.
Have not I lands of faire inheritance,
Deriv'd by right of long continuance,
To first-borne males, so list the law to grace,
Nature's first fruits in an eternal race?
Let second brothers, and poore nestlings,
Whom more injurious nature later brings
Into the naked world; let them assaine
To get hard pennyworths with so bootlesse paine.
Tush! what care I to be Arcesilas,
Or some sad Solon, whose deed-furrowed face,
And sullen head, and yellow-clouded sight,
Still on the stedfast earth are musing pight;
Mutt'ring what censures their distracted minde,
Of brain-sick paradoxes deeply hath definde:
Or of Parmenides, or of darke Heraclite,
Whether all be one, or ought be infinite?
Long would it be ere thou hast purchase bought,
Or welthier wexen by such idle thought.
Fond fool! six feet shall serve for all thy store;
And he that cares for most shall find no more.
We scorne that wealth should be the finall end,
Whereto the heavenly Muse her course doth bend;
And rather had be pale with learned cares,
Than paunched with thy choyce of changed fares.
Or doth thy glorie stand in outward glee?
A lave-ear'd asse with gold may trapped be.
Or if in pleasure? live we as we may,
Let swinish Grill delight in dunghill clay.

SATIRE III.

Who doubts? the laws fell down from Heaven's height,
Like to some gliding starre in winter's night?
Themis, the scribe of God, did long agone
Engrave them deepe in during marble stone,
And cast them downe on this unruly clay,
That men might know to rule and to obey.
But now their characters depraved bin,
By them that would make gain of others' sin.
And now hath wrong so maistered the right,
That they live best that on wrong's offall light.
So loathly flye that lives on galled wound,
And scabby festers inwardly unsound,
Feeds fatter with that poys'nous carrion,
Than they that haunt the healthy limbs alone.
Wo to the weale where many lawyers be,
For there is sure much store of maladie.
'Twas truely said, and truely was foreseen
The fat kine are devoured of the leane.
Genus and species long since barefoote went,
Upon their ten-toes in wilde wanderment:
Whiles father Bartoll on his footcloth rode,
Upon high pavement gayly silver-strow'd.
Each home-bred science percheth in the chaire,
While sacred artes grovell on the groundsell bare.
Since pedling barbarisms gan be in request,
Nor classicke tongues, nor learning found no rest.
The crowching client, with low-bended knee,
And manie worships, and faire flatterie,

Tells on his tale as smoothly as him list,
But still the lawyer's eye squints on his fist;
If that seem lined with a larger fee,
Doubt not the suite, the law is plaine for thee.
Though must he buy his vainer hope with price,
Disclout his crownes, and thanke him for advice.
So have I seene in a tempestuous stowre
Some bryer-bush showing shelter from the showre
Unto the hopefull sheepe, that faine would hide
His fleecie coate from that same angry tide:
The ruthlesse breere, regardlesse of his plight,
Laies holde upon the fleece he should acquite,
And takes advantage of the carelesse prey,
That thought she in securer shelter lay.
The day is faire, the sheepe would far to feede,
The tyrant brier holdes fast his shelter's meed,
And claimes it for the fee of his defence:
So robs the sheepe, in favour's faire pretence.

SATIRE IV.

Worthie were Galen to be weighed in gold,
Whose help doth sweetest life and health uphold;
Yet by saint Esculape he solemne swore,
That for diseases they were never more,
Fees never lesse, never so little gaine,
Men give a groate, and aske the rest againe.
Groats-worth of health can any leech allot?
Yet should he have no more that gives a groate.
Should I on each sicke pillow leane my brest,
And *grope the pulse of* everie mangie wrest:

And spie out marvels in each urinall;
And rumble up the filths that from them fall;
And give a dosse for everie disease,
In prescripts long and tedious recipes,
All for so leane reward of art and me?
No horse-leach but will looke for larger fee.
Meane while if chaunce some desp'rate patient die,
Com'n to the period of his destinie:
(As who can crosse the fatall resolution,
In the decreed day of dissolution:)
Whether ill tendment, or recurelesse paine,
Procure his death; the neighbours all complaine,
Th' unskilfull leech murdered his patient,
By poyson of some foule ingredient.
Hereon the vulgar may as soone be brought
To Socrates his poysoned hemloc drought,
As to the wholesome julap, whose receat
Might his disease's ling'ring force defeat.
If nor a dramme of triacle soveraigne,
Or aqua vitæ, or sugar candian,
Nor kitchin-cordials can it remedie,
Certes his time is come, needs mought he die.
Were I a leech, as who knowes what may be,
The liberal man should live, and carle should die.
The sickly ladie, and the gowtie peere
Still would I haunt, that love their life so deare.
Where life is deare, who cares for coyned drosse?
That spent, is counted gaine, and spared, losse:
Or would conjure the chymic mercurie,
Rise from his horsedung bed, and upwards flie;
And with glasse stills, and sticks of juniper,
Raise the black spright that burnes not with the fire:
And bring quintessence of elixir pale.
Out of sublimed spirits mineyall.

Each powd'red graine ransometh captive kings,
Purchaseth realmes, and life prolonged brings.

SATIRE V.

SAW'ST thou ever Siquis patch'd on Paul's church
To seeke some vacant vicarage before? [doore,
Who wants a churchman that can service say,
Read fast and faire his monthly homiley?
And wed and bury, and make christen-soules?
Come to the left-side alley of Saint Poules.
Thou servile foole, why could'st thou not repaire
To buy a benefice at steeple-faire?
There moughtest thou, for but a slender price,
Advowson thee with some fat benefice:
Or if thee list not waite for dead men's shoon,
Nor pray each morn th' incumbent's daies were
A thousand patrons thither ready bring [done:
Their new-faln churches to the chaffering;
Stake three yeares' stipend; no man asketh more:
Go take possession of the church-porch doore,
And ring thy bells; lucke stroken in thy fist:
The parsonage is thine, or ere thou wist.
Saint Fooles of Gotam mought thy parish be
For this thy base and servile symonie.

SATIRE VI.

A GENTLE squire would gladly entertaine
Into his house some trencher-chaplaine:

Some willing man that might instruct his sons,
And that would stand to good conditions.
First, that he lie upon the truckle-bed,
Whiles his young maister lieth o'er his head.
Second, that he do, on no default,
Ever presume to sit above the salt.
Third, that he never change his trencher twise.
Fourth, that he use all common courtesies;
Sit bare at meales, and one halfe rise and wait.
Last, that he never his yong maister beat,
But he must sake his mother to define,
How manie jerkes she would his breech should line.
All these observ'd, he could contented bee,
To give five markes and winter liverie.

SATIRE VII.

In th' Heav'ns universal alphabet
All earthly thinges so surely are foreset,
That who can read those figures, may foreshew
Whatever thing shall afterwards ensue:
Faine would I know (might it our artist please)
Why can his tell-troth Epemerides
Teach him the weather's state so long beforne,
And not foretell him, nor his fatall horne,
Nor his death's day, nor no such sad event;
Which he mought wisely labour to prevent?
Thou damned mock-art, and thou brainsick tale
Of old astrologie: where did'st thou vaile
Thy cursed head thus long, that so it mist
The black bronds of some sharper satyrist?

Some doting gossip 'mongst the Chaldee wives,
Did to the credulous world thee first derive ;
And Superstition nurs'd thee ever sence,
And publisht in profounder art's pretence :
That now, who pares his nailes, or libs his swine,
But he must first take counsel of the signe.
So that the vulgars count for faire or foule,
For living or for dead, for sick or whole.
His feare or hope, for plentie or for lacke,
Hangs all upon his new-year's almanack.
If chance once in the spring his head should ake,
It was foretold : thus sayes mine almanack.
In th' Heaven's high-street are but dozen roomes,
In which dwells all the world, past and to come.
Twelve goodly innes they are, with twelve fayre
Ever well tended by our star-divines. [signes,
Everie man's head innes at the horned Ramme,
The whiles the necke the black Bull's guest became,
Th' arms, by good hap, meet at the wrastling Twins,
Th' heart in the way, at the blue Lion innes.
The leggs their lodging in Aquarius got ;
That is the Bride-streete of the Heaven I wot.
The feet took up the Fish with teeth of gold ;
But who with Scorpio lodg'd may not be told.
What office then doth the star-gazer beare ?
Or let him be the Heaven's ostelere,
Or tapsters some, or some be chamberlaines,
To waite upon the guests they entertaine.
Hence can they reade, by virtue of their trade,
When any thing is mist, where it was laide.
Hence they divine, and hence they can devise,
If *their aim faile*, the stars to moralize.

Demon, my friend, once liver-sicke of love,
Thus learn'd I by the signes his griefe remove:
In the blinde Archer first I saw the signe,
When thou receiv'dst that wilful wound of thine;
And now in Virgo is that cruel mayde,
Which hath not yet with love thy love repaide.
But marke when once it comes to Gemini,
Straightway fish-whole shall thy sicke-liver be.
But now (as th' angrie Heavens seeme to threat
Manie hard fortunes, and disastres great)
If chance it come to wanton Capricorne,
And so into the Ram's disgraceful horne,
Then learne thou of the ugly Scorpion,
To hate her for her fowle abusion:
Thy refuge then the balance be of right,
Which shall thee from thy broken bond acquite:
So with the Crab, go back whence thou began,
From thy first match, and live a single man.

SATIRES.

BOOK III.

PROLOGUE.

Some say my Satyres over loosely flowe,
Nor hide their gall enough from open showe:
Not, riddle like, obscuring their intent;
But, packe-staffe plaine, utt'ring what thing they ment:
Contrarie to the Roman ancients,
Whose words were short, and darksome was their sense.
Who reades one line of their harsh poesies,
Thrice must he take his winde, and breathe him thrice:
My Muse would follow them that have foregone,
But cannot with an English pineon;
For looke how farre the ancient comedie
Past former satyres in her libertie:
So farre must mine yield unto them of olde;
'Tis better be too bad, than be too bolde.

SATIRE I.

Time was, and that was term'd the time of gold,
When world and time were young, that now are old,
(When quiet Saturne sway'd the mace of lead,
And pride was yet unborne, and yet unbred.)
Time was, that while the autumne fall did last,
Our hungrie sires gap'd for the falling mast
of the Dodonian oakes.
Could no unhusked akorne leave the tree,
But there was challenge made whose it might be.
And if some nice and liquorous appetite
Desir'd more daintie dish of rare delite,
They scal'd the stored crab with clasped knee,
Till they had sated their delicious eye:
Or search'd the hopefull thicks of hedgy-rowes,
For brierie berries, or hawes, or sourer sloes:
Or when they meant to fare the fin'st of all,
They lick'd oake-leaves besprint with honey fall.
As for the thrise three-angled beech nut-shell,
Or chesnut's armed huske, and hid kernell,
No squire durst touch, the law would not afford,
Kept for the court, and for the king's owne board.
Their royall plate was clay, or wood, or stone,
The vulgar, save his hand, else he had none.
Their onely cellar was the neighbour brooke:
None did for better care, for better looke.
Was then no plaining of the brewer's scape,
Nor greedie vintner mixt the strained grape.

The king's pavilion was the grassy green,
Under safe shelter of the shadie treen.
Under each banke men layd their limbs along,
Not wishing anie ease, not fearing wrong:
Clad with their owne, as they were made of old,
Not fearing shame, not feeling anie cold.
But when by Ceres huswifrie and paine,
Men learn'd to burie the reviving graine,
And father Janus taught the new-found vine,
Rise on the elme, with many a friendly twine:
And base desire bade men to delven low,
For needlesse mettals, then 'gan mischief grow.
Then farewell fayrest age, the world's best dayes;
Thriving in ill as it in age decaies.
Then crept in pride, and peevish covetise,
And men grew greedie, discordous, and nice.
Now man, that erst haile-fellow was with beast,
Woxe on to weene himselfe a god at least.
No aerie fowl can take so high a flight,
Though she her daring wings in clouds have dight;
Nor fish can dive so deep in yielding sea,
Though Thetis selfe should sweare her safetie;
Nor fearful beast can dig his cave so lowe,
As could he further than Earth's center go;
As that the ayre, the earth, or ocean,
Should shield them from the gorge of greedie man.
Hath utmost Inde ought better than his owne?
Then utmost Inde is neare, and rife to gone.
O Nature! was the world ordain'd for nought
But fill man's maw, and feede man's idle thought?
Thy grandsire's words savour'd of thriftie leekes,
Or manly garlic; but thy furnace reekes
Hot steams of wine; and can a-loofe descrie
The drunken draughts of sweete autumnitie.

They naked went; or clad in ruder hide,
Or home-spun russet, void of forraine pride:
But thou canst maske in garish gauderie,
To suite a foole's far-fetched liverie.
A French head joyn'd to necke Italian:
Thy thighs from Germanie, and brest from Spain:
An Englishman in none, a foole in all:
Many in one, and one in severall.
Then men were men; but now the greater part
Beasts are in life, and women are in heart.
Goode Saturne selfe, that homely emperour,
In proudest pompe, was not so clad of yore,
As is the under-groome of the ostlerie,
Husbanding it in work-day yeomanrie.
Lo! the long date of those expired dayes,
Which the inspired Merlin's word fore-sayes;
When dunghill peasants shall be dight as kings,
Then one confusion another brings:
Then farewell fairest age, the world's best dayes,
Thriving in ill, as it in age decayes.

SATIRE II.

Great Osmond knowes not how he shall be known
When once great Osmond shall be dead and gone:
Unlesse he reare up some rich monument,
Ten furlongs nearer to the firmament.
Some stately tombe he builds, Egyptian wise,
Rex regum written on the pyramis.
Whereas great Arthur lies in ruder oak,
That never felt none but the feller's stroke.

Small honour can be got with gaudie grave;
Nor it thy rotten name from death can save.
The fairer tombe, the fouler is thy name;
The greater pompe procuring greater shame.
Thy monument make thou thy living deeds;
No other tomb than that true virtue needs.
What! had he nought whereby he might be knowne
But costly pilements of some curious stone?
The matter Nature's, and the workman's frame;
His purse's cost: where then is Osmond's name?
Deserv'dst thou ill? well were thy name and thee,
Wert thou inditched in great secrecie;
Where, as no passenger might curse thy dust,
Nor dogs sepulchrall sate their gnawing lust.
Thine ill deserts cannot be grav'd with thee,
So long as on thy grave they ingraved be.

SATIRE III.

The courteous citizen bade me to his feast,
With hollow words, and overly request:
"Come, will ye dine with me this holyday?"
I yeelded, though he hop'd I would say nay:
For had I mayden'd it, as many use;
Loath for to grant, but loather to refuse.
"Alacke, sir, I were loath;—another day,—
I should but trouble you;—pardon me, if you may."
No pardon should I need; for, to depart
He gives me leave, and thanks too, in his heart.
Two words for monie, Darbishirian wise;
(That's one two manie) is a naughtie guise.

Who looks for double biddings to a feast,
May dine at home for an importune guest.
I went, then saw, and found the greate expense;
The fare and fashions of our citizens.
Oh, Cleopatrical! what wanteth there
For curious cost, and wond'rous choice of cheere?
Beefe, that erst Hercules held for finest fare;
Porke for the fat Bœotian, or the hare
For Martial; fish for the Venetian;
Goose-liver for the likorous Romane,
Th' Athenian's goate; quaile, Iolan's cheere;
The hen for Esculape, and the Parthian deere;
Grapes for Arcesilas, figs for Plato's mouth,
And chestnuts faire for Amarillis' tooth.
Hadst thou such cheere? wert thou ever there before?
Never.—I thought so: nor come there no more.
Come there no more; for so meant all that cost:
Never hence take me for thy second host.
For whom he meanes to make an often guest,
One dish shall serve; and welcome make the rest.

SATIRE IV.

Were yesterday Palemon's natals kept,
That so his threshold is all freshly steept
With new-shed blood? Could he not sacrifice
Some sorry morkin that unbidden dies;
Or meager heifer, or some rotten ewe;
But he must needs his posts with blood embrew,
And on his way-doore fixe the horned head,
With flowers and with ribbands garnished?

Now shall the passenger deeme the man devout.
What boots it be so, but the world must know 't?
O the fond boasting of vain-glorious man!
Does he the best, that may the best be seene?
Who ever gives a paire of velvet shooes
To th' holy rood, or liberally allowes
But a new rope to ring the curfew bell,
But he desires that his great deed may dwell,
Or graven in the chancel-window-glass,
Or in the lasting tombe of plated brasse?
For he that doth so few deserving deeds,
'Twere sure his best sue for such larger meeds.
Who would inglorious live, inglorious die,
And might eternize his name's memorie?
And he that cannot brag of greater store,
Must make his somewhat much, and little more.
Nor can good Myson weare on his left hond,
A signet ring of Bristol diamond,
But he must cut his glove to show his pride,
That his trim jewel might be better spy'd:
And that men mought some burgesse him repute,
With sattin sleeves hath grac'd his sacke-cloth suit.

SATIRE V.

Fie on all courtesie, and unruly windes,
Two only foes that faire disguisement findes.
Strange curse! but fit for such a fickle age,
When scalpes are subject to such vassalage.
Late travaling along in London way,
Mee met, as seem'd by his disguis'd array,

A lustie courtier, whose curled head
With abron locks was fairely furnished.
I him saluted in our lavish wise:
He answeres my untimely courtesies.
His bonnet vail'd, ere ever he could thinke,
Th' unruly winde blowes off his periwinke.
He lights and runs, and quickly hath him sped,
To overtake his over-running head.
The sportfull winde, to mocke the headlesse man,
Tosses apace his pitch'd Rogerian:
And straight it to a deeper ditch hath blowne;
There must my yonker fetch his waxen crowne.
I lookt and laught, whiles in his raging minde,
He curst all courtesie, and unruly winde.
I lookt and laught, and much I mervailed,
To see so large a caus-way in his head.
And me bethought, that when it first begon,
'Twas some shroad autumne that so bar'd the bone.
Is 't not sweete pride, when men their crownes must shade,
With that which jerks the hams of every jade,
Or floor-strow'd locks from off the barber's sheares?
But waxen crownes well 'gree with borrow'd haires.

SATIRE VI.

When Gullion dy'd, (who knowes not Gullion?)
And his drie soul arriv'd at Acheron,
He faire besought the ferryman of Hell,
That he might drinke to dead Pantagruel.
Charon was afraid lest thirstie Gullion
Would have drunk drie the river Acheron.

Yet last consented for a little hyre,
And downe he dips his chops deep in the myre,
And drinkes, and drinkes, and swallowes in the streeme,
Untill the shallow shores all naked seeme.
Yet still he drinkes, nor can the boatman's cries,
Nor crabbed oares, nor prayers, make him rise.
So long he drinkes, till the blacke caravell
Stands still, fast gravell'd on the mud of Hell.
There stand they still, nor can go, nor retyre,
Though greedie ghosts quick passage did require.
Yet stand they still, as though they lay at rode,
Till Gullion his bladder would unlode.
They stand, and waite, and pray for that good houre;
Which, when it came, they sailed to the shore.
But never since dareth the ferryman,
Once entertaine the ghost of Gullion.
Drinke on, drie soule, and pledge Sir Gullion:
Drinke to all healths, but drinke not to thine owne.

Desunt nonnulla.

SATIRE VII.

Seest thou how gayly my young maister goes,
Vaunting himselfe upon his rising toes;
And pranks his hand upon his dagger's side;
And picks his glutted teeth since late noon-tide?
'Tis Ruffio: trow'st thou where he din'd to day?
In sooth I saw him sit with duke Humfray.
Many good welcomes, and much gratis cheere,
Keepes he for every straggling cavaliere.

An open house, haunted with greate resort;
Long service mixt with musicall disport.
Many faire yonker with a feather'd crest,
Chooses much rather be his shot-free guest,
To fare so freely with so little cost,
Than stake his twelve-pence to a mesmer host.
Hadst thou not told me, I should surely say
He toucht no meat of all this live-long day.
For sure me thought, yet that was but a guesse,
His eyes seeme sunke for verie hollownesse.
But could he have (as I did it mistake)
So little in his purse, so much upon his backe?
So nothing in his maw? yet seemeth by his belt,
That his gaunt gut no too much stuffing felt.
Seest thou how side it hangs beneath his hip?
Hunger and heavy iron makes girdles slip.
Yet for all that, how stifly struts he by,
All trapped in the new-found braverie.
The nuns of new-won Cales his bonnet lent,
In lieu of their so kind a conquerment.
What needeth he fetch that from farthest Spaine,
His grandame could have lent with lesser paine?
Though he perhaps ne'er pass'd the English shore,
Yet faine would counted be a conquerour.
His haire, French like, stares on his frighted head,
One lock Amazon-like disheveled,
As if he meant to weare a native cord,
If chaunce his fates should him that bane afford.
All British bare upon the bristled skin,
Close notched is his beard both lip and chin;
His linnen collar labyrinthian set,
Whose thousand double turnings never met:
His sleeves half hid with elbow-pineonings,
As if he meant to flie with linnen wings.

But when I looke, and cast mine eyes below,
What monster meets mine eyes in human show?
So slender waist with such an abbot's loyne,
Did never sober nature sure conjoyne.
Lik'st a strawne scare-crow in the new-sowne field,
Rear'd on some sticke, the tender corne to shield.
Or if that semblance suit not everie deale,
Like a broad shak-forke with a slender steel.
Despised Nature suit them once aright,
Their bodie to their coate, both now mis-dight.
Their bodie to their clothes might shapen be,
That nill their clothes shape to their bodie.
Meane while I wonder at so proude a backe,
Whiles th' empty guts lowd rumblen for long lacke:
The belly envieth the backe's bright glee,
And murmurs at such inequality.
The backe appeares unto the partial eyne,
The plaintive belly pleads they bribed been;
And he, for want of better advocate,
Doth to the ear his injury relate.
The backe, insulting o'er the belly's need,
Says, "Thou thy self, I others' eyes must feed."
The maw, the guts, all inward parts complaine
The backe's great pride, and their own secret paine.
Ye witlesse gallants, I beshrew your hearts,
That sets such discord 'twixt agreeing parts,
Which never can be set at onement more,
Until the maw's wide mouth be stopt with store.

THE CONCLUSION.

Thus have I writ in smoother cedar tree,
So gentle Satires, penn'd so easily.
Henceforth I write in crabbed oak-tree rynde,
Search they that mean the secret meaning find.
Hold out, ye guilty and ye galled hides,
And meet my far-fetch'd stripes with waiting sides.

SATIRES.

BOOK IV.

THE AUTHOR'S CHARGE

TO HIS SECOND COLLECTION OF SATIRES, CALLED BITING SATIRES.

Ye lucklesse rhymes, whom not unkindly spight
  Begot long since of truth and holy rage,
Lye here in wombe of silence and still night,
  Until the broils of next unquiet age:
That which is others' grave shall be your wombe,
And that which bears you, your eternal tombe,

Cease ere you 'gin, and ere ye live be dead;
  And dye and live ere ever ye be borne;
And be not bore ere ye be buried,
  Then after live, sith you have dy'd beforne,
When I am dead and rotten in the dust,
Then 'gin to live, and leave when others lust.

For when I dye, shall envy dye with me,
  And lie deep smother'd with my marble stone;
Which while I live cannot be done to dye,
  Nor, if your life 'gin ere my life be done,
Will hardly yield t' await my mourning hearse,
But *for my* dead corps change my living verse.

What, shall the ashes of my senseless urne
  Need to regard the raving world above?
Sith afterwards I never can returne,
  To feel the force of hatred or of love.
Oh! if my soul could see their posthume spight,
Should it not joy and triumph in the sight?

Whatever eye shalt finde this hateful scrole
  After the date of my dear exequies,
Ah, pity thou my plaining orphan's dole,
  That faine would see the Sunne before it dies.
It dy'd before, now let it live againe,
Then let it dye, and bide some famous bane.

Satis est potuisse videri.

SATIRE I.

Che baiar vuol, bai.

Who dares upbraid these open rhymes of mine
With blindfold Aquines, or darke Venusine?
Or rough-hewn Peretismes, writ in th' antique vain
Like an old satire, and new Flaccian?
Which who reads thrice, and rubs his rugged brow,
And deep intendeth every doubtful row,
Scoring the margent with his blazing stars,
And hundreth crooketh interlinears,
(Like to a merchant's debt-roll new defac'd,
When some crack'd manour cross'd his book at last,)
Should all in rage the curse-beat page out rive,
And in each dust-heap bury me alive,
Stamping like Bucephall, whose slack'ned raines
And bloody fetlocks fry with seven men's braines.

More cruel than the cravon satire's ghost,
That bound dead bones unto a burning post;
Or some more straight-lac'd juror of the rest,
Impannel'd of an Holyfax inquest:
Yet well bethought, stoops down and reads anew;
The best lies low, and loathes the shallow view,
Quoth old Eudemon, when his gout-swolne fist
Gropes for his double ducates in his chist:
Then buckle close his carelesse lyds once more,
To pose the pore-blind snake of Epidaore.
That Lyncius may be match'd with Gaulard's sight,
That sees not Paris for the houses' height;
Or wily Cyppus, that can winke and snort
While his wife dallies on Mæcenas' skort:
Yet when he hath my crabbed pamphlet read
As oftentimes as Philip hath been dead,
Bids all the furies haunt each peevish line
That thus have rack'd their friendly reader's eyne;
Worse than the Logogryphes of later times,
Or hundredth riddles shak'd to sleeveless rhymes.
Should I endure these curses and despight
While no man's eare should glow at what I write?
Labeo is whipt, and laughs me in the face:
Why? for I smite and hide the galled place.
Gird but the cynic's helmet on his head,
Cares he for Talus, or his flayle of lead?
Long as the crafty cuttle lieth sure
In the blacke cloud of his thicke vomiture,
Who list complaine of wronged faith or fame,
When he may shift it to another's name?
Calvus can scratch his elbow and can smile,
That thriftlesse Pontice bites his lip the while.
Yet I intended in that selfe device
To *checke the churle* for his knowne covetise.

Each points his straight fore-finger to his friend,
Like the blind dial on the belfry end.
Who turns it homeward, to say this is I,
As bolder Socrates in the comedy?
But single out, and say once plat and plaine
That coy Matrona is a courtezan;
Or thou, false Cryspus, choak'dst thy wealthy guest
Whiles he lay snoaring at his midnight rest,
And in thy dung-cart didst the carkasse shrine
And deepe intombe it in Port-esqueline.
Proud Trebius lives, for all his princely gait,
On third-hand suits, and scrapings of the plate.
Titius knew not where to shroude his head
Until he did a dying widow wed,
Whiles she lay doating on her death's bed,
And now hath purchas'd lands with one night's paine,
And on the morrow wooes and weds againe.
Now see I fire-flakes sparkle from his eyes,
Like a comet's tayle in th' angry skies;
His pouting cheeks puff up above his brow,
Like a swolne toad touch'd with the spider's blow;
His mouth shrinks side-ward like a scornful playse,
To take his tired ear's ingrateful place.
His ears hang laving like a new lugg'd swine,
To take some counsel of his grieved eyne.
Now laugh I loud, and breake my splene to see
This pleasing pastime of my poesie;
Much better than a Paris-garden beare,
Or prating puppet on a theatre;
Or Mimoe's whistling to his tabouret,
Selling a laughter for a cold meal's meat.
Go to then, ye my sacred Semonees,
And please me more the more ye do displease.

Care we for all those bugs of idle feare?
For Tigels grinning on the theatre?
Or scar-babe threatnings of the rascal crew?
Or wind-spent verdicts of each ale-knight's view?
Whatever breast doth freeze for such false dread,
Beshrew his base white liver for his meed.
Fond were that pity, and that feare were sin,
To spare waste leaves that so deserved bin.
Those toothlesse toys that dropt out by mis-hap,
Be but as lightning to a thunder-clap.
Shall then that foul infamous Cyned's hide
Laugh at the purple wales of other's side?
Not if he were as near as, by report,
The stewes had wont be to th' tennis court:
He that, while thousands envy at his bed,
Neighs after bridals, and fresh maidenhead;
Whiles slavish Juno dares not look awry,
To frowne at such imperious rivalry;
Not though she sees her wedding jewels drest
To make new bracelets for a strumpet's wrest;
Or like some strange disguised Messaline,
Hires a night's lodging of his concubine:
Whether his twilight-torch of love do call
To revels of uncleanly musicall,
Or midnight plays, or taverns of new wine,
Hye ye, white aprons, to your landlord's signe;
When all, save toothlesse age or infancy,
Are summon'd to the court of venery.
Who list excuse? when chaster dames can hire
Some snout-fair stripling to their apple-squire,
Whom, staked up like to some stallion steed,
They keep with eggs and oysters for the breed.
O Lucine! barren Caia hath an heir,
After her husband's dozen years' despair.

And now the bribed midwife swears apace,
The bastard babe doth bear his father's face.
But hath not Lelia pass'd her virgin years?
For modest shame (God wot?) or penal fears?
He tells a merchant tidings of a prize,
That tells Cynedo of such novelties,
Worth little less than landing of a whale,
Or Gades' spoils, or a churl's funerale.
Go bid the banes and point the bridal day,
His broking bawd hath got a noble prey;
A vacant tenement, an honest dowre
Can fit his pander for her paramoure,
That he, base wretch, may clog his wit-old head,
And give him hansel of his hymen-bed.
Ho! all ye females that would live unshent,
Fly from the reach of Cyned's regiment.
If Trent be drawn to dregs and low refuse,
Hence, ye hot lecher, to the steaming stewes.
Tyber, the famous sink of Christendome,
Turn thou to Thames, and Thames run towards
Rome.
Whatever damned streame but thine were meet
To quench his lusting liver's boiling heat?
Thy double draught may quench his dog-days rage
With some stale Bacchis, or obsequious page,
When writhen Lena makes her sale-set shows
Of wooden Venus with fair-limned brows;
Or like him more some vailed matron's face,
Or trained prentice trading in the place.
The close adultresse, where her name is red,
Comes crawling from her husband's lukewarm bed,
Her carrion skin bedaub'd with odours sweet,
Groping the postern with her bared feet.

Now play the satire whoso list for me,
Valentine self, or some as chaste as he.
In vaine she wisheth long Alkmæna's night,
Cursing the hasty dawning of the light;
And with her cruel lady-star uprose
She seeks her third roust on her silent toes,
Besmeared all with loathsome smoake of lust,
Like Acheron's steams, or smoldring sulphur dust.
Yet all day sits she simpering in her mew
Like some chaste dame, or shrined saint in shew;
Whiles he lies wallowing with a westy-head
And palish carcase, on his brothel-bed,
Till his salt bowels boile with poisonous fire;
Right Hercules with his second Deianire.
O Esculape! how rife is physic made,
When each brasse-bason can professe the trade
Of ridding pocky wretches from their paine,
And do the beastly cure for ten groats gaine?
All these and more deserve some blood-drawn lines,
But my six cords beene of too loose a twine:
Stay till my beard shall sweep mine aged breast,
Then shall I seem an awful satyrist:
While now my rhymes relish of the ferule still,
Some nose-wise pedant saith; whose deep-seen skill
Hath three times construed either Flaccus o'er,
And thrice rehears'd them in his trivial floore,
So let them tax me for my hot blood's rage,
Rather than say I doated in my age.

SATIRE II.

ARCADES AMBO.

Old driveling Lolio drudges all he can
To make his eldest sonne a gentleman.
Who can despaire to see another thrive,
By loan of twelve-pence to an oyster-wive?
When a craz'd scaffold, and a rotten stage,
Was all rich Nænius his heritage.
Nought spendeth he for feare, nor spares for cost;
And all he spends and spares besides is lost.
Himself goes patched like some bare cottyer,
Lest he might aught the future stocke appeyre.
Let giddy Cosmius change his choice array,
Like as the Turk his tents, thrice in a day,
And all to sun and air his suits untold
From spightful moths, and frets, and hoary mold,
Bearing his pawn-laid hands upon his backe,
As snailes their shells, or pedlars do their packe.
Who cannot shine in tissues and pure gold
That hath his lands and patrimony sold?
Lolio's side coat is rough pampilian
Gilded with drops that downe the bosome ran,
White carsey hose patched on either knee,
The very emblome of good husbandry,
And a knit night-cap made of coursest twine,
With two long labels button'd to his chin;
So rides he mounted on the market-day,
Upon a straw-stufft pannel all the way,

With a maund charg'd with household merchandize,
With eggs, or white-meate, from both dayries;
And with that buys he roast for Sunday noone,
Proud how he made that week's provision.
Else is he stall-fed on the worky-day,
With browne-bread crusts soften'd in sodden whey,
Or water-gruell, or those paups of meale
That Maro makes his simule, and cybeale:
Or once a weeke, perhaps for novelty,
Reez'd bacon soords shall feast his family;
And weens this more than one egg cleft in twaine
To feast some patrone and his chappelaine:
Or more than is some hungry gallant's dole,
That in a dearth runs sneaking to an hole,
And leaves his man and dog to keepe his hall,
Lest the wild room should run forth of the wall.
Good man! him[illegible]t not spend his idle meales
In quinsing plovers, or in wining quailes;
Nor toot in cheap-side baskets earne and late
To set the first tooth in some novell cate.
Let sweet-mouth'd Mercia bid what crowns she please
For half-red cherries, or greene garden pease,
Or the first artichoaks of all the yeare,
To make so lavish cost for little cheare:
When Lolio feasteth in his revelling fit,
Some starved pullen scoures the rusted spit.
For else how should his sonne maintained be
At inns of court or of the chancery:
There to learn law, and courtly carriage,
To make amends for his mean parentage;
Where he unknowne and ruffling as he can,
Goes currant each where for a gentleman?

While yet he rousteth at some uncouth signe,
Nor ever red his tenure's second line.
What broker's lousy wardrobe cannot reach
With tissued pains to pranck each peasant's breech?
Couldst thou but give the wall, the cap, the knee,
To proud Sartorio that goes straddling by.
Wert not the needle pricked on his sleeve,
Doth by good hap the secret watch-word give?
But hear'st thou Lolio's sonne? gin not thy gaite
Until the evening owl or bloody bat:
Never until the lamps of Paul's been light,
And niggard lanterns shade the moon-shine night;
Then when the guilty bankrupt, in bold dreade,
From his close cabbin thrusts his shrinking heade,
That hath been long in shady shelter pent,
Imprisoned for feare of prisonment.
May be some russet-coat parochian
Shall call thee cousin, friend, or countryman,
And for thy hoped fist crossing the streete
Shall in his father's name his god-son greete.
Could never man work thee a worser shame
Than once to minge thy father's odious name?
Whose mention were alike to thee as lieve
As a catch-poll's fist unto a bankrupt's sleeve;
Or an *hos ego* from old Petrarch's spright
Unto a plagiary sonnet-wright.
There, soon as he can kiss his hand in gree,
And with good grace bow it below the knee,
Or make a Spanish face with fawning cheere,
With th' iland conge like a cavalier,
And shake his head, and cringe his neck and side,
Home hies he in his father's farm to bide.
The tenants wonder at their landlord's sonne,
And blesse them at so sudden coming on,

re than who vies his pence to view some trick
stranges Moroco's dumb arithmetick,
the young elephant, or two-tayl'd steere,
the rigg'd camell, or the fiddling frere.
ɣ then his Hodge shall leave the plough and
waine,
d buy a booke, and go to schoole againe.
ıy mought not he as well as others done,
e from his fescue to his Littleton?
ɔls they may feed with words, and live by ayre,
ıt climb to honour by the pulpit's stayre:
seven years pining in an anchore's cheyre,
win some patched shreds of Minivere;
d seven more plod at a patron's tayle
get a gilded chapel's cheaper sayle.
. Lolio sees, and laugheth in his sleeve
the great hope they and his state do give.
: that which glads and makes him proud'st of all,
vhen the brabling neighbours on him call
· counsel in some crabbed case of law,
some indentments, or some bond to draw:
neighbour's goose hath grazed on his lea,
ıat action mought be enter'd in the plea?
new-fall'n lands have made him in request,
ıt now he looks as lofty as the best.
d well done Lolio, like a thrifty sire,
vere pity but thy sonne should prove a squire.
w I foresee in many ages past,
ıen Lolio's caytive name is quite defac'd,
ine heir, thine heir's heir, and his heir again,
ɔm out the lines of careful Lolian,
ıll climb up to the chancell pewes on high,
d rule and raigne in their rich tenancy;

When perch'd aloft to perfect their estate
They rack their rents unto a treble rate;
And hedge in all the neighbour common lands,
And clodge their slavish tenants with commands;
Whiles they, poor souls, with feeling sigh com-
And wish old Lolio were alive againe, [plaine,
And praise his gentle soule, and wish it well,
And of his friendly facts full often tell.
His father dead! tush, no it was not he,
He finds records of his great pedigree,
And tells how first his famous ancestour
Did come in long since with the Conquerour.
Nor hath some bribed herald first assign'd
His quartered arms and crest of gentle kind;
The Scottish barnacle, if I might choose,
That of a worme doth waxe a winged goose;
Nathlesse some hungry squire for hope of good
Matches the churl's sonne into gentle blood,
Whose sonne more justly of his gentry boasts
Than who were born at two py'd painted posts,
And had some traunting merchant to his sire,
That trafick'd both by water and by fire.
O times! since ever Rome did kings create,
Brasse gentlemen, and Cæsars laureate.

SATIRE III.

Fuimus troes. Vel vix ea nostra.

What boots it, Pontice, though thou could'st dis
course
Of a long golden line of ancestours?

Or show their painted faces gayly drest,
From ever since before the last conquest?
Or tedious bead-rolls of descended blood,
From father Japhet since Ducalion's flood?
Or call some old church-windows to record
The age of thy faire armes;——
Or find some figures halfe obliterate
In rain-beat marble near to the church-gate
Upon a crosse-legg'd tombe: what boots it thee
To show the rusted buckle that did tie
The garter of thy greatest grandsire's knee?
What to reserve their relicks many yeares,
Their silver spurs, or spils of broken speares?
Or cite old Ocland's verse, how they did wield
The wars in Turwin, or in Turney field?
And if thou canst in picking strawes engage
In one half day thy father's heritage;
Or hide whatever treasures he thee got,
In some deep cock-pit, or in desp'rate lot
Upon a six-square piece of ivory,
Throw both thy self and thy posterity?
Or if (O shame!) in hired harlot's bed
Thy wealthy heirdome thou have buried:
Then, Pontice, little boots thee to discourse
Of a long golden line of ancestours.
Ventrous Fortunio his farm hath sold,
And gads to Guiane land to fish for gold,
Meeting perhaps, if Orenoque deny,
Some straggling pinnace of Polonian rye:
Then comes home floating with a silken sail,
That Severne shaketh with his cannon-peal:
Wiser Raymundus, in his closet pent,
Laughs at such danger and adventurement,

When half his lands are spent in golden smoke,
And now his second hopeful glasse is broke.
But yet if hap'ly his third fornace hold,
Devoteth all his pots and pans to gold:
So spend thou, Pontice, if thou canst not spare,
Like some stout seaman, or phylosopher.
And were thy fathers gentle? that's their praise;
No thank to thee by whom their name decays;
By virtue got they it, and valorous deed;
Do thou so, Pontice, and be honoured.
But else, look how their virtue was their owne,
Not capable of propagation.
Right so their titles beene, nor can be thine,
Whose ill deserts might blanke their golden line.
Tell me thou gentle Trojan, dost thou prize
Thy brute beasts' worth by their dams' qualities?
Say'st thou this colt shall prove a swift-pac'd steed
Only because a jennet did him breed?
Or say'st thou this same horse shall win the prize,
Because his dam was swiftest Trunchefice,
Or Runcevall his sire? himself a Gallaway?
Whiles like a tireling jade he lags half-way.
Or whiles thou seest some of thy stallion race,
Their eyes bor'd out, masking the miller's maze,
Like to a Scythian slave sworne to the payle,
Or dragging frothy barrels at his tayle?
Albe wise Nature in her providence,
Wont in the want of reason and of sense,
Traduce the native virtue with the kind,
Making all brute and senselesse things inclin'd
Unto their cause, or place where they were sowne;
That one is like to all, and all like one.
Was never fox but wily cubs begets;
The bear his fiercenesse to his brood beseta;

Nor fearful hare falls out of lion's seed,
Nor eagle wont the tender dove to breed.
Creet ever wont the cypress sad to bear,
Acheron banks the palish popelar:
The palm doth rifely rise in Jury field,
And Alpheus waters nought but olives wild.
Asopus breeds big bullrushes alone,
Meander, heath; peaches by Nilus growne.
An English wolfe, an Irish toad to see,
Were as a chaste man nurs'd in Italy.
And now when nature gives another guide
To human-kind, that in his bosome bides,
Above instinct, his reason and discourse,
His being better, is his life the worse?
Ah me! how seldome we see sonnes succeed
Their father's praise, in prowesse and great deed?
Yet certes if the sire be ill inclin'd,
His faults befal his sonnes by course of kind.
Scaurus was covetous, his sonne not so;
But not his pared nayle will he forego.
Florian, the sire, did women love alive,
And so his sonne doth too, all but his wife.
Brag of thy father's faults, they are thine own:
Brag of his lands, if they are not foregone.
Brag of thine own good deeds, for they are thine
More than his life, or lands, or golden line.

SATIRE IV.

Plus beaque fort.

Can I not touch some upstart carpet-shield
Of Lolio's sonne, that never saw the field;

Or taxe wild Pontice for his luxuries,
But straight they tell me of Tiresias' eyes?
Or luckless Collingborn's feeding of the crowes,
Or hundreth scalps which Thames still overflowes,
But straight Sigalion nods and knits his browes,
And winkes and waftes his warning hand for feare,
And lisp some silent letters in my eare?
Have I not vow'd for shunning such debate?
Pardon, ye satires, to degenerate!
And wading low in the plebeian lake,
That no salt wave shall froth upon my backe.
Let Labeo, or who else list for me,
Go loose his ears and fall to alchimy:
Only let Gallio give me leave a while
To schoole him once or ere I change my style.
O lawlesse paunch! the cause of much despight,
Through raunging of a currish appetite,
When spleenish morsels cram the gaping maw,
Withouten diet's care or trencher-law;
Though never have I Salerne rhymes profest
To be some lady's trencher-critick guest;
Whiles each bit cooleth for the oracle,
Whose sentence charms it with a rhyming spell.
Touch not this coler, that melancholy,
This bit were dry and hot, that cold and dry.
Yet can I set my Gallio's dieting,
A pestle of a lark, or plover's wing;
And warn him not to cast his wanton eyne
On grosser bacon, or salt haberdine,
Or dried flitches of some smoked beeve,
Hang'd on a writhen wythe since Martin's eve,
Or burnt larke's heeles, or rashers raw and greene,
Or melancholick liver of an hen,

Which stout Vorano brags to make his feast,
And claps his hand on his brave ostridge breast;
Then falls to praise the hardy janizar
That sucks his horse side, thirsting in the war.
Lastly, to seal up all that he hath spoke,
Quaffes a whole tunnell of tobacco smoke.
If Martius in boist'rous buffs be dress'd,
Branded with iron plates upon the breast,
And pointed on the shoulders for the nonce,
As new come from the Belgian garrisons,
What should thou need to envy aught at that,
Whenas thou smellest like a civet cat?
Whenas thine oyled locks smooth platted fall,
Shining like varnish'd pictures on a wall.
When a plum'd fanne may shade thy chalked face,
And lawny strips thy naked bosom grace.
If brabbling Make-fray, at each fair and size,
Picks quarrels for to show his valiantize,
Straight pressed for an hungry Swizzer's pay
To thrust his fist to each part of the fray,
And piping hot puffs toward the pointed plaine,
With a broad Scot, or proking spit of Spaine;
Or hoyseth sayle up to a forraine shore,
That he may live a lawlesse conquerour.
If some such desp'rate hackster shall devise
To rouze thine hare's-heart from her cowardice,
As idle children striving to excell
In blowing bubbles from an empty shell;
Oh, Hercules! how like to prove a man,
That all so rath thy warlike life began?
Thy mother could thee for thy cradle set
Her husband's rusty iron corselet;
Whose jargling sound might rock her babe to rest,
That never plain'd of his uneasy nest:

There did he dreame of dreary wars at hand,
And woke, and fought, and won, ere he could stand.
But who hath seene the lambs of Tarentine,
May guesse what Gallio his manners beene;
All soft as the falling thistle-downe,
Soft as is the fumy ball, or Morrian's crowne.
Now Gallio, gins thy youthly heat to raigne
In every vigorous limb and swelling vaine;
Time bids thee raise thine headstrong thoughts on high,
To valour and advent'rous chivalry:
Pawne thou no glove for challenge of the deed,
Nor make thy quintaine others armed head.
T' enrich the waiting herald with thy shame,
And make thy losse the scornful scaffold's game.
Wars, God forefend! may God defend from war;
Soone are sonnes spent, that not soon reared are.
Gallio may pull me roses ere they fall,
Or in his net entrap the tennis-ball,
Or tend his spar-hawke mantling in her mew,
Or yelping beagles busy heeles pursue,
Or watch a sinking corke upon the shore,
Or halter finches through a privy doore,
Or list he spend the time in sportful game,
In daily courting of his lovely dame,
Hang on her lips, melt in her wanton eye,
Dance in her hand, joy in her jollity;
Here's little perill, and much lesser paine,
So timely Hymen do the rest restraine.
Hye, wanton Gallio, and wed betime, [prime?
Why should'st thou leese the pleasures of thy
*S*eest thou the rose-leaves fall ungathered?
Then hye thee, wanton Gallio, to wed.

Let ring and ferule meet upon thine hand,
And Lucine's girdle with her swathing-band.
Hye thee, and give the world yet one dwarfe more,
Such as it got when thou thy selfe was bore:
Looke not for warning of thy bloomed chin,
Can ever happinesse too soone begin?
Virginius vow'd to keep his maidenhead,
And eats chast lettice, and drinks poppy-seed,
And smells on camphire fasting; and that done,
Long hath he liv'd, chaste as a vailed nunne;
Free as a new-absolved damosell
That frier Cornelius shrived in his cell,
Till now he wax'd a toothlesse bachelour,
He thaws like Chaucer's frosty Januere,
And sets a month's mind upon smiling May,
And dyes his beard that did his age bewray;
Biting on annys-seede and rosemarine,
Which might the fume of his rot lungs refine:
Now he in Charon's barge a bride doth seeke,
The maidens mocke, and call him withered leeke,
That with a green tayle hath an hoary head,
And now he would, and now he cannot wed.

SATIRE V.

Stupet albius ære.

Would now that Matho were the satyrist,
That some fat bride might grease him in the fist,
For which he need not brawl at any bar,
Nor kisse the booke to be a perjurer;

Who else would scorn his silence to have sold,
And have his tongue tyed with strings of gold?
Curius is dead, and buried long since,
And all that loved golden abstinence.
Might he not well repine at his old fee,
Would he but spare to speake of usury?
Hirelings enow beside can be so base, [brasse:
Though we should scorne each bribing varlet's
Yet he and I could shun each jealous head,
Sticking our thumbs close to our girdle-stead.
Though were they manicled behind our backe,
Another's fist can serve our fees to take.
Yet pursy Euclio cheerly smiling pray'd
That my sharp words might curtail their side trade:
For thousands beene in every governall
That live by losse, and rise by others' fall.
Whatever sickly sheepe so secret dies,
But some foule raven hath bespoke his eyes?
What else makes N—— when his lands are spent,
Go shaking like a threadbare malecontent,
Whose bandlesse bonnet vailes his o'ergrown chin,
And sullen rags bewray his morphew'd skin;
So ships he to the wolfish western isle
Among the savage kernes in sad exile;
Or in the Turkish wars at Cæsar's pay
To rub his life out till the latest day.
Another shifting gallant to forecast
To gull his hostess for a month's repast,
With some gall'd trunk, ballast with straw and stone,
Left for the pawn of his provision.
Had F——'s shop layn fallow but from hence,
His doores close seal'd as in some pestilence,
Whiles his light heeles their fearful flight can take.
To get some badgelesse blue upon his back.

Tocullio was a wealthy usurer,
Such store of incomes had he every year,
By bushels was he wont to mete his coine,
As did the olde wife of Trimalcion.
Could he do more that finds an idle roome
For many hundreth thousands on a tombe?
Or who rears up four free-schooles in his age
Of his old pillage, and damn'd surplussage?
Yet now he swore by that sweete crosse he kiss'd
(That silver crosse, where he had sacrific'd
His coveting soule, by his desire's owne doome.
Daily to die the Devil's martyrdome)
His angels were all flowne up to their sky,
And had forsooke his naked treasury.
Farewell Astrea, and her weights of gold,
Untill his ling'ring calends once be told;
Nought left behind but wax and parchment scroles,
Like Lucian's dreame that silver turn'd to coals.
Should'st thou him credit that nould credit thee?
Yes, and may'st sweare he swore the verity.
The ding-thrift heir his shift-got summe mispent,
Comes drooping like a penlesse penitent,
And beats his faint fist on Tocullio's doore,
It lost the last, and now must call for more.
Now hath the spider caught a wand'ring fly,
And draws her captive at her cruel thigh:
Soon is his errand read in his pale face,
Which bears dumb characters of every case.
So Cyned's dusky checke, and fiery eye,
And hairelesse brow, tells where he last did lye.
So Matho doth bewray his guilty thought,
While his pale face doth say his cause is nought.
Seest thou the wary angler trayle along
His feeble line, soone as some pike too strong

Hath swallowed the baite, that scornes the shore,
Yet now near-hand cannot resist no more?
So lieth he aloofe in smooth pretence,
To hide his rough intended violence;
As he that under name of Christmas cheere
Can starve his tenants all th' ensuing yeare.
Paper and wax, (God wot!) a weake repay
For such deepe debts and downcast sums as they:
Write, seale, deliver, take, go spend and speede,
And yet full hardly could his present need
Part with such sum; for but as yester-late
Did Furnus offer pen-worths at easy rate,
For small disbursment; he the bankes hath broke;
And needs mote now some further playne o'erlook;
Yet ere he go faine would he be releast,
Hye ye, ye ravens, hye you to the feast.
Provided that thy lands are left entire,
To be redeem'd or ere thy day expire:
Then shalt thou teare those idle paper bonds
That thus had fettered thy pawned lands.
Ah, foole! for sooner shalt thou sell the rest
Than stake ought for thy former interest;
When it shall grind thy grating gall for shame,
To see the lands that beare thy grandsire's name
Become a dunghill peasant's summer-hall,
Or lonely hermit's cage inhospitall;
A pining gourmand, an imperious slave,
An horse-leech, barren wombe, and gaping grave;
A legal thiefe, a bloodlesse murtherer,
A fiend incarnate, a false usurer:
Albe such mayne extort scorns to be pent
In the clay walls of thatched tenement.
For certes no man of a low degree
May bid two guests, or gout, or misery

Unlesse some base hedge-creeping Collybist
Scatters his refuse scraps on whom he list
For Easter gloves, or for a shrove-tide hen,
Which bought to give, he takes to sell again.
I do not meane some glozing merchant's feate,
That laugheth at the cozened world's deceit,
When as an hundred stocks lie in his fist,
He leaks, and sinks, and breaketh when he list.
But Nummius eas'd the needy gallant's care
With a base bargain of his blowen ware
Of fusted hops, now lost for lack of sale,
Or mould brown paper that could nought availe;
Or what he cannot utter otherwise,
May pleasure Fridoline for treble price;
Whiles his false broker lieth in the wind,
And for a present chapman is assign'd,
The cut-throat wretch for their compacted gaine
Buys all but for one quarter of the mayne;
Whiles if he chance to break his deare-bought day
And forfeit, for default of due repay,
His late entangled lands; then, Fridoline,
Buy thee a wallet, and go beg or pine.
If Mammon's selfe should ever live with men,
Mammon himself shall be a citizen.

SATIRE VI.

Quid placet ergo?

I WOT not how the world's degenerate,
That men or know, or like not their estate:

Out from the Gades up to th' eastern mooue,
Not one but holds his native state forlorne.
When comely stripling wish it were their chance,
For Cænis' distaffe to enchange their lance,
And weare curl'd perriwigs, and chalk their face,
And still are poring on their pocket-glasse.
Tyr'd with pinn'd ruffs and fans, and perfect stayes,
And busks and vardingales about their hipes,
And tread on corked stilts a prisoner's pace,
And make their napkin for their spitting place,
And gripe their waist within a narrow span:
Fond Cænis, that would'st wish to be a man!
Whose manish housewives like their restive state,
And make a drudge of their uxorious mate,
Who like a cot-queene freezeth at the rock,
Whiles his breech's dame doth man the forren stock.
Is't not a shame to see each homely groome
Sit perched in an idle chariot roome,
That were not meete some pannel to bestride,
Sursingled to a galled hackney's hide?
Each muck-worme will be rich with lawlesse gaine,
Although he smother up mowes of seven years' graine,
And hang'd himself when corne grows cheap again;
Although he buy whole harvests in the spring,
And foyst in false strikes to the measuring:
Although his shop be muffled from the light
Like a day dungeon, or Cimmerian night:
Nor full nor fasting can the carle take rest,
While his George-Nobles rusten in his chest,
He sleeps but once, and dreames of burglary,
And wakes and casts about his frighted eye,
And gropes for th' eves in ev'ry darker shade;
And if a mouse but stirre he calls for ayde.

The sturdy plough-man doth the soldier see
All scarfed with py'd colours to the knee,
Whom Indian pillage hath made fortunate,
And now he gins to loathe his former state:
Now doth he inly scorne his Kendall-Greene,
And his patch'd cockers now despised beene.
Nor list he now go whistling to the carre,
But sells his teeme and setleth to the warre.
O warre! to them that never try'd thee, sweete!
When his dead mate falls groveling at his feete,
And angry bullets whistlen at his eare,
And his dim eyes see nought but death and drere.
Oh, happy ploughman! were thy weale well knowne:
Oh, happy all estates except his owne!
Some drunken rhymer thinks his time well spent,
If he can live to see his name in print;
Who when he is once fleshed to the presse,
And sees his handsell have such faire successe,
Sung to the wheele, and sung unto the payle,
He sends forth thraves of ballads to the sale.
Nor then can rest, but volumes up bodg'd rhymes,
To have his name talk'd of in future times.
The brain-sick youth, that feeds his tickled eare
With sweet-sauc'd lies of some false traveller,
Which hath the Spanish decades read awhile,
Or whet-stone leasings of old Mandeville;
Now with discourses breakes his mid-night sleepe,
Of his adventures through the Indian deepe,
Of all their massy heapes of golden mine,
Or of the antique tombes of Palestine;
Or of Damascus' magick wall of glasse,
Of Solomon his sweating piles of brasse,

Of the bird Roc that bears an elephant,
Of mermaids that the southerne seas do haunt;
Of headlesse men of savage cannibals,
The fashions of their lives and governals;
What monstrous cities there erected be,
Cayro, or the city of the Trinity.
Now are they dung-hill cocks that have not seene
The bordering Alpes, or else the neighbour Rhine
And now he pilles the news-full grasshopper,
Of voyages and ventures to inquire.
His land mortgag'd, he, sea-beat in the way,
Wishes for home a thousand sighs a day.
And now he deems his home-bred fare so leade
As his parcht bisket, or his barrel'd beede.
Mongst all these stirs of discontented strife,
Oh, let me lead an academick life;
To know much, and to think we nothing know;
Nothing to have, yet think we have enowe;
In skill to want, and wanting seek for more;
In weale nor want, nor wish for greater store.
Envy, ye monarchs, with your proud excesse,
At our low sayle, and our high happinesse.

SATIRE VII.

POMH PTMH.

Who says these Romish pageants been too high
To be the scorne of sportful poesy?
Certes not all the world such matter wist
As are the seven hills, for a satyrist.

Perdie I loath an hundred Mathoes' tongues,
An hundred gamesters' shifts, or landlords' wrongs,
Or Labeo's poems, or base Lolio's pride,
Or ever what I thought or wrote beside.
When once I thinke if carping Aquine's spright,
To see now Rome, were licens'd to the light,
How his enraged ghost would stamp and stare,
That Cæsar's throne is turn'd to Peter's chayre.
To see an old shorne lozell perched high,
Crossing beneath a golden canopy;
The whiles a thousand hairlesse crownes crouch low,
To kisse the precious case of his proud toe;
And for the lordly fasces borne of old,
To see two quiet crossed keyes of gold,
Or Cybele's shrine, the famous Pantheon's frame,
Turn'd to the honour of our lady's name.
But that he most would gaze and wonder at,
Is th' horned mitre, and the bloody hat,
The crooked staffe, their coule's strange form and store,
Save that he saw the same in Hell before;
To see the broken nuns, with new-shorne heads,
In a blind cloyster tosse their idle beades,
Or louzy coules come smoking from the stewes,
To raise the lewd rent to their lord accrewes,
(Who with ranke Venice doth his pompe advance
By trading of ten thousand courtezans)
Yet backward must absolve a female's sinne,
Like to a false dissembling Theatine,
Who when his skin is red with shirts of male
And rugged haire-cloth scoures his greasy nayle,
Or wedding garment tames his stubborne backe,
Which his hempe girdle dies all blew and blacke.

Or of his almes-boule three dayes supp'd and din'd,
Trudges to open stewes of either kinde:
Or takes some cardinal's stable in the way,
And with some pampered mule doth weare the day,
Kept for his lord's own saddle when him list.
Come, Valentine, and play the satyrist.
To see poor sucklings welcom'd to the light
With searing irons of some soure Jacobite,
Or golden offers of an aged foole,
To make his coffin some Franciscan's coule;
To see the pope's blacke knight, a cloaked frere,
Sweating in the channel like a scavengere,
Whom erst they bowed hamme did lowly greete,
When at the corner-crosse thou didst him meete,
Tumbling his rosaries hanging at his belt,
Or his baretta, or his tow'red felt:
To see a lazy dumb acholithite
Armed against a devout flye's despight,
Which at th' high altar doth the chalice vaile
With a broad flie-flappe of a peacocke's tayle,
The whiles the liquorous priest spits every trice
With longing for his morning sacrifice,
Which he reares up quite perpendiculare,
That the mid church doth spighte the chancel's fare,
Beating their empty mawes that would be fed
With the scant morsels of the sacrists' bread:
Would he not laugh to death when he should heare
The shamelesse legends of St. Christopher,
St. George, the Sleepers, or St. Peter's well,
Or of his daughter good St. Petronell?
But had he heard the female father's groane,
Yeaning in mids of her procession;
Or now should see the needlesse tryal-chayre,
(When each is proved by his bastard heyre)

Or saw the churches, and new calendere
Pester'd with mongrel saints and relicks deare,
Should he cry out on Codro's tedious toombes,
When his new rage would ask no narrower roomes?

SATIRES.

BOOK V.

SATIRE I.

Sit pœna merenti.

Pardon, ye glowing eares; needs will it out,
Though brazen walls compass'd my tongue about
As thick as wealthy Scorbio's quick-set rowes
In the wide common that he did enclose.
Pull out mine eyes, if I shall see no vice,
Or let me see it with detesting eyes.
Renowned Aquine, now I follow thee,
Far as I may for feare of jeopardy;
And to thy hand yield up the ivy-mace
From crabbed Perseus, and more smooth Horace;
Or from that shrew the Roman poetesse,
That taught her gossips learned bitternesse;
Or Lucile's Muse whom thou didst imitate,
Or Menips old, or Pasquillers of late.
Yet name I not Mutius, or Tigilline,
Though they deserve a keener style than mine;
Nor meane to ransack up the quiet grave;
Nor burn dead bones, as he example gave:
I taxe the living: let the dead ashes rest,
Whose faults are dead, and nailed in their chest.

Who can refrain that's guiltlesse of their crime,
Whiles yet he lives in such a cruel time?
When Titio's grounds, that in his grandsire's dayes
But one pound fine, one penny rent did raise,
A summer snow-ball, or a winter rose,
Is growne to thousands as the world now goes.
So thrift and time sets other things on floate,
That now his sonne soups in a silken coate,
Whose grandsire happily, a poore hungry swaine,
Begg'd some cast abbey in the church's wayne:
And but for that, whatever he may vaunt,
Who knows a monk had been a mendicant?
While freezing Matho, that for one lean fee
Won't term each term the term of Hilary,
May now, instead of those his simple fees,
Get the fee-simples of faire manneries.
What, did he counterfeat his prince's hand,
For some streave lordship of concealed land?
Or on each Michael and Lady-day,
Tooke he deepe forfeits for an hour's delay?
And gain'd no lesse by such injurious brawl,
Then Gamius by his sixth wife's burial?
Or hath he wonne some wider interest,
By hoary charters from his grandsire's chest,
Which late some bribed scribe for slender wage,
Writ in the characters of another age,
That Plowdon selfe might stammer to rehearse,
Whose date o'erlooks three centuries of years.
Who ever yet the tracks of weale so try'd,
But there hath been one beaten way beside?
He, when he lets a lease for life, or yeares,
(As never he doth until the date expires;
For when the full state in his fist doth lie,
He may take vantage of the vacancy,)

His fine [illegible] bl[illegible] pounds
As he [illegible] is grounds:
His rent [illegible] ist arise
To double trebles of his one y[illegible]are's price.
Of one baye's bre[illegible]h, [illegible] a silly coate,
Whose thatched s[illegible] d with sluttish soote
A whole inch [illegible] black-moor's brows,
Through smoke that [illegible] he headlesse barrel
At his bed's feet feeden his [illegible]led teeme; [blows.
His swine beneath, his pullen o'er the beame.
A starved tenement, such as I guesse
Stands straggling in the waste[illegible] of Holdernesse;
Or such as shiver on a peake hill side,
When March's lungs beate on their turf-clad hide;
Such as nice Lipsius would [illegible]dge to see
Above his lodging in wild w[illegible]tphalye;
Or as the Saxon king his co[illegible] might make,
When his sides playned of the neat-heard's cake.
Yet must he haunt his greedy landlord's hall
With often presents at each festivall:
With crammed capons every new-yeare's morne,
Or with green cheeses when his sheep are shorne:
Or many maunds full of his mellow fruite,
To make some way to win his weighty suite.
Whom cannot gifts at last cause to relent,
Or to win favour, or flee punishment?
When griple patrons turn their sturdie steele
To waxe, when they the golden flame do feele:
When grand Mæcenas casts a glavering eye
On the cold present of a poesy:
And lest he might more frankly take than give,
Gropes for a French crowne in his empty sleeve.
Thence Clodius hopes to set his shoulders free
From the light burden of his napery.

The smiling landlord shows a shun-shine fase,
Feigning that he will grant him further grace,
And leers like Æsop's foxe upon a crane
Whose neck he craves for his chirurgian:
So lingers off the lease until the last,
What recks he then of pains or promise past?
Was ever feather, or fond woman's mind
More light than words? the blasts of idle wind!
What's fib or fire, to take the gentle slip
And in th' exchequer rot for surety-ship?
Or thence thy starved brother live and die,
Within the cold Coal-harbour sanctuary?
Will one from Scots-bank bid but one groate more,
My old tenant may be turned out of doore,
Though much he spent in th' rotten roof's repaire,
In hope to have it left unto his heir:
Though many a load of marle and manure layd,
Reviv'd his barren leas, that erst lay dead.
Were he as Furius, he would defy
Such pilfering slips of petty landlordry:
And might dislodge whole colonies of poore,
And lay their roofe quite level with their floore,
Whiles yet he gives as to a yielding fence,
Their bag and baggage to his citizens,
And ships them to the new-nam'd virgin-lond,
Or wilder Wales, where never wight yet wonn'd.
Would it not vex thee where thy sires did keep,
To see the dunged folds of dag-tayl'd sheep?
And ruin'd house where holy things were said,
Whose free-stone walls the thatched roofe upbraid,
Whose shrill saint's-bell hangs on his lovery,
While the rest are damned to the plumbery?
Yet pure devotion lets the steeple stand,
And idle battlements on either hand:

Lest that, perhaps, were all those rollicks gone,
Furius his sacrilege could not be knowne.

SATIRE II.

Hete quærite Trojam.

House-keeping's dead, Sa[illegible] wot'st thou where?
Forsooth they say far hence in Breck-neck shire.
And ever since, they say that reel and taste,
That men may break their neck soon as their fast.
Certes, if pity dy'd at Chaucer's date,
He liv'd a widower long behind his mate;
Save that I see some rotten bed-rid sire,
Which to out-strip the non[illegible] of his heire,
Is crammed with golden bro[illegible], and drugs of price,
And each day dying lives, and living dies;
Till once surviv'd his wardship's laten eve,
His eyes are clos'd, with choice to die or live.
Plenty and he dy'd both in that same yeare,
When the sad sky did shed so many a teare.
And now, who list not of his labour faile,
Mark with Saturio my friendly tale.
Along thy way thou canst not but descry
Fair glittering halls to tempt the hopeful eye,
Thy right eye 'gins to leap for vaine delight,
And surbeat toes to tickle at the sight;
As greedy T—— when in the sounding mould
He finds a shining potshard tip'd with gold;
For never syren tempts the pleased eares,
As these the eye of fainting passengers.
All is not so that seemes, for surely then
Matrona should not be a courtezan;

Smooth Chrysalus should not be rich with fraud,
Nor honest R—— be his own wife's bawd.
Look not asquint, nor stride across the way
Like some demurring Alcide to delay;
But walk on cheerly, till thou have espy'd
St. Peter's finger at the church-yard side.
But wilt thou needs, when thou art warn'd so well,
Go see who in so garish walls do dwell?
There findest thou some stately Dorick frame,
Or neat Ionick worke;.....
Like the vain bubble of Iberian pride,
That over-croweth all the world beside.
Which rear'd to raize the crazy monarch's fame,
Strives for a court and for a college name;
Yet nought within but lousy coules doth hold,
Like a scabb'd cuckow in a cage of gold.
So pride above doth shade the shame below;
A golden periwig on a black-moor's brow.
When Mævo's first page of his poesy,
Nail'd to an hundred postes for novelty,
With his big title an Italian mot,
Layes siege unto the backward buyer's groat;
Which all within is drafty sluttish geere,
Fit for the oven, or the kitchen fire.
So this gay gate adds fuel to thy thought,
That such proud piles were never rais'd for nought.
Beat the broad gates, a goodly hollow sound
With double echoes doth again rebound;
But not a dog doth bark to welcome thee,
Nor churlish porter canst thou chafing see:
All dumb and silent, like the dead of night,
Or dwelling of some sleepy Sybarite.
The marble pavement hid with desert weed,
With house-leek, thistle, dock, and hemlock-seed:

But if thou chance cast up thy wond'ring eyes,
Thou shalt discern upon the frontispiece
ΟΥΔΕΙΣ ΕΙΣΙΤΩ graven up on high,
A fragment of old Plato's poesy:
The meaning is, "Sir Foole, ye may be gone,
"Go back by leave, for way here lieth none."
Look to the tow'red chimnies which should be
The wind-pipes of good hospitality,
Through which it breatheth to the open aire,
Betokening life, and liberal welfare;
Lo! there th' unthankful swallow takes her rest,
And fills the tunnell with her circled nest;
Nor half that smoke from all his chimnies goes
Which one tobacco-pipe drives through his nose.
So raw-bone hunger scorns the mudded walls,
And 'gins to revel it in lordly halls.
So the black prince is broken loose againe
That saw no Sunne save once, (as stories faine,)
That once was, when in Trinacry I weene
He stole the daughter of the harvest queene,
And gript the mawes of barren Sicily
With long constraint of pineful penury;
And they that should resist his second rage,
Have pent themselves up in the private cage
Of some blind lane, and there they lurk unknowne
Till th' hungry tempest once be over-blowne:
Then, like the coward after neighbour's fray,
They creep forth boldly, and ask, Where are they?
Meanwhile the hunger-starv'd appurtenance
Must bide the brunt, whatever ill mischance:
Grim Famine sits in their fore-pined face,
All full of angles of unequal space,
Like to the plane of many-sided squares,
That wont be drawne out by geometers;

So sharp and meager, that who should them see
Would swear they lately came from Hungary.
When their brasse pans and winter coverlid
Have wip'd the maunger of the horse's bread,
Oh me! what odds there seemeth 'twixt their cheer
And the swolne bezzle at an alehouse fire,
That tonnes in gallons to his bursten paunch,
Whose slimy draughts his drought can never staunch?
For shame, ye gallants! grow more hospitall,
And turn your needlesse wardrobe to your hall.
As lavish Virro that keeps open doores,
Like Janus in the warres,.....
Except the twelve days, or the wake-day feast,
What time he needs must be his cousin's guest.
Philene hath bid him, can he choose but come?
Who should pull Virro's sleeve to stay at home?
All yeare besides who meal-time can attend:
Come Trebius, welcome to the table's end.
What though he chires on purer manchet's crowne,
While his kind client grindes on blacke and browne,
A jolly rounding of a whole foot broad,
From off the mong-corne heap shall Trebius load.
What though he quaffe pure amber in his bowle
Of March-brew'd wheat, yet slecks thy thirsting soul
With palish oat, frothing in Boston clay,
Or in a shallow cruise, nor must that stay
Within thy reach, for fear of thy craz'd braine,
But call and crave, and have thy cruise againe:
Else how should even tale be registred,
Or all thy draughts, on the chalk'd barrel's head?
And if he list revive his heartless graine
With *some French* grape, or pure Canariane;

When pleasing Bourdeaux falls unto his lot,
Some sow'rish Rochelle cuts thy thirsting throate.
What though himselfe carveth his welcome friend
With a cool'd pittance from his trencher's end,
Must Trebius' lip hang toward his trencher side?
Nor kisse his fist to take what doth betide?
What though to spare thy teeth he employs thy tongue
In busy questions all the dinner long?
What though the scornful waiter lookes askile,
And pouts and frowns, and curseth thee the while,
And takes his farewell with a jealous eye,
At every morsell he his last shall see?
And if but one exceed the common size,
Or make an hillock in thy cheeke arise,
Or if perchance thou shouldest, ere thou wist,
Hold thy knife upright in thy griped fist,
Or sittest double on thy backward seat,
Or with thine elbow shad'st thy shared meat,
He laughs thee, in his fellow's eare, to scorne,
And asks aloud, where Trebius was borne?
Though the third sewer takes thee quite away
Without a staffe, when thou would'st longer stay,
What of all this? Is't not enough to say,
I din'd at Virro his owne board to day?

SATIRE III.

ΚΟΙΝΑ ΦΙΛΩΝ.

The satire should be like the porcupine,
That shoots sharp quils out in each angry line,

And wounds the blushing cheeke, and fiery eye,
Of him that hears, and readeth guiltily.
Ye antique satires, how I blesse your dayes,
That brook'd your bolder style, their own dispraise,
And well near wish, yet joy my wish is vaine,
I had been then, or they been now againe!
For now our eares been of more brittle mold,
Than those dull earthen eares that were of old:
Sith theirs, like anvils, bore the hammer's head,
Our glasse can never touch unshivered.
But from the ashes of my quiet stile
Henceforth may rise some raging rough Lucile,
That may with Æschylus both find and leese
The snaky tresses of th' Eumenides:
Meanwhile, sufficeth me, the world may say
That I these vices loath'd another day,
Which I hane done with as devout a cheere
As he that rounds Poul's pillars in the yeare,
Or bends his ham downe in the naked quire.
'Twas ever said, Frontine, and ever seene,
That golden clerkes but wooden lawyers been.
Could ever wise man wish, in good estate,
The use of all things indiscriminate?
Who wots not yet how well this did beseeme
The learned master of the academe?
Plato is dead, and dead is his device,
Which some thought witty, none thought over wise,
Yet Certes Mæcha is a Platonist
To all, they say, save whoso do not list;
Because her husband, a far-trafick'd man,
Is a profess'd Peripatecian.
And *so our grandsires* were in ages past,
That let their lands lye all so widely waste,

That nothing was in pale or hedge ypent
Within some province, or whole shire's extent.
As Nature made the earth, so did it lie,
Save for the furrowes of their husbandry;
Whenas the neighbour-lands so couched layne
That all bore show of one fair champian:
Some headlesse crosse they digged on their lea,
Or roll'd some marked meare-stone in the way.
Poor simple men! for what mought that availe,
That my field might not fill my neighbour's payle,
More than a pilled stick can stand in stead,
To bar Cynedo from his neighbour's bed;
More than the thread-bare client's poverty
Debars th' attorney of his wonted fee?
If they were thriftlesse, mought not we amend,
And with more care our dangered fields defend?
Each man can guard what thing he deemeth deare,
As fearful merchants do their female heir,
Which, were it not for promise of their wealth,
Need not be stalled up for fear of stealth;
Would rather stick upon the bell-man's cries,
Though profer'd for a branded Indian's price.
Then raise we muddy bulwarks on our banks,
Beset around with treble quick-set ranks;
Or if those walls be over weak a ward,
The squared bricke may be a better guard.
Go to, my thrifty yeoman, and upreare
A brazen wall to shend thy land from feare.
Do so; and I shall praise thee all the while,
So be thou stake not up the common style;
So be thou hedge in nought but what's thine owne;
So be thou pay what tythes thy neighbour's done;
So be thou let not lie in fallow'd plaine
That which was wont yield usury of graine.

But when I see thy pitched stakes do stand
On thy incroached piece of common land,
Whiles thou discommonest thy neighbour's kyne,
And warn'st that none feed on thy field save thine;
Brag no more, Scrobius, of thy mudded bankes,
Nor thy deep ditches, nor three quickset rankes.
O happy dayes of old Ducalion,
When one was landlord of the world alone!
But now whose choler would not rise to yield
A peasant halfe-stakes of his new-mown field,
Whiles yet he may not for the treble price
Buy out the remnant of his royalties?
Go on, and thrive, my petty tyrant's pride,
Scorne thou to live, if others live beside;
And trace proud Castile, that aspires to be
In his old age a young fifth monarchy:
Or the red hat that cries the lucklesse mayne,
For wealthy Thames to change his lowly Rhine.

SATIRE IV.

POSSUNT, QUIA POSSE VIDENTUR.

VILLIUS, the wealthy farmer, left his heire
Twice twenty sterling pounds to spend by yeare:
The neighbours praisen Villio's hide-bound sonne,
And say it was a goodly portion.
Not knowing how some merchants dow'r can rise,
By Sunday's tale to fifty centuries;
Or to weigh downe a leaden bride with gold,
Worth all that Matho bought, or Pontice sold.
But whiles *ten pound* goes to his wife's new gowne,
Nor little lesse can serve to suit his owne;

Whiles one piece pays her idle waiting-man,
Or buys an hoode, or silver-handled fanne,
Or hires a Friezeland trotter, halfe yard deepe,
To drag his tumbrell through the staring Cheape;
Or whiles he rideth with two liveries,
And 's treble rated at the subsidies;
One end a kennel keeps of thriftlesse hounds;
What think ye rests of all my yonker's pounds
To diet him, or deal out at his doore,
To coffer up, or stocke his wasting store?
If then I reckon'd right, it should appeare
That forty pounds serve not the farmer's heire.

SATIRES.

BOOK VI.

SATIRE I.

Semel insanivimus.

LABEO reserves a long naile for the nonce,
To wound my margent through ten leaves at once,
Much worse than Aristarchus his blacke pile
That pierc'd old Homer's side;————
And makes such faces, that me seems I see
Some foul Megæra in the tragedy,
Threat'ning her twined snakes at Tantale's ghost;
Or the grim visage of some frowning post
The crabtree porter of the Guild-hall gates;
While he his frightful beetle elevates,
His angry eyne look all so glaring bright,
Like th' hunted badger in a moonlesse night:
Or like a painted staring Saracen!
His cheeks change hue like th' air-fed vermin skin,
Now red, now pale, and swol'n above his eyes
Like to the old Colossian imageries.
But when he doth of my recanting heare,
Away, ye angry fires, and frosts of feare,
Give place unto his hopeful temper'd thought,
That yields to peace, ere ever peace be sought:

Then let me now repent me of my rage
For writing satires in so righteous age.
Whereas I should have strok'd her tow'rdly head,
And cry'd *ever* in my satires' stead;
Sith now not one of thousand does amiss,
Was never age I weene so pure as this.
As pure as old Labulla from the bones,
As pure as through faire channels when it raines;
As pure as is a black-moor's face by night,
As dung-clad skin of dying Heraclite.
Secke over all the world, and tell me where
Thou find'st a proud man, or a flatterer;
A thief, a drunkard, or a paricide,
A lecher, liar, or what vice beside?
Merchants are no whit covetous of late;
Nor make no mart of time, gain of deceit.
Patrons are honest now, o'er they of old,
Can now no benefice be bought or sold?
Give him a gelding, or some two yeares tithe,
For he all bribes and simony defy'th.
Is not one pick-thank stirring in the court,
That seld was free till now, by all report?
But some one, like a claw-back parasite,
Pick'd mothes from his master's cloke in sight,
Whiles he could pick out both his eyes for need,
Mought they but stand him in some better stead.
Nor now no more smell-feast Vitellio
Smiles on his master for a meal or two,
And loves him in his maw, loaths in his heart,
Yet soothes, and yeas and nays on either part.
Tattelius, the new-come traveller,
With his disguised coate and ringed eare,
Trampling the bourse's marble twice a day,
Tells nothing but stark truths I dare well say;

Nor would he have them known for any thing,
Though all the vault of his loud murmur ring.
Not one man tells a lye of all the yeare,
Except the Almanack or the Chronicler.
But not a man of all the damned crew,
For hills of gold would sweare the thing untrue.
Pansophus now, though all in the cold sweat,
Dares venture through the feared castle-gate,
Albe the faithful oracles have foresayne,
The wisest senator shall there be slaine:
That made him long keepe home, as well it might,
Till now he hopeth of some wiser wight.
The vale of Stand-gate, or the Suter's hill,
Or westerne plaine, are free from feared ill.
Let him that hath nought, feare nought I areed:
But he that hath aught hye him, and God speed.
Nor drunken Dennis doth, by breake of day,
Stumble into blind taverns by the way,
And reel me homeward at the ev'ning starre,
Or ride more eas'ly in his neighbour's chayre.
Well might these checks have fitted former times,
And shoulder'd angry Skelton's breathlesse rhymes.
Ere Chrysalus had barr'd the common boxe,
Which erst he pick'd to store his private stocks;
But now hath all with vantage paid againe,
And locks and plates what doth behind remaine;
When erst our dry-soul'd sires so lavish were,
To charge whole boots-full to their friends welfare;
Now shalt thou never see the salt beset
With a big-bellied gallon flagonet.
Of an ebbe cruise must thirsty Silen sip,
That's all forestalled by his upper lip;
Somewhat it was that made his paunch so peare,
His girdle fell ten inches in a yeare.

Or when old gouty bed-rid Euclio
To his officious factor fair could show
His name in margent of some old cast bill,
And say, Lo! whom I named in my will,
Whiles he believes, and looking for the share
Tendeth his cumbrous charge with busy care
For but a while; for now he sure will die,
By his strange qualme of liberality.
Great thanks he gives—but God him shield and save
From ever gaining by his master's grave:
Only live long, and he is well repaid,
And wets his forced cheeks while thus he said;
Some strong-smell'd onion shall stir his eyes
Rather than no salt teares shall then arise.
So looks he like a marble toward raine,
And wrings and snites, and weeps, and wipes again.
Then turns his back and smiles, and looks askance,
Seas'ning again his sorrow'd countenance;
Whiles yet he wearies Heav'n with daily cries,
And backward death with devout sacrifice,
That they would now his tedious ghost bereav'n,
And wishes well, that wish'd no worse than Heav'n.
When Zoylus was sicke, he knew not where,
Save his wrought night-cap, and lawn pillowbear.
Kind fooles! they made him sick that made him fine;
Take those away, and there's his medicine.
Or Gellia wore a velvet mastick-patch
Upon her temples when no tooth did ache;
When beauty was her rheume I soon espy'd,
Nor could her plaister cure her of her pride.
These vices were, but now they ceas'd off long:
Then why did I a righteous age that wrong?
I would repent me were it not too late,
Were not the angry world prejudicate.

If all the seven penitential
Or thousand white-wands might me aught availe;
If Trent or Thames could scoure my foule offence
And set me in my former innocence,
I would at last repent me of my rage:
Now, bear my wrong, I thine, O righteous age.
As for fine wits, an hundred thousand fold
Passeth our age whatever times of old.
For in that puisne world, our sires of long
Could hardly wag their too unwieldy tongue
As pined crowes and parrots can do now,
When hoary age did bend their wrinkled brow;
And now of late did many a learned man
Serve thirty yeares prenticeship with Priscian;
But now can every novice speake with ease
The far-fetch'd language of th' antipodes.
Would'st thou the tongues that erst were learned hight,
Though our wise age had wip'd them of their right;
Would'st thou the courtly three in most request,
Or the two barbarous neighbours of the west?
Bibinus selfe can have ten tongues in one,
Though in all ten not one good tongue alone.
And can deep skill lie smothering within,
Whiles neither smoke nor flame discerned bin?
Shall it not be a wild-fig in a wall,
Or fired brimstone in a minerall?
Do thou disdain, O ever-learned age!
The tongue-ty'd silence of that Samian sage:
Forth, ye fine wits, and rush into the presse,
And for the cloyed world your works addresse
Is not a gnat, nor fly, nor seely ant,
But *a fine wit* can make an elephant.

Should Bandell's throstle die without a song,
Or Adamantius, my dog, be laid along,
Downe in some ditch without his exequies,
Or epitaphs, or mournful elegies?
Folly itself, and baldnesse may be prais'd,
And sweet conceits from filthy objects rais'd.
What do not fine wits dare to undertake?
What dare not fine wits do for honour's sake?
But why doth Balbus his dead-doing quill
Parch in his rusty scabbard all the while;
His golden fleece o'ergrowne with mouldy hoare,
As though he had his witty works forswore?
Belike of late now Balbus hath no need,
Nor now belike his shrinking shoulders dread
The catch-poll's fist—The presse may still remaine
And breathe, till Balbus be in debt againe.
Soon may that be! so I had silent beene,
And not thus rak'd up quiet crimes unseen.
Silence is safe, when saying stirreth sore,
And makes the stirred puddle stink the more.
Shall the controller of proud Nemesis
In lawlesse rage upbraid each other's vice,
While no man seeketh to reflect the wrong,
And curb the raunge of his misruly tongue?
By the two crownes of Parnasse ever-green,
And by the cloven head of Hippocrene
As I true poet am, I here avow
(So solemnly kiss'd he his laurell bough)
If that bold satire unrevenged be
For this so saucy and foule injury.
So Labeo weens it my eternal shame
To prove I never earn'd a poet's name.
But would I be a poet if I might,
To rub my browes three dayes and wake three [nights,

And bite my nails, and scratch my dullard head,
And curse the backward Muses on my bed
About one peevish syllable; which out sought
I take up Thales joy, save for fore-thought
How it shall please each ale-knight's censuring eye,
And hang'd my head for fear they deem awry:
While thread-bare Martiall turns his merry note
To beg of Rufus a cast winter-coate;
While hungry Marot leapeth at a beane,
And dieth like a starved Capuchein;
Go, Ariost, and gape for what may fall
From trencher of a flattering cardinall;
And if thou gettest but a pedant's fee,
Thy bed, thy board, and coarser livery,
O honour far beyond a brazen shrine,
To sit with Tarleton on an ale-post's signe!
Who had but lived in Augustus' dayes,
'T had been some honour to be crown'd with bayes;
When Lucan stretched on his marble bed,
To think of Cæsar, and great Pompey's deed:
Or when Achelaus shav'd his mourning head,
Soon as he heard Stesichorus was dead.
At least, would some good body of the rest
Set a gold pen on their baye-wreathed crest:
Or would their face in stamped coin expresse,
As did the Mytelens their poetesse.
Now as it is, beshrew him if he might,
That would his browes with Cæsar's laurell dight.
Though what ail'd me, I might not well as they
Rake up some forworne tales that smother'd lay
In chimney corners smoak'd with winter fires,
To read and rock asleep our drowsy sires?
No man his threshold better knowes, than I
Brute's first arrival, and first victory;

St. George's sorrell, or his crosse of blood,
Arthur's round board, or Caledonian wood,
Or holy battles of bold Charlemaine,
What were his knights did Salem's siege maintaine:
How the mad rival of faire Angelice
Was physick'd from the new-found paradise.
High stories they, which with their swelling strains
Have riven Frontoe's broad rehearsal plaine.
But so to fill up books, both backs and sides,
What needs it? Are there not enow beside?
O age well thriven and well fortunate,
When each man hath a Muse appropriate;
And she, like to some servile care-boar'd slave,
Must play and sing when and what he'd have!
Would that were all——small fault in number lies,
Were not the feare from whence it should arise.
But can it be aught but a spurious seed
That growes so rife in such unlikely speed?
Sith Pontian left his barren wife at home,
And spent two years at Venice and at Rome,
Returned, hears his blessing ask'd of three,
Cries out, "O Julian law! adultery!"
Though Labeo reaches right (who can deny?)
The true strains of heroick poesy;
For he can tell how fury reft his sense,
And Phœbus fill'd him with intelligence.
He can implore the heathen deities
To guide his bold and busy enterprize;
Or filch whole pages at a clap for need
From honest Petrarch, clad in English weed;
While big *but oh's!* each stanza can begin,
Whose trunk and taile sluttish and heartlesse been.
He knowes the grace of that new elegance,
Which sweet Philisides fetch'd of late from France,

That well beseem'd his high-stil'd Arcady,
Though others marre it with much liberty,
In epithets to joine two wordes in one
Forsooth, for adjectives can't stand alone:
As a great poet could of Bacchus say,
That he was *Semele-femori-gena.*
Lastly he names the spirit of Astrophel;
Now hath not Labeo done wondrous well?
But ere his Muse her weapon learn to wield,
Or dance a sober pirrhicke in the field,
Or marching wade in blood up to the knees,
Her *arma virum* goes by two degrees,
The sheepe-cote first hath beene her nursery
Where she hath worne her idle infancy,
And in high startups walk'd the pastur'd plaines,
To tend her tasked herd that there remaines,
And winded still a pipe of oate or breare,
Striving for wages who the praise shall beare;
As did whilere the homely Carmelite,
Following Virgil, and he Theocrite;
Or else hath beene in Venus chamber train'd
To play with Cupid, till she had attain'd
To comment well upon a beauteous face,
Then was she fit for an heroick place;
As witty Pontan in great earnest said,
His mistress' breasts were like two weights of lead.
Another thinks her teeth might liken'd be
To two faire rankes of pales of ivory,
To fence in sure the wild beast of her tongue,
From either going far, or going wrong;
Her grinders like two chalk-stones in a mill,
Which shall with time and wearing waxe as ill
As old Catillacs, which wont every night
Lay up her holy pegs till next day-light,

And with them grind soft-simpring all the day,
When, lest her laughter should her gums bewray,
Her hands must hide her mouth if she but smile;
Fain would she seem all frixe and frolicke still.
Her forehead faire is like a brazen hill,
Whose wrinkled furrows, which her age doth breed,
Are dawbed full of Venice chalke for need:
Her eyes like silver saucers faire beset
With shining amber, and with shady let,
Her lids like Cupid's bow case, where he hides
The weapons that doth wound the wanton-ey'd:
Her chin like Pindus, or Parnassus hill, [All
Where down descends th' o'erflowing stream doth
The well of her faire mouth.—Each hath his praise,
Who would not but wed poets now a dayes!

SELECT POEMS

OF

THE EARL OF STIRLING.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

LIFE OF STIRLING.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER, the Earl of Stirling, was born about the year 1580. In his fifteenth year, he became the enthusiastic admirer of a lady, whose real name has never reached us; and, though she appears to have been little moved by his solicitations, and though he travelled on the continent, for some time, as tutor to the Earl of Argyle, his flame was not abated, on his return, and he retired from the world, to ease his heart by writing sonnets. At length, the lady was married to another; and Alexander, not long after, found more effectual relief, by obtaining the hand of Janet, the daughter and heiress of Sir William Erskine.

He now appeared as a private gentleman, at the palace of James VI.; but, instead of employing his time in the light amusements of a court, he began the composition of prolix tragedies upon the vanity of power, and the burthen of wealth. *Darius*, *Croesus*, *Alexander*, and *Julius Cæsar*, were summoned to inculcate these truths; and so greatly was James delighted with his 'monarchic tragedies,' that he called the author his philosophical poet, and made him gentleman-usher to his son, Henry. His next ambition was to be a divine

poet; and, in 1614, his immense poem of *Doomsday* was published, in quarto, both at Edinburgh and London. The king now appointed him master of requests, and conferred on him the order of knighthood.

Alexander had still some ughts upon the present world; and, resolvi w plant a colony in Nova Scotia, James made grant of that province, on the 21st of Sep ber, 1621. But the last years of this king were t propitious to such undertakings; and, though r William, in 1623, attempted to gain the co-o tion of his countrymen, by a pamphlet entitled *An Encouragement to Colonies*, it was not il the accession of Charles, that the scheme and saturity. The new monarch constitu w iam, Lieutenant of Nova Scotia; and crea an order of 150 baronets, whose dignity was to be hereditary, and who were each to possess a liberal apportionment of lands. Several attempts were made to carry the project into execution; but, for reasons, which we have never seen developed, it finally proved abortive, and our author parted with his share of the province. In 1626, he was appointed secretary of state for Scotland; created, in 1630, a peer of the same kingdom, with the style of Viscount Canada, Lord Alexander of Menstrie; and was advanced, three years after, to the title of the Earl of Stirling. He died the 12th of February, 1640.

All that can be said in praise of Stirling's poetry, is, that it furnishes some of the earliest specimens of smooth versification in language. He has nothing, which strikes the imagination, or warms the heart; and we read on, in a smooth and even course, without knowing either why we should stop, or why we should proceed. *Doomsday*, perhaps, must be excepted. A few graceful lines may be read, even though the matter be dull; but who can tolerate 13,000?

Besides his poetry, Stirling wrote, among other prose works, a *Brief Relation* of the discovery and plantation of New England, in 1622; and, in 1630, a *Map and Description* of the same province, with a discourse of the colonies.

AVRORA.

ABOUT US

AVRORA.

SONET.

WHIL'ST charming fancies moue me to reueale
The idle rauings of my brain-sicke youth,
My heart doth pant within, to heare my mouth
Vnfold the follies which it would conceale:
Yet bitter critickes may mistake my mind;
Not beautie, no, but vertue rais'd my fires,
Whose sacred flame did cherish chast desires,
And through my cloudie fortune clearely shin'd.
But had not others otherwise aduis'd,
My cabinet should yet these scroles containe,
This childish birth of a conceitie braine,
Which I had still as trifling toyes despis'd:
Pardon those errours of mine vnripe age;
My tender Muse by time may grow more sage

SONG.

O WOULD to God a way were found,
That by some secret sympathie vnknowne,
My faire my fancie's depth might sound,
And know my state as clearely as her owne.

Then blest, most blest were I,
No doubt beneath the skie
I were the happiest wight:
For if my state they knew,
It ruthlesse rockes would rue,
And mend me if they might.

But as the babe before the wand,
Whose faultlesse part his parents will not trust,
For very feare doth trembling stand,
And quakes to speake although his cause be iust:
So set before her face,
Though bent to pleade for grace,
I wot not how I faile:
Yet minding to say much,
That string I neuer touch,
But stand dismaid and pale.

The deepest riuers make least din,
The silent soule doth most abound in care:
Then might my brest be read within,
A thousand volumes would be written there.
Might silence show my mind,
Sighes tell how I were pin'd,
Or lookes my woes relate;
Then any pregnant wit,
That well remarked it,
Would soone discerne my state.

No fauour yet my faire affoords,
But looking haughtie, though with humble eyes,
Doth quite confound my staggering words;
And as not spying that thing which she spies,

A mirror makes of me,
Where she her selfe may see:
And what she brings to passe.
I trembling too for feare,
Moue neither eye nor eare,
As if I were her glasse.

Whilst in this manner I remaine,
Like to the statue of some one that's dead,
Strange tyrants in my bosome raigne,
A field of fancies fights within my head:
Yet if the tongue were true,
We boldly might pursue
That diamantine hart.
But when that it's restrain'd,
As doom'd to be disdain'd,
My sighes show how I smart.

No wonder then although I wracke,
By them betray'd in whom I did confide,
Since tongue, heart, eyes, and all gaue backe,
She iustly may my childishnesse deride.
Yet that which I conceale,
May serue for to reueale
My feruencie in loue.
My passions were too great,
For words t' expresse my state,
As to my paines I proue.

Oft those that do deserue disdaine,
For forging fancies get the best reward:
Where I who feele what they do faine,
For too much loue am had in no regard.

Behold by proofe we see
The gallant liuing free,
His fancies doth extend:
Where he that is orecome,
Rain'd with respects stands dumbe,
Still fearing to offend.

My bashfulnesse when she beholds,
Or rather my affection out of bounds,
Although my face my state vnfolds,
And in my hew discouers hidden wounds:
Yet ieasting at my wo,
She doubts if it be so,
As she could not conceiue it.
This grieues me most of all,
She triumphs in my fall,
Not seeming to perceiue it.

Then since in vaine I plaints impart
To scornfull eares, in a contemned scroule;
And since my toung betrayes my hart,
And cannot tell the anguish of my soule:
Hencefoorth I'le hide my losses,
And not recompt the crosses
That do my ioyes orethrow:
At least to senselesse things,
Mounts, vales, woods, flouds, and springs,
I shall them onely show.

Ah vnaffected lines,
True models of my heart,
The world may see, that in you shines
The power of passion more then art.

SONET.

HVGE hosts of thoughts imbattled in my breast,
Are euer busied with intestine warres,
And like to Cadmus earth-borne troupes at iarres,
Haue spoil'd my soule of peace, themselues of rest.
Thus forc'd to reape such seed as I haue sowne,
I (hauing interest in this doubtfull strife)
Hope much, feare more, doubt most, vnhappie life.
What euer side preuaile, I'm still orethrowne:
O neither life nor death! ô both, but bad
Imparadiz'd, whiles in mine owne conceit,
My fancies straight againe imbroyle my state,
And in a moment make me glad and sad.
Thus neither yeelding quite to this nor that,
I liue, I die, I do I wot not what.

SONET.

THE thoughts of those I cannot but disproue,
Who basely lost their thraldome must bemone:
I scorne to yeeld my selfe to such a one,
Whose birth and vertue is not worth my loue.
No, since it is my fortune to be thrall,
I must be fettred with a golden band;
And if I die, I'le die by Hector's hand:
So may the victor's fame excuse my fall;
And if by any meanes I must be blind,
Then it shall be by gazing on the Sunne;
Oft by those meanes the greatest haue been wonne,
Who must like best of such a generous mind:
At least by this I haue allow'd of fame,
Much honour if I winne, if lose, no shame.

ELEGIE.

Let not the world beleeue th' accusing of my fate
Tends to allure it to condole with me my tragick state:
Nor that I haue sent foorth these stormie teares of rage,
So by disburd'ning of my brest, my sorrowes to asswage.
No, no, that serues for nought, I craue no such reliefe,
Nor will I yield that any should be partners of my griefe.
My fantasie to feed I only spend those teares:
My plaints please me, no musicke sounds so sweetly in my eares,
I wish that from my birth I had acquainted bene
Still with mishaps, and neuer had but woes and horrours seene:
Then ignorant of ioyes, lamenting as I do,
As thinking all men did the like, I might content me too.
But ah, my fate was worse: for it (as in a glasse)
Show'd me, through little blinkes of blisse, the state wherein I was.
Which vnperfected ioyes, scarce constant for an houre,
Was like but to a watric Sunne, that shines before a shoure.
For if I euer thought or rather dream'd of ioyes,
That litle lightning but foreshow'd a thunder of annoyes:

It was but like the fruit that Tantalus torments,
Which while he sees, and nought attains, his hunger but augments.
For so the shadow of that but imagin'd mirth,
Cal'd all the crosses to record, I suffer'd since my birth,
Which are to be bewail'd, but hard to be redrest:
Whose strange effects may well be felt, but cannot be exprest.
Iudge what the feeling was, when thinking on things past,
I tremble at the torment yet, and stand a time agast.
Yet do I not repent, but will with patience pine:
For though I mourne, I murmure not, like men that do repine.
I graunt I waile my lot, yet I approue her will;
What my soule's oracle thinkes good, I neuer shall thinke ill.
If I had onely sought a salue to ease my paines,
Long since I had bewail'd my lot alongst th' Elysian plaines:
Yet mind I not in this selfe-louer-like to die,
As one that car'd not for her losse, so I my selfe were free.
No, may ten nights' annoyes make her one night securc,
A day of dolors vnto her a moment's mirth procure:
Or may a yeare's laments reioyce her halfe an houre,
May seuen years' sorrows make her glad, I shal not think them sourc.
And if she do delight to heare of my disease,
Then ô blest I, who so may haue th' occasion her to please:

For now the cause I liue, is not for loue of life,
But onely for to honour her that holds me in this strife.
And ere those vowes I make do vnperform'd escape,
This world shal once againe renuerst resume her shapelesse shape.
But what, what haue I vow'd! my passions were too strong,
As if the mildest of the world delighted to do wrong:
As she whom I adore with so deuote a mind,
Could rest content to see me sterue, be glad to see me pin'd.
No, no, she wailes my state, and would appease my cares,
Yet interdited to the Fates, conformes her will to theirs.
Then ô vnhappie man, whom euen thy saint would saue,
And yet thy cruell destinie doth damne thee to the graue.
This sentence then may serue for to confound my feares,
Why burst I not my brest with sighs, and drowne mine eyes with tears?
Ah, I haue mourn'd so much, that I may mourn no more,
My miseries passe numbring now, plaints perish in their store.
The meanes t' vnlode my brest doth quite begin to faile;
For being drunke with too much dole, I wot not how to waile.

And since I want a way my anguish to reueale,
Of force contented with my Fate, I'le suffer and conceale.
And for to vse the world, euen as my loue vs'd me,
I'le vse a count'nance like to one, whose mind from grief were free.
For when she did disdaine, she show'd a smiling face,
Euen then when she denounc'd my death, she seem'd to promise grace.
So shall I seeme in show my thoughts for to repose,
Yet in the center of my soule shall shroud a world of woes:
Then wofull brest and eyes your restlesse course controule,
And with no outward signes betray the anguish of my soule.
Eyes, raine your shoures within, arrowze the Earth no more,
Passe drowne with a deluge of teares the brest ye burnt before:
Brest, arme your selfe with sighes, if ore weake to defend,
Then perish by your proper fires, and make an honest end.

SONET.

O IF thou knew'st how thou thy selfe dost harme,
And dost preiudge thy blisse, and spoile my rest:
Then thou would'st melt the yce out of thy brest,
And thy relenting heart would kindly warme.
O if thy pride did not our ioyes controule,
What world of louing wonders should'st thou see!
For if I saw thee once transform'd in me,
Then in thy bosome I would poure my soule,
Then all thy thoughts should in my visage shine.
And if that aught mischanc'd, thou should'st not mone,
Nor beare the burthen of thy griefes alone;
No, I would haue my share in what were thine.
And whil'st we thus should make our sorrowes one,
This happie harmonie would make them none

SONET.

WHAT vncouth motion makes my mirth decay?
Is this the thing poore martyr'd men call loue?
And whil'st their torment doth their wits dismay,
As those that raue, do for a god approue?
Although he bring his greatnesse from aboue,
And rule the world according to his will,
Yet doth he euen from those all rest remoue,
That were deuoted to his deitie still.
Can that which is th' originall of ill,
From which doth flow an ocean of mischiefe,

Whose poysnous waues doth many thousands kill,
Can that be loue? no, 'tis the source of griefe.
And all those erre that hold this vaine conceit;
Then I erre too, one in this same estate.

SONET.

When as I come to thy respected sight,
Thy lookes are all so chaste, thy words so graue,
That my affections do the foile receaue,
And like to darknes yeeld vnto the light;
Still vertue holds the ballance of thy wit,
In which great reason ponders euery thought,
And thou, deare ladie, neuer staind in ought,
Thus ore thy selfe dost as an empresse sit.
O what is beautie if not free from blame,
It hath the soule as white as is the skinne,
The froth of vanitie, the dregs of sinne,
A wracke to others, to it selfe a shame;
And as it is most precious if kept pure,
It is as much abhorr'd if once impure.

SONET.

Lo now reuiuing my disast'rous stile,
I prosecute the tenour of my fate,
And follow forth at danger's highest rate,
In forraine realmes my fortune for a while:

I might haue learn'd this by my last exile,
That change of countries cannot change my state:
Where euer that my bodie seeke a seate,
I leaue my heart in Albion's glorious yle;
And since then banisht from a louely sight,
I maried haue my mind to sad conceits,
Though to the furthest part that fame dilates,
I might on Pegasus addresse my flight;
Yet should I still whilst I might breath or moue,
Remaine the monster of mishap and loue.

SONET.

Oft haue I heard, which now I must deny,
That nought can last if that it be extreame;
Times dayly change, and we likewise in them,
Things out of sight do straight forgotten die:
There nothing is more vehement than loue,
And yet I burne, and burne still with one flame.
Times oft haue chang'd, yet I remaine the same,
Nought from my mind her image can remoue:
The greatnesse of my loue aspires to ruth,
Time vowes to crowne my constancie in th' end,
And absence doth my fancies but extend;
Thus I perceiue the poet spake the truth,
That who to see strange countries were inclin'd,
Might change the aire, but neuer change the mind.

SONET.

I WOT not what strange things I haue design'd,
But all my gestures do presage no good;
My lookes are gastly-like, thoughts are my food,
A silent pausing showes my troubled mind:
Huge hosts of thoughts are mustring in my brest,
Whose strongest are conducted by despaire,
Which haue inuolu'd my hopes in such a snare,
That I by death would seeke an endles rest.
What furie in my brest strange cares enroules
And in the same would reare sterne Plutoe's seate!
Go get you hence to the Tartarian gate,
And breed such terrours in the damned soules:
Too many grieuous plagues my state extorse,
Though apprehended horrours bost not worse.

SONET.

I HOPE, I feare, resolu'd, and yet I doubt,
I'm cold as yce, and yet I burne as fire;
I wot not what, and yet I much desire,
And trembling too, am desperately stout:
Though melancholious wonders I deuise,
And compare much, yet nothing can embrace;
And walke ore all, yet stand still in one place,
And bound on th' Earth, do soare aboue the skies:
I beg for life, and yet I bray for death,
And haue a mightie courage, yet dispaire;
I euer muse, yet am without all care,
And shout aloud, yet neuer straine my breath:

I change as oft as any wind can do,
Yet for all this am euer constant too.

SONET.

For eyes that are deliuer'd of their birth,
And hearts that can complaine, none needs to care:
I pitie not their sighes that pierce the ayre,
To weepe at will were a degree of mirth:
But he (ay me) is to be pitied most,
Whose sorrowes haue attain'd to that degree,
That they are past expressing, and can be
Onely imagin'd by a man that's lost.
The teares that would burst out yet are restrain'd,
Th' imprison'd plaints that perish without fame,
Sighs form'd and smoother'd ere they get a name,
Those to be pitied are (ô griefe vnfain'd)
Whilst sighes the voice, the voice the sighs confounds,
Then teares marre both, and all are out of bounds.

SONET.

The most refreshing waters come from rockes,
Some bitter rootes oft send foorth daintie flowres,
The growing greenes are cherished with showres,
And pleasant stemmes spring from deformed stockes:

The hardest hils do feed the fairest flockes;
All greatest sweetes were sugred first with sowres,
The headlesse course of vncontrolled houres,
To all difficulties a way vnlockes.
I hope to haue an Heauen within thine armes,
And quiet calmes when all these stormes are past,
Which coming vnexpected at the last,
May burie in obliuion by-gone harmes.
To suffer first, to sorrow, sigh, and smart,
Endeeres the conquest of a cruell hart.

AN ECCHO.

AH! will no soule giue eare vnto my mone?	*one*
Who answers thus so kindly when I crie?	*I*
What fostred thee that pities my despaire?	*aire*
Thou blabbing guest, what know'st thou of my fall?	*all*
What did I when I first my faire disclos'd?	*los'd*
Where was my reason, that it would not doubt?	*ou:*
What canst thou tell me of my ladie's will?	*ill*
Wherewith can she acquit my loyall part?	*art*
What hath she then with me to disaguise?	*aguise*
What haue I done, since she gainst loue repin'd?	*pin'd*
What did I when I her to life prefer'd?	*er'd*
What did mine eyes, whilst she my heart restrain'd?	*rain'd*
What did she whil'st my Muse her praise proclaim'd?	*claim'd*
And what? and how? this doth me most affright.	of righ

What if I neuer sue to her againe? gaine
And what when all my passions are represt? rest
But what thing will best serue t' assuage
desire? ire
And what will serue to mitigate my rage? age
I see the Sunne begins for to descend. end

SONET.

Small comfort might my banish'd hopes recall,
When whiles my daintie faire I sighing see;
If I could thinke that one were shed for me,
It were a guerdon great enough for all:
Or would she let one teare of pittie fall,
That seem'd dismist from a remorsefull eye,
I could content my selfe vngrieu'd to die,
And nothing might my constancie appall.
The onely sound of that sweet word of loue,
Prest 'twixt those lips that do my doome containe,
Were I imbark'd, might bring me backe againe
From death to life, and make me breathe and moue.
Strange crueltie, that neuer can afford
So much as once one sigh, one teare, one word.

SONET.

Let others of the world's decaying tell,
I enuy not those of the golden age,
That did their careless thoughts for nought engage,
But, cloy'd with all delights, liu'd long and well.

And as for me, I mind t' applaud my fate;
Though I was long in comming to the light,
Yet may I mount to fortune's highest height,
So great a good could neuer come too late;
I'm glad that it was not my chance to liue,
Till as that heauenly creature first was borne,
Who as an angell doth the Earth adorne,
And buried vertue in the tombe reuiue:
For vice ouerflowes the world with such a flood,
That in it all, saue she, there is no good.

SONET.

All that behold me on thy beautie's shelfe,
To cast my selfe away toss'd with conceit,
Since thou wilt haue no pitie of my state,
Would that I tooke some pitie of my selfe:
"For what," say they, "though she disdaine to bow,
And takes a pleasure for to see thee sad,
Yet there be many a one that would be glad,
To bost themselves of such a one as thou."
But, ah, their counsell of small knowledge sauours,
For O, poore fooles, they see not what I see,
Thy frownes are sweeter than their smiles can be,
The worst of thy disdaines worth all their fauours:
I rather (deare) of thine one looke to haue,
Then of another all that I would craue.

ELEGIE.

In silent horrours here, where neuer mirth remaines,
I do retire my selfe apart, as rage and griefe constraines:
So may I sigh vnknowne, whilst other comfort failes,
An infranchised citizen of solitarie vales; [please,
Her priuiledge to plain, since nought but plaints can
My sad conceptions I disclose, diseased at my ease.
No barren pitie here my passions doth increase,
Nor no detracter here resorts, deriding my distresse:
But wand'ring through the world, a vagabonding guest, [rest.
Acquiring most contentment then when I am reft of
Against those froward fates, that did my blisse controule, [my soule.
I thunder forth a thousand threats in th' anguish of
And lo, lunaticke-like do dash on euery shelfe,
And conuocate a court of cares for to condemne my selfe;
My fancies, which in end time doth fantasticke try,
I figure forth essentially in all the objects by:
In euery corner where my recklesse eye repaires,
I reade great volumes of mishaps, memorials of despaires:
All things that I behold vpbraid me my estate,
And oft I blush within my brest, asham'd of my conceit. [winds,
Those branches broken downe with mercy-wanting
Obiect me my deiected state, that greater fury finds:
Their winter-beaten weed disperst vpon the plaine,
Are like to my renounced hopes, all scattred with disdaine.

Lo, wond'ring at my state, the strongest torrent stayes,
And turning and returning oft, would scorne my crooked wayes.
In end I find my fate ouer all before my face,
Enregistred eternally in th' annales of disgrace.
Those crosses out of count might make the rockes to riue, [striue:
That this small remanent of life for to extinguish
And yet my rockie heart so hardned with mishaps,
Now by no meanes can be commou'd, not with Ioue's thunder claps:
But in huge woes inuolu'd with intricating art,
Surcharg'd with sorrowes I succomb, and senslesly do smart;
And in this labyrinth exil'd from all repose,
I consecrate this cursed corpes a sacrifice to woes:
Whilst many a furious plaint my smoaking breast shall breath,
Ecclips'd with many a cloudie thought, aggrieu'd vnto the death:
With th' eccho plac'd beside some solitary sourse,
Disastrous accidents shall be the ground of our discourse.
Her maimed words shal show how my hurt heart half dies,
Consum'd with corrosiues of care, caractred in mine eyes. [spects,
My Muse shall now no more, transported with re-
Exalt that euill deseruing one as fancie still directs:
Nor yet no partiall pen shall spot her spotlesse fame,
Vnhonestly dishonoring an honorable name.
But I shall sadly sing, too tragickly inclin'd, [mind.
Some subiect sympathizing with my melancholious

Nor will I more describe my dayly deadly strife,
My publike wrongs, my priuate woes, mislucks [toil
loue and life:
That would but vexe the world for to extend
In painting forth particularly my many formes
failes.
No, none in speciall I purpose to bewray,
But one as all, and all as one, I mind to mourne
For being iustly weigh'd, the least that I lament
Deserues indeed to be bewail'd, til th' vse of
eyes be spent;
And since I should the least perpetually deplore
The most again, though maruellous, can be bemo
no more.

SONET.

Long time I did thy cruelties detest,
And blaz'd thy rigour in a thousand lines:
But now through my complaints thy vertue shin
That was but working all things for the best:
Thou of my rash affections held'st the raines,
And spying dangerous sparkes come from my fir
Didst wisely temper my enflam'd desires,
With some chaste fauours, mixt with sweet disdain
And when thou saw'st I did all hope despise,
And look'd like one that wrestled with despaire,
Then of my safetie thy exceeding care,
Show'd that I kept thine heart, thou but thine ey
For whilst thy reason did thy fancies tame,
I saw the smoke, although thou hidst the flame.

SONET.

Awake, my Muse, and leaue to dreame of loues,
Shake off soft fancie's chaines, I must be free,
I'le perch no more vpon the mirtle tree,
Nor glide through th' aire with beautie's sacred doues;
But with Ioue's stately bird I'le leaue my nest,
And trie my sight against Apolloe's raies:
Then if that aught my vent'rous course dismaies,
Vpon the oliue's boughes I'le light and rest:
I'le tune my accents to a trumpet now,
And seeke the laurell in another field,
Thus I, that once, as beautie meanes did yeeld,
Did diuers garments on my thoughts bestow:
Like Icarus I feare, vnwisely bold,
Am purpos'd others' passions now t' vnfold.

SELECT POEMS

OF

RICHARD CORBET.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

LIFE OF CORBET.

RICHARD CORBET, the son of Vincent Corbet, a man noted in Middlesex for his skill in horticulture, was born at Ewell, in Surrey, in 1582. Being educated at Westminster School, he entered Broadgate Hall, (afterwards Pembroke College), in 1598; and, the year after, was admitted into Christ-church, in Oxford. In 1605, he received his second degree; and, entering into orders, pronounced the funeral oration of Prince Henry, in 1612, and that of Sir Thomas Bodley, in the following year. In 1618, he travelled in France; and wrote a humorous poem upon his journey.

His subsequent life is only a history of his promotions. The king appointed him a chaplain in ordinary: he was made doctor in divinity; became vicar of Cassington, near Woodstock, in Oxfordshire, and prebendary of Bedminster Secunda, in the church of Sarum; received the deaneries of Christ-church, in 1627; was promoted to the see of Oxford, in July, 1629; and translated to that of Norwich, in April, 1632. He was still sufficiently young to expect many years of enjoyment; but he was cut off, on the 28th of July, 1635. The inscription on his tomb in the cathedral-church of Norwich, is turned with considerable elegance:—

RICARDUS CORBET, Theologiæ Doctor,
Ecclesiæ Cathedralis Christi Oxoniensis
Primum Alumnus, deinde Decanus, exind
Episcopus, illinc huc translatus, et
Hinc in cœlum Jul. 28, 1635.

Dr. Corbet has been reproached for
character; and Wood insinuates, that he
right to be made a bishop. After he had
doctor in divinity, he happened to be at t
Market in Abingdon, when a ballad sin
plained, that he found no custom. 'The
tor,' says Aubrey, 'puts off his gowne, an
the ballad singer's leathern jacket; and
handsome man, with a rare full voice, he
vended a great many, and had a great a
On another occasion he was riding with
bins, 'a jolly fat doctor,' through a dark
lane, when the coach was broken down.
cried out, that Dr. Stubbins was up to h
in mud, and he up to his elbows in Dr. St

In his most serious avocations, he n
his propensity to joke. He was once p
the ceremony of confirmation, when the
crowded too near for his convenience.
there,' said he, 'or I'll confirm you with
At another time, he was about to confirm
with a very bald head; when, turning to
lain, he said, 'Some dust, Lushington,' to
hand from slipping. Another man had a
beard. The bishop addressed him: 'Yo
the beard.' This Dr. Lushington, says
"was a very learned and ingenious man,
loved one another. The bishop would s
take the key of the wine-cellar, and he
chaplain would go and lock themselves i
merry: then first he layes down his
hood, 'There layes the doctor;' then he

his gowne, 'There layes the bishop;' then 't was, 'Here's to thee, Corbet;'—'Here's to thee, Lushington.'"

Such a man will hardly be supposed to have written sublime poetry. To laugh, and make others laugh, seems to have been the business of his life; and Fuller says, that he held wit in such estimation as to think himself amply revenged for an injury, when he had passed a joke upon the offender. His verse is neither pure, nor smooth: every thing is sacrificed to vivacity; and perhaps he would have lost no readers if he had written in prose.

BISHOP CORBET.

TO

THOMAS CORYATE.

I do not wonder, Coryate, that thou hast
Over the Alpes, through France and Savoy past,
Parch'd on thy skin, and founder'd in thy feete,
Faint, thirstie, lowsy, and didst live to see't.
Though these are Roman sufferings, and do show
What creatures back thou hadst could carry so,
All I admire is thy returne, and how
Thy slender pasterns could thee beare, when now
Thy observations with thy braine ingendered,
Have stuft thy massy and voluminous head
With mountaines, abbies, churches, synagogues,
Preputial offals, and Dutch dialogues:
A burden far more grievous than the weight
Of wine or sleepe; more vexing than the freight
Of fruit and oysters, which lade many a pate,
And send folks crying home from Billingsgate.
No more shall man with mortar on his head
Set forwards towards Rome: no! thou art bred
A terrour to all footmen, and all porters,
And all laymen that will turne Jews' exhorters,

To flie their conquered trade. Proud England, then,
Embrace this luggage,* which the man of men
Hath landed here, and change thy well-a-day!
Into some homespun welcome roundelay.
Send of this stuffe thy territories thorough
To Ireland, Wales, and Scottish Eddenborough.
There let this booke be read and understood,
Where is no theame nor writer halfe so good.

* "Coryate's Crudities hastily gobbled up in five moneths travels in France, Savoy, Italy, Rhetia, Helvetia, some parts of High Germany, and the Netherlands." 4to. 1611. Reprinted in 2 vols. 8vo. 1776. *G.*

A CERTAIN POEM,

AS IT WAS PRESENTED IN LATINE BY DIVINES AND OTHERS BEFORE HIS MAJESTY IN CAMBRIDGE, BY WAY OF ENTERLUDE, STYLED LIBER NOVUS DE ADVENTU REGIS AD CANTABRIGIAM. FAITHFULLY DONE INTO ENGLISH, WITH SOME LIBERAL ADDITIONS. MADE RATHER TO BE SUNGE THAN READ, TO THE TUNE OF BONNY NELL.

(The notes are from a MS. copy in Mr. Gilchrist's possession.)

It is not yet a fortnight since
Lutetia* entertain'd our prince,
And vented hath a studied toy
As long† as was the seige of Troy:
And spent herself for full five days
In speeches, exercise, and plays.

To trim the town, great care before
Was tane by th' lord vice-chancellor;
Both morn and even he cleans'd the way,
The streets he gravelled thrice a day:
One strike of March-dust for to see
No proverb‡ would give more than he.

Their colledges were new be-painted,
Their founders eke were new be-sainted;

* Quia valde lutosa est Cantabrigia.
† Ludus per spatium 6 horarum infra.
‡ "*A bushel of March dust is worth a king's ransom.*"

Nothing escap'd, nor post, nor door,
Nor gate, nor raile, nor bawd, nor whore:
You could not know (Oh strange mishap!)
Whether you saw the town or map.

But the pure house of Emanuel*
Would not be like proud Jesabel,
Nor shew herself before the king
An hypocrite, or painted thing:
But, that the ways might all prove fair,
Conceiv'd a tedious mile of prayer.

Upon the look'd-for seventh† of March,
Outwent the townsmen all in starch,
Both band and beard, into the field,
Where one a speech could hardly wield;
For needs he would begin his stile,
The king being from him half a mile.

They gave the king a piece of plate,
Which they hop'd never came too late;
But cry'd, "Oh! look not in, great king,
For there is in it just nothing:"
And so prefer'd with tune and gate,
A speech as empty as their plate.

Now, as the king came neer the town,
Each one ran crying up and down,
Alas poor Oxford, thou'rt undone,
For now the king's past Trompington,
And rides upon his brave gray dapple,
Seeing the top of King's-Colledge chappel.

* Coll. Eman abundat puritanis.
† The king entered Cambr. 7 Mar. 1641-45.

Next rode his lordship* on a nag,
Whose coat was blue,† whose ruff was shag,
And then began his reverence
To speak most eloquent non-sense:
"See how" (quoth he) "most mighty prince,
For very joy my horse doth wince.

"What cryes the town? What we?" (said he)
"What cryes the University?
What cry the boys? What ev'ry thing?
Behold, behold, yon comes the king:"
And ev'ry period he bedecks
With En et ecce venit rex.

"Oft have I warn'd" (quoth he) "our dirt,
That no silk stockings should be hurt;
But we in vain strive to be fine,
Unless your grace's sun doth shine;
And with the beams of your bright eye,
You will be pleas'd our streets to dry."

Now come we to the wonderment
Of Christendom, and eke of Kent,
The Trinity; which to surpass,
Doth deck her spokesman‡ by a glass:
Who, clad in gay and silken weeds,
Thus opes his mouth, hark how he speeds.

"I wonder what your grace doth here,
Who have expected been twelve year,

* Samuel Harsnett, then bp. of Chichester.
† Vestis indicat virum.
‡ *Nethersoli Cant.* orator, qui per speculum seipsum solet ornari.

And this your son, fair Carolus,
That is so Jacobissimus:*
Here's none, of all, your grace refuses,
You are most welcome to our Muses.

"Although we have no bells to jangle,
Yet can we shew a faire quadrangle,
Which, though it ne're was grac'd with king,
Yet sure it is a goodly thing:
My warning's short, no more I'le say,
Soon you shall see a gallant play."

But nothing was so much admir'd,
As were their players so well attir'd;
Nothing did win more praise of mine,
Then did their actors most divine:†
So did they drink their healths divinely;
So did they dance and skip so finely.

Their plays had sundry grave wise factors,
A perfect diocess of actors
Upon the stage; for I am sure that
There was both bishop, pastor, curat
Nor was their labour light, or small,
The charge of some was pastoral.

Our playes were certainly much worse,
For they had a brave hobby-horse,
Which did present unto his grace
A wondrous witty ambling pace:

* Orator hic usus est vocabulis in oratione ad regem.
† Actores omnes fuere theologi.

But we were chiefly spoyl'd by that,
Which was six hours of *God knows what.**

His lordship then was in a rage,
His lordship lay upon the stage,
His lordship cry'd, all would be marr'd:
His lordship lov'd a-life the guard,
And did invite those mighty men,
To what think you? even to a Hen.

He knew he was to use their might
To help to keep the door at night,
And well bestow'd he thought his Hen,
That they might Tolebooth† Oxford men:
He thought it did become a lord
To threaten with that bug-bear word.

Now pass we to the civil law,
And eke the doctors of the spaw,
Who all perform'd their parts so well,
Sir Edward Ratcliff‡ bore the bell,
Who was, by the king's own appointment,
To speak of spells, and magic oyntment.

The doctors of the civil law
Urg'd ne're a reason worth a straw:
And though they went in silk and satten,
They, Thomson-like,§ clip'd the king's Latine;

* Ludus dicebatur Ignoramus, qui durabat per spatium sex horarum.
† Idem quod Bocardo apud Oxon.
‡ Insigniss. stultus.
§ Paulus Tompsonus, qui nuper Iesæ majest. reus ob aurum decurtat.

But yet his grace did pardon then
All treasons against Priscian.

Here no man speak aught to the point,
But all they said was out of joint;
Just like the chappel ominous
I' the colledge called *God with us*;
Which truly* doth stand much awry,
Just north and south, yes verily.

Philosophers did well their parts,
Which prov'd them masters of their arts;
Their moderator was no fool,
He far from Cambridge kept a school:
The country did such store afford,
The proctors might not speak a word.

But to conclude, the king was pleas'd,
And of the court the town was eas'd:
Yet Oxford though (dear sister) hark yet,
The king is gone but to New-market,
And comes again e're it be long,
Then you may make another song.

The king being gone from Trinity,
They make a scramble for degree;
Masters of all sorts, and all ages,
Keepers, subsizers, lackeyes, pages,
Who all did throng to come aboard,
With "Pray make me now, Good my lord."

They prest his lordship wond'rous hard,
His lordship then did want the guard;

* Decorum quia Coll. est puritanorum plenum: vel Emans

So did they throng him for the nonce,
Until he blest them all at once,
And cryed, "Hodiissimè:
Omnes Magistri estote."

Nor is this all which we do sing,
For of your praise the world must ring:
Reader, unto your tackling look,
For there is coming forth a book
Will spoyl Joseph Barnesius
The sale of Rex Platonicus.

AN

ANSWER TO THE FORMER SONG,

IN LATIN AND ENGLISH.

BY ——— LAKES.

(FROM AN AUTOGRAPH IN MR. GILCHRIST'S POSSESSION.)

A BALLAD late was made,
  But God knows who 'es the penner,
Some say the rhyming sculler,*
  And others say 'twas Fenner;*
But they that know the style
  Doe smell it by the collar,
And doe maintaine it was the braine
  Of some young Oxford scholler.

And first he rails on Cambridge,
  And thinkes her to disgrace,
By calling her Lutetia,
  And throws dirt in her face:
But leave it, scholler, leave it,
  For all the world must grant,
If Oxford be thy mother,
  Then Cambridge is thy aunt.

Then goes he to the town,
  And puts it all in starch,

* The former is Taylor, the celebrated water-poet: the latter, William Fenner, a puritanical poet and pamphleteer of that period, was educated at Pembroke-hall, Oxford. He was preferred to the rectory of Rochford in Essex, by the earl of Warwick. He died about 1640. G.

RESPONSIO, &c.

PER

—— LAKES.

FACTA est cantilena,
  Sed nescio quo autore;
An fluxerit ex remige,
  An ex Fenneri ore.
Sed qui legerunt, contendunt,
  Esse hanc tenelli
Oxoniensis nescio cujus
  Prolem cerebelli.

Nam primò Cantabrigiam
  Convitiis execravit,
Quod vocitat Lutetiam,
  Et luto conspurcavit.
Sed parce, precor, parcito,
  Nam istud nihil moror,
Quum hujus academiæ
  Oxonia sit soror.

Tunc oppidanos miseros
  Horrendo cornu petit,

Archbishop Laud, in his annual account to the king, 1636, p. 37, mentions one Fenner, a principal ringleader of the Separatists, with their conventicles, at and about Ashford in Kent. G.

For other rhyme he could not find
  To fit the seventh of March:
But leave it, scholler, leave it,
  For I must vail the bonnet,
And cast the caps at Cambridge
  For making song and sonnet.

Thence goes he to their present,
  And there he doth purloyne,
For looking in their plate
  He nimmes away their coyne:
But leave it, scholler, leave it,
  For 'tis a dangerous thing
To steal from corporations
  The presents of a king.

Next that, my lord vice-chancellor
  He brings before the prince,
And in the face of all the court
  He makes his horse to wince.
But leave it, scholler, leave it,
  For sure that jest did faile,
Unless you clapt a nettle
  Under his horse's taile.

Then aimes he at our orator,
  And at his speech he snarles,
Because he forced a word, and called
  The prince "most Jacob-Charles."
But leave it, scholler, leave it,
  For he did it compose,
That puts you down as much for tongue
  As you do him for nose.

De quibus dixit, nescio quid,
  Et rythmum sic effecit.
Sed parce, precor, parcito,
  Bardos Oxonienses
In canticis non vicimus
  Jam Cantabrigienses.

Jam inspicit cratera
  Quæ regi dono datur,
Et aurum ibi positum
  Subripere conatur.
Sed parce, precor, parcito,
  Nam scelus istud lues,
Si fraudes sodalitia,
  Ad crucem cito rues.

Dein pro-cancellarium
  Produxit equitantem,
In equum valde agilem
  Huc et illuc saltantem:
Sed parce, precor, parcito,
  Nam tibi vix credetur
Si non sub ejus cauda
  Urtica poneretur.

Tunc evomit sententiam
  In ipsum oratorem
Qui dixit Jocobissimum,
  Præter Latinum morem.
Sed parce, precor, parcito,
  Orator exit talis
Qui magis pollet lingua
  Quam ipse naso vales.

Then flies he to our comedies,
  And there he doth professe
He saw among our actors
  A perfect diocess.
But leave it, scholler, leave it,
  'Twas no such witty fiction,
For since you leave the vicar out,
  You spoile the jurisdiction.

Next that he backes the hobby-horse,
  And with a scholler's grace,
Not able to endure the trott,
  He'd bring him to the pace:
But leave it, scholler, leave it,
  For you will hardly do it,
Since all the riders in your muse
  Could never bring him to it.

Polonia land can tell,
  Through which he oft did trace,
And bore a fardell at his back,
  He nere went other pace.
But leave him, scholler, leave him,
  He learned it of his sire,
And if you put him from his trott
  He'l lay you in the myre.

Our horse has thrown his rider;
  But now he meanes to shame us,
And in the censuring of our play
  Conspires with Ignoramus.
But leave it, scholler, leave it,
  And call't not "God knows what,"

Adibat ad comœdiam
  Et cuncta circumspexit,
Actorum diocesin
  Completam hic detexit:
Sed parce, precor, parcito,
  Hæc cogitare mente
Non valet jurisdictio
  Vicario absente.

Fictitio equo subdidit
  Calcaria, sperans fore
Ut eum ire cogeret
  Gradu submissiore:
Sed parce, precor, parcito,
  Hoc non efficietur
Si iste stabularius
  Habenis moderetur.

Testis est Polonia,
  Quam sæpe is transivit,
Et oneratus sarcina
  Eodem gradu ivit.
Tum parce, precor, parcito,
  Et credas hoc futurum,
Si Brutum regat Asinus
  Gradatim non iturum.

Comœdiam Ignoramus
  Eum spectare libet,
Et hujus delicatulo
  Structura non arridet.
At parce, precor, parcito,
  Tum aliter versatus

Your head was making ballads
  When you should mark the plot.

His fantasie still working,
  Finds out another crotchet;
Then runs he to the bishop,
  And rides upon his rotchet.
But leave it, scholler, leave it,
  And take it not in snuff,
For he that weares no picadell
  By law may weare a ruffe.

Next that he goes to dinner,
  And like an hardy guest,
When he had cramm'd his belly full
  He railes against the feast.
But leave it, scholler, leave it;
  For, since you eat his roast,
It argues want of manners
  To raile upon the host.

Now listen, masters, listen,
  That tax us for our riot,
For here two men went to a hen,
  So slender was the diet.
Then leave him, scholler, leave him,
  He yields himself your debtor,
And next time he's vice-chancellor
  Your table shall be better.

Then goes he to the regent-house,
  And there he sits and sees

In faciendis canticis
  Fuisti occupatus.

Tum pergit maledicere
  Cicestriensi patri,
Et vestes etiam vellicat
  Episcopi barbati.
Sed parce, precor, parcito,
  Et nos tu sales pone,
Ne tanti patris careas
  Benedictione.

Tum cibo se ingurgitans
  Abunde saginatur,
Et venter cum expletus est,
  Danti convitiatur.
Sed parce, precor, parcito,
  Nam illud verum erit,
Quicquid ingrato infecerit
  Oxoniensi, perit.

At ecce nos videmur
  Tenaces nimis esse,
Gallinam unam quod spectasset
  Duos comedisse.
O parce, precor, parcito,
  Hæc culpa corrigetur
Cum rursus Cantabrigia
  Episcopo regetur.

Sed novo in sacello
  Pedisse quos aspexit,

How lackeys and subsizers press
  And scramble for degrees.
But leave it, scholler, leave it,
  'Twas much against our mind,
But when the prison doors are ope
  Noe thief will stay behind.

Behold, more anger yet:
  He threatens us ere long,
When as the king comes back againe,
  To make another song.
But leave it, scholler, leave it,
  Your weakness you disclose;
For "Bonny Nell" doth plainly tell
  Your wit lies all in prose.

Nor can you make the world
  Of Cambridge praise to ringe,
A mouth so foul no market eare
  Will stand to hear it sing.
Then leave it, scholler, leave it,
  For yet you cannot say,
The king did go from you in March,
  And come again in May.

Quos nostra Academia
  Honoribus erexit.
Sed parce, precor, parcito,
  Nam ipse es expertus,
Effugiunt omnes protinus
  Cum carcer est apertus.

At nobis minitatur,
  Si rex sit rediturus,
Tunc iste (Phœbo duce) est
  Tela resumpturus.
Sed parce, precor, parcito,
  Piscator ictus sapit,
Fugatus namque miles iners
  Arma nunquam capit.

Et Cantabrigiam non
  Lædi hinc speramus,
Ex ore tam spurcidico
  Nil damni expectamus.
O parce, ergo, parcito,
  Oxonia nunquam dicit,
Cum Martio princeps abiens
  In Maio nos revisit.

ON

THE LADY ARABELLA.

(THE UNFORTUNATE LADY ARABELLA STUART, WHO DIED IN THE TOWER, SEPT. 27, 1615.)

How do I thanke thee, Death, and blesse thy power,
That I have past the guard, and scaped the Tower!
And now my pardon is my epitaph,
And a small coffin my poore carkasse hath.
For at thy charge both soule and body were
Enlarged at last, secured from hope and feare;
That among saints, this amongst kings is laid,
And what my birth did claim, my death hath paid.

A LETTER

Sent from Dr. Corbet to Sir Thomas Ailesbury, Secretary to the Duke of Buckingham, December the 9th, 1618.

ON THE OCCASION OF A BLAZING STAR.

My brother and much more, hadst thou been mine,
Hadst thou in one rich present of a line
Inclos'd sir Francis, for in all this store
No gift can cost thee less, or binde me more;
Hadst thou (dear churle) imparted his return,
I should not with a tardy welcome burn;
But had let loose my joy at him long since,
Which now will seem but studied negligence:

But I forgive thee, two things kept thee from it,
First such a friend to gaze on, next a comet;
Which comet we discern, though not so true
As you at Sion, as long tayl'd as you;
We know already how will stand the case,
With Barnavelt* of universal grace,
Though Spain deserve the whole star, if the fall
Be true of Lerma duke and cardinal:
Marry, in France we fear no blood, but wine;
Less danger's in her sword, than in her vine.
And thus we leave the blazers coming over,
For our portends are wise, and end at Dover:
And though we use no forward censuring,
Nor send our learned proctors to the king,
Yet every morning when the star doth rise,
There is no black for three hours in our eyes;
But like a Puritan dreamer, towards this light
All eyes turn upward, all are zeale and white:
More it is doubtful that this prodigy
Will turne ten schools to one astronomy:
And the analysis we justly fear,
Since every art doth seek for rescue there;
Physicians, lawyers, glovers on the stall,
The shopkeepers speak mathematics all;
And though men read no gospels in these signes,
Yet all professions are become divines;
All weapons from the bodkin to the pike,
The mason's rule and taylor's yard alike
Take altitudes, and th' early fidling knaves
On fluits and hoboyes made them Jacobs-staves;

* The great negociator and general, who fell by the jealousy of the prince of Orange the 13th March 1619. G.

Lastly, of fingers, glasses we contrive,
And every flat is made a prospective.
Burton to Gunter cants,* and Burton hears
From Gunter, and th' exchange both tongue and ears
By carriage: thus doth mired Guy complain,
His waggon in their letters bears Charles-Wain,
Charles Wain, to which they say the tayl will reach.
And at this distance they both hear and teach.
Now, for the peace of God and men, advise
(Thou that hast wherewithall to make us wise)
Thine own rich studies, and deep Harriot's† mine,
In which there is no dross, but all refine:
O tell us what to trust to, lest we wax
All stiff and stupid with his parallax:
Say, shall the old philosophy be true?
Or doth he rule above the Moon, think you?
Is he a meteor forced by the Sun?
Or a first body from creation?
Hath the same star been object of the wonder
Of our forefathers? Shall the same come under
The sentence of our nephews? Write and send,
Or else this star a quarrel doth portend.

* William Burton is said, by Anthony à Wood, to have been a *pretender* to astronomy, of which he published an *Ephemeris* in 1652. Edmund Gunter, a math matician of greater eminence, was astronomical professor of Gresham College, and eminent for his skill in the sciences: his publications were popular in his day. He died at Gresham College, 1626. G.

† Thomas Hariot, styled by Camden "Mathematicus Imagnis," was a pensioner and companion of Sir Walter Raleigh in his voyage to Virginia (1584), of which, upon his return, he published an account. He was held in high estimation by the earl of Northumberland, Sir Thomas Aylesbury, and others, for his mathematical knowledge, but, like his patron, Raleigh, was a deist in religion. Ob. 1621. See Wood's Athenæ, vol. i. p. 459. ed. 1721. G.

DR. CORBET'S

JOURNEY INTO FRANCE.

I WENT from England into France,
Nor yet to learn to cringe nor dance,
Nor yet to ride or fence;
Nor did I go like one of those
That do returne with half a nose
They carried from hence.

But I to Paris rode along,
Much like John Dory in the song,*
Upon a holy tide,
I on an ambling nag did jet,
I trust he is not paid for yet;
And spur'd him on each side.

And to St. Dennis fast we came,
To see the sights of Nostre Dame,
The man that shows them snaffles:
Where who is apt for to beleeve,
May see our Ladie's right-arm sleeve,
And eke her old pantofles;

* Of this popular song, which is reprinted from Deuteromelia, 1609, in Hawkin's History of Music, and in Ritson's Antient Songs, the following is the introductory stanza:

As it fell upon a holyday
And upon a holy-tide-a,
John Dory bought him an ambling nag
To Paris for to ride-a. G.

Her breast, her milk, her very gown,
That she did wear in Bethlehem town,
When in the inn she lay.
Yet all the world knows that's a fable,
For so good clothes ne're lay in stable
Upon a lock of hay.

No carpenter could by his trade
Gain so much coyn as to have made
A gown of so rich stuff.
Yet they, poor fools, think, for their credit,
They may believe old Joseph did it,
'Cause he deserv'd enough.

There is one of the crosse's nails,
Which who so sees, his bonnet vails,
And if he will, may kneel.
Some say 'twas false, 'twas never so,
Yet, feeling it, thus much I know,
It is as true as steel.

There is a lanthorn which the Jews,
When Judas led them forth, did use,
It weighs my weight downright:
But to believe it, you must think
The Jews did put a candle in't,
And then 'twas very light.

There's one saint there hath lost his nose;
Another 's head, but not his toes,
His elbow and his thumb.
But when that we had seen the rags,
We went to th' inn and took our nags,
And so away did come.

We came to Paris on the Seine,
'Tis wondrous fair, 'tis nothing clean,
'Tis Europe's greatest town.
How strong it is I need not tell it,
For all the world may easily smell it,
That walk it up and down.

There many strange things are to see,
The palace and great gallery,
The Place Royal doth excel:
The new bridge, and the statues there,
At Nostre Dame, Saint Q. Pater,
The steeple bears the bell.

For learning, th' universitie;
And for old clothes, the Frippery;
The house the queen did build.
Saint Innocents, whose earth devoures
Dead corps in four and twenty hours,
And there the king was kill'd:

The Bastile and Saint Dennis-street,
The Shafflenist, like London-Fleet,
The Arsenal, no toy.
But if you'll see the prettiest thing,
Go to the court and see the king,
O 'tis a hopeful boy.

He is of all his dukes and peers
Reverenc'd for much wit at 's years,
Nor must you think it much;
For he with little switch doth play,
And make fine dirty pyes of clay,
O never king made such!

A bird that can but kill a fly,
Or prate, doth please his majesty,
'Tis known to every one.
The Duke of Guise gave him a parret,
And he had twenty cannons for it
For his new galeon.

O that I ere might have the hap
To get the bird which in the map
Is called the Indian Ruck!
I'de give it him, and hope to be
As rich as Guise, or Livine,
Or else I had ill luck.

Birds round about his chamber stand,
And he them feeds with his own hand:
'Tis his humility.
And if they do want any thing,
They need but whistle for their king,
And he comes presently.

But now then, for these parts he must
Be enstiled Lewis the Just,
Great Henry's lawful heir:
When to his stile to add more words,
They'd better call him king of birds,
Than of the great Navarre.

He hath besides a pretty quirk,
Taught him by nature, how to work
In iron with much ease.
Sometimes to the forge he goes,
There he knocks, and there he blows,
And makes both locks and keys.

Which puts a doubt on every one,
Whether he be Mars or Vulcan's son,
Some few believe his mother:
But let them all say what they will,
I came resolv'd, and so think still,
As much the one as th' other.

The people, too, dislike the youth,
Alleging reasons, for, in truth,
Mothers should honour'd be:
Yet others say, he loves her rather
As well as ere she lov'd his father,
And that's notoriously.

His queen, a pretty little wench,
Was born in Spain, speaks little French,
She's ne're like to be mother:
For her incestuous house could not
Have children which were not begot
By uncle or by brother.

Now why should Lewis, being so just,
Content himself to take his lust
With his Lucina's mate;
And suffer his little pretty queen,
From all her race that yet hath been,
So to degenerate?

'Twere charity for to be known
To love others' children as his own,
And why? it is no shame;
Unless that he would greater be
Than was his father Henery,
Who, men thought, did the same.

AN ELEGIE

UPON THE DEATH OF LADY HADDINGTON, WIFE O JOHN RAMSAY, VISCOUNT HADDINGTON, WHO DIE OF THE SMALL POX.

Deare losse, to tell the world I grieve were true,
But that were to lament my selfe, not you;
That were to cry out helpe for my affaires,
For which nor publick thought, nor private cares
No, when thy fate I publish amongst men,
I should have power to write with the state's pen
I should in naming thee force publicke teares,
And bid their eyes pay ransome for their eares.
First, thy whole life was a short feast of witt,
And Death th' attendant which did wait on it:
To both mankind doth owe devotion ample,
To that their first, to this their last example.
And though 'twere praise enough (with them whos fame
And vertue's nothing but an ample name)
That thou wert highly borne, (which no ma doubtes)
And so might'st swath base deedes in noble cloutes
Yet thou thy selfe in titles didst not shroud,
And being noble, wast nor foole, nor proud;
And when thy youth was ripe, when now the suit
Of all the longing court was for thy fruit,
How wisely didst thou choose! Foure blessed eyes
The king's and thine, had taught thee to be wise.

* * * * * * * * *

Who now shall keepe ould countesses in awe,
And, by tart similyes, repentance draw
From those, whom preachers had given ore? Even such
Whome sermons could not reach, her arrowes touch.
Hereafter, fooles shall prosper with applause,
And wise men smile and no man aske the cause:
He of fourescore, three night capps, and two haires,
Shall marry her of twenty, and get heyres
Which shall be thought his owne; and none shall say
But 'tis a wondrous blessing, and he may.
Now (which is more than pitty) many a knight,
Which can doe more then quarrell, less then fight,
Shall choose his weapons, ground; draw seconds thither,
Put up his sword, and not be laught at neyther.

* * * * * * * * *

ON

THE EARL OF DORSET'S DEATH.

(RICHARD, THE THIRD EARL OF DORSET.)

Let no prophane, ignoble foot tread here,
This hallowed piece of earth, Dorset lyes there:
A small poore relique of a noble spirit,
Free as the air, and ample as his merit:
A soul refin'd, no proud forgetting lord,
But mindful of mean names, and of his word:

Who lov'd men for his honour, not his ends,
And had the noblest way of getting friends
By loving first, and yet who knew the court,
But understood it better by report
Than practice: he nothing took from thence
But the king's favour for his recompence.
Who, for religion or his country's good,
Neither his honour valued, nor his blood.
Rich in the world's opinion, and men's praise,
And full in all we could desire, but days.
He that is warn'd of this, and shall forbear
To vent a sigh for him, or shed a tear,
May he live long scorn'd, and unpitied fall,
And want a mourner at his funeral!*

TO

HIS SON, VINCENT CORBET,

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1630, BEING TH THREE YEARS OLD.

What I shall leave thee none can tell,
But all shall say I wish thee well;
I wish thee, Vin, before all wealth,
Both bodily and ghostly health:
Nor too much wealth, nor wit, come to thee,
So much of either may undo thee.
I wish thee learning, not for show,
Enough for to instruct, and know,

* Mr. Gilchrist observes that Corbet's claim to this poem somewhat doubtful, as it occurs in bishop King's poems

Not such as gentlemen require,
To prate at table, or at fire.
I wish thee all thy mother's graces,
Thy father's fortunes, and his places.
I wish thee friends, and one at court,
Not to build on, but support;
To keep thee, not in doing many
Oppressions, but from suffering any.
I wish thee peace in all thy wayes,
Nor lazy nor contentious days;
And when thy soul and body part,
As innocent as now thou art.

ON MR. RICE,

THE MANCIPLE OF CHRIST-CHURCH IN OXFORD.

Who can doubt, Rice, but to th' eternall place
Thy soule is fledd, that did but know thy face?
Whose body was soe light, it might have gone
To Heav'ne without a resurrection.
Indeed thou wert all type; thy limmes were signes,
Thy arteryes but mathematicke lines:
As if two soules had made thy compound good,
That both should live by faith, and none by blood.

ON

GREAT TOM OF CHRIST-CHURCH.

Be dumb, ye infant-chimes, thump not your mettle,
That ne're out-ring a tinker and his kettle;
Cease, all you petty larums; for, to day
Is young Tom's resurrection from the clay.

And know, when Tom rings out his knells,
The best of you will be but dinner-bells.
Old Tom's grown young again, the fiery cave
Is now his cradle, that was erst his grave:
He grew up quickly from his mother Earth,
For all you see was but an hour's birth;
Look on him well, my life I dare engage,
You ne're saw prettier baby of his age.
Some take his measure by the rule, some by
The Jacob's staff take his profundity,
And some his altitude; but some do swear
Young Tom's not like the old: but, Tom, ne're
The critical geometrician's line, [fear
If thou as loud as e're thou did ring'st nine.
Tom did no sooner peep from under-ground,
But straight St. Marie's tenor lost his sound.
O how this may-pole's heart did swell
With full main sides of joy, when that crackt bell
Choakt with annoy, and 's admiration,
Rung like a quart-pot to the congregation.
Tom went his progress lately, and lookt o're
What he ne're saw in many yeares before;
But when he saw the old foundation,
With some like hope of preparation,
He burst with grief; and lest he should not have
Due pomp, he's his own bell-man to the grave:
And that there might of him be still some mention,
He carried to his grave a new invention.
They drew his brown-bread face on pretty gins,
And made him stalk upon two rolling-pins;
But Sander Hill swore twice or thrice by Heaven,
He ne're set such a loaf into the oven.
And Tom did Sanders vex, his Cyclops maker,
As much as he did Sander Hill, the baker;

Therefore, loud thumping Tom, be this thy pride,
When thou this motto shalt have on thy side:
"Great world! one Alexander conquer'd thee,
And two as mighty men scarce conquer'd me."
Brave constant spirit, none could make thee turn,
Though hang'd, drawn, quarter'd, till they did thee burn:
Yet not for this, nor ten times more be sorry,
Since thou was martyr'd for the churche's glory;
But for thy meritorious suffering,
Thou shortly shalt to Heaven in a string:
And though we griev'd to see thee thump'd and bang'd,
We'll all be glad, Great Tom, to see thee hang'd.

A PROPER NEW BALLAD,

INTITULED

THE FAERYE'S FAREWELL;

OR,

GOD-A-MERCY WILL.

To be sung or whiseled to the tune of "The Meddow Brow," by the Learned; by the Unlearned, to the tune of "Fortune."

FAREWELL rewards and Faeries,
Good houswives now may say,
For now foule slutts in daries
Doe fare as well as they.
And though they sweepe theyr hearths no less
Then maydes were wont to doe,

Yet who of late for cleaneliness,
  Finds sixe-pence in her shoe?

Lament, lament, old abbies,
  The Faries lost command;
They did but change priests' babies,
  But some have chang'd your land:
And all your children sprung from thence
  Are now growne Puritanes;
Who live as changelings ever since
  For love of your demaines.

At morning and at evening both
  You merry were and glad,
So little care of sleepe or sloth
  These prettie ladies had;
When Tom came home from labour,
  Or Ciss to milking rose,
Then merrily merrily went theyre tabor,
  And nimbly went theyre toes.

Wittness those rings and roundelayes
  Of theirs, which yet remaine,
Were footed in queene Marie's dayes
  On many a grassy playne;
But since of late, Elizabeth,
  And later, James came in,
They never daunc'd on any heath
  As when the time hath bin.

By which we note the Faries
  Were of the old profession;
Theyre songs were Ave Maryes;
  Theyre daunces were procession:

But now, alas! they all are dead,
  Or gone beyond the seas;
Or farther for religion fled,
  Or elce they take theyre ease.

A tell-tale in theyre company
  They never could endure,
And whoe so kept not secretly
  Theyre mirth was punisht sure;
It was a just and christian deed
  To pinch such blacke and blew:
O how the common welth doth need
  Such justices as you!

Now they have left our quarters
  A register they have,
Who looketh to theyre charters,
  A man both wise and grave;
An hundred of theyre merry prancks
  By one that I could name
Are kept in store, conn twenty thanks
  To William for the same.

I marvell who his cloake would turne
  When Pucke had led him round,
Or where those walking fires would burne,
  Where Cureton would be found;
How Broker would appeare to be,
  For whom this age doth mourne;
But that theyre spiritts live in thee,
  In thee, old William Chourne.

To William Chourne of Stafford shire
  Give laud and prayses due,

Who every meale can mend your cheare
With tales both old and true:
To William all give audience,
And pray ye for his noddle,
For all the Farie's evidence
Were lost, if that were addle.

TO

THE GHOST OF ROBERT WISDOME.[*]

Thou, once a body, now but aire,
Arch-botcher of a psalme or prayer,
From Carfax come;
And patch me up a zealous lay,
With an old *ever and for ay,*
Or, *all and some.*

Or such a spirit lend me,
As may a hymne downe send me,
To purge my braine:
So, Robert, looke behinde thee,
Least Turke or Pope doe find thee,
And goe to bed againe.

[*] See Warton's History of English Poetry, vol. iii. p. 170, 171. G. He contributed some of the Psalms in the Old Version. C.

THE DISTRACTED PURITANE.

Am I madd, O noble Festus,
When zeale and godly knowledge
Have put me in hope
To deal with the pope,
As well as the best in the colledge?
Boldly I preach, hate a crosse, hate a surplice,
Mitres, copes, and rotchets:
Come heare me pray nine times a day,
And fill your heads with crotchets.

In the house of pure Emanuel
I had my education;
Where my friends surmise
I dazeled mine eyes
With the light of revelation.
Boldly I preach, &c.

They bound me like a bedlam,
They lash't my foure poore quarters;
Whilst this I endure,
Faith makes me sure
To be one of Foxe's martyrs,
Boldly I preach, &c.

These injuryes I suffer
Through Anti-Christ's perswasions:
Take off this chaine,
Neither Rome nor Spaine
Can *resist* my strong invasions.
Boldly I preach, &c.

Of the beast's ten hornes (God blesse us!)
I have knockt off three already:
If they let me alone,
I'll leave him none;
But they say I am too heady.
Boldly I preach, &c.

When I sack'd the seven-hill'd citty
I mett the great redd dragon:
I kept him aloofe
With the armour of proofe,
Though here I have never a rag on.
Boldly I preach, &c.

With a fiery sword and targett
There fought I with this monster:
But the sonnes of pride
My zeale deride,
And all my deedes misconster.
Boldly I preach, &c.

I unhorst the whore of Babel
With a launce of inspirations:
I made her stinke,
And spill her drinck
In the cupp of abominations.
Boldly I preach, &c.

I have seene two in a vision,
With a flying booke betweene them:
I have bin in dispaire
Five times a yeare,
And cur'd by reading Greenham.
Boldly I preach, &c.

I observ'd in Perkin's Tables*
The black lines of damnation:
Those crooked veines
Soe struck in my braines,
That I fear'd my reprobation.
Boldly I preach, &c.

In the holy tongue of Chanaan
I plac'd my chiefest pleasure:
Till I prickt my foote
With an Hebrew roote,
That I bledd beyond all measure.
Boldly I preach, &c.

I appear'd before the arch-bishopp,
And all the high commission:
I gave him noe grace,
But told him to his face
That he favour'd superstition.
Boldly I preach, hate a crosse, hate a surplice,
Mitres, copes, and rotchets:
Come heare me pray nine times a day,
And fill your heads with crotchets.

* An eminent divine of Cambridge. *C.*

SELECT POEMS

OF

THOMAS CAREW.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

LIFE OF CAREW.

THOMAS CAREW, the descendant of an ancient family in Devonshire, is supposed to have been born in 1589. He was educated at Christ's College, Oxford; though it does not appear that he was ever matriculated, or took a degree. His accomplishments were chiefly derived from travelling and conversation. Philips says, he was 'reckoned among the chiefest of his time, for delicacy of wit and poetic fancy;' and Wood tells us, he was 'famed for the charming sweetness of his lyric odes, and amorous sonnets.' We know nothing more of him, than that he was made gentleman of the privy chamber, and sewer in ordinary to King Charles I.; and that he was almost worshipped by his cotemporaries, Jonson, Davenant, Donne, May, and Suckling. He died in 1639.

Carew is an amorous sonnetter. His verses are polished and pointed; and it is only from the testimony of cotemporaries, that we should ascertain him to have been a laborious and difficult writer. His licentiousness, we suppose, must be charged to the age of Charles I.; and we can state, on the authority of Clarendon, that he died with the greatest remorse for the dissoluteness of his life and writings. According to a MS. of Oldys, 'Carew's sonnets were more in request than any poet's of his time;' and the masque of *Cœlum Brittanicum* was so much ad-

mired, that the king and some young lords performed it, at Whitehall, Feb. 18, 1633. But times and tastes have changed; and ungrateful posterity are contented to live with only an occasional glance at the sonnets and masque of Carew.

THOMAS CAREW.

THE SPRING.

Now that the winter's gone, the Earth hath lost
Her snow-white robes, and now no more the frost
Candies the grass, or casts an icy cream
Upon the silver lake, or chrystal stream:
But the warm Sun thaws the benumbed Earth
And makes it tender, gives a sacred birth
To the dead swallow, wakes in hollow tree
The drowsy cuckow and the humble bee.
Now do a quire of chirping minstrels bring
In triumph to the world, the youthful Spring:
The vallies, hills, and woods, in rich array,
Welcome the coming of the long'd-for May.
Now all things smile; only my love doth low'r:
Nor hath the scalding noon-day Sun the pow'r
To melt that marble ice, which still doth hold
Her heart congeal'd, and makes her pity cold.
The ox, which lately did for shelter fly
Into the stall, doth now securely lie
In open fields: and love no more is made
By the fire-side; but in the cooler shade
Amyntas now doth with his Chloris sleep
Under a sycamore, and all things keep
Time with the season; only she doth carry
June in her eyes, in her heart January.

TO A. L.

PERSUASIONS TO LOVE.

THINK not, 'cause men flatt'ring say,
Y' are fresh as April, sweet as May,
Bright as is the morning-star,
That you are so; or though you are,
Be not therefore proud, and deem
All men unworthy your esteem:
For being so, you lose the pleasure
Of being fair, since that rich treasure
Of rare beauty and sweet feature
Was bestow'd on you by nature
To be enjoy'd, and 'twere a sin
There to be scarce, where she hath been
So prodigal of her best graces;
Thus common beauties and mean faces
Shall have more pastime, and enjoy
The sport you lose by being coy.
Did the thing for which I sue,
Only concern myself, not you;
Were men so fram'd as they alone
Reap'd all the pleasure, women none,
Then had you reason to be scant;
But 'twere a madness not to grant
That which affords (if you consent)
To you, the giver, more content
Than me the beggar; oh then be
Kind to yourself, if not to me;
Starve not yourself, because you may
Thereby make me pine away;
Nor let brittle beauty make
Y[illegible] your wiser thoughts forsake:

For that lovely face will fail;
Beauty's sweet, but beauty's frail;
'Tis sooner past, 'tis sooner done
Than summer's rain or winter's sun;
Most fleeting, when it is most dear;
'Tis gone, while we but say 'tis here.
These curious locks so aptly twin'd,
Whose every hair a soul doth bind,
Will change their auburn hue, and grow
White, and cold as winter's snow.
That eye which now is Cupid's nest
Will prove his grave, and all the rest
Will follow; in the cheek, chin, nose,
Nor lilly shall be found, nor rose;
And what will then become of all
Those, whom now you servants call?
Like swallows, when your summer's done,
They'll fly, and seek some warmer sun.
Then wisely chuse one to your friend,
Whose love may (when your beauties end)
Remain still firm: be provident,
And think, before the summer's spent,
Of following winter; like the ant
In plenty hoard for time of scant.
Cull out amongst the multitude
Of lovers, that seek to intrude
Into your favour, one that may
Love for an age, not for a day;
One that will quench your youthful fires,
And feed in age your hot desires.
For when the storms of time have mov'd
Waves on that cheek which was belov'd;
When a fair lady's face is pin'd,
And yellow spread where red once shin'd;

When beauty, youth, and all sweets leave her,
Love may return, but lovers never:
And old folks say there are no pains
Like itch of love in aged veins.
Oh love me then, and now begin it,
Let us not lose this present minute:
For time and age will work that wrack,
Which time nor age shall ne'er call back.
The snake each year fresh skin resumes,
And eagles change their aged plumes;
The faded rose each spring receives
A fresh red tincture on her leaves:
But if your beauties once decay,
You never know a second May.
Oh, then be wise, and whilst your season
Affords you days for sport, do reason;
Spend not in vain your life's short hour,
But crop in time your beauty's flow'r:
Which will away, and doth together
Both bud and fade, both blow and wither.

A DIVINE MISTRESS.

In Nature's pieces still I see
Some errour that might mended be;
Something my wish could still remove,
Alter or add; but my fair love
Was fram'd by hands far more divine;
For she hath every beauteous line:
Yet I had been far happier
Had Nature, that made me, made her;

Then likeness might (that love creates)
Have made her love what now she hates:
Yet I confess I cannot spare
From her just shape the smallest hair;
Nor need I beg from all the store
Of Heaven for her one beauty more;
She hath too much divinity for me:
Ye gods, teach her some more humanity!

SONG.

CONQUEST BY FLIGHT.

Ladies, fly from love's smooth tale,
Oaths steep'd in tears do oft prevail;
Grief is infectious, and the air
Inflam'd with sighs will blast the fair:
Then stop your ears when lovers cry,
Lest yourself weep, when no soft eye
Shall with a sorrowing tear repay
That pity which you cast away.

Young men, fly, when beauty darts
Amorous glances at your hearts:
The fixt mark gives the shooter aim,
And ladies' looks have power to maim;
Now 'twixt their lips, now in their eyes,
Wrapt in a smile, or kiss, love lies;
Then fly betimes, for only they
Conquer love that run away.

SONG.

PERSUASIONS TO ENJOY.

If the quick spirits in your eye
Now languish, and anon must die;
If ev'ry sweet, and ev'ry grace
Must fly from that forsaken face:
  Then, Celia, let us reap our joys,
  Ere time such goodly fruit destroys.

Or, if that golden fleece must grow
For ever, free from aged snow;
If those bright suns must know no shade,
Nor your fresh beauties ever fade;
Then fear not, Celia, to bestow
What still being gather'd still must grow.
  Thus either Time his sickle brings
  In vain, or else in vain his wings.

INGRATEFUL BEAUTY THREATENED

Know, Celia, (since thou art so proud,)
  'Twas I that gave thee thy renown:
Thou hadst, in the forgotten crowd
  Of common beauties, liv'd unknown,
Had not my verse exhal'd thy name,
And with it impt* the wings of Fame.

* This technical phrase is borrowed from falconry. Falconers say, To *imp* a feather in a hawk's wing, i. e. to add a new piece to an old stump.

That killing power is none of thine,
  I gave it to thy voice and eyes:
Thy sweets, thy graces, all are mine;
  Thou art my star, shin'st in my skies;
Then dart not from thy borrowed sphere
Lightning on him that fix'd thee there.

Tempt me with such affrights no more,
  Lest what I made I uncreate:
Let fools thy mystic forms adore,
  Ill know thee in thy mortal state.
Wise poets, that wrap truth in tales,
Knew her themselves through all her veils.

SONG.

ETERNITY OF LOVE PROTESTED.

How ill doth he deserve a lover's name
  Whose pale weak flame
  Cannot retain
His heat, in spight of absence or disdain;
But doth at once, like paper set on fire,
  Burn and expire!
True love can never change his seat,
Nor did he ever love that could retreat.

That noble flame, which my breast keeps alive,
  Shall still survive
  When my soul's fled;
Nor shall my love die when my body's dead;
That shall wait on me to the lower shade,
  And never fade.
My very ashes in their urn
Shall, like a hallow'd lamp, for ever burn.

GOOD COUNSEL TO A YOUNG MAID.

When you the sun-burnt pilgrim see,
  Fainting with thirst, haste to the springs;
Mark how at first with bended knee
  He courts the chrystal nymphs, and flings
His body to the earth, where he
Prostrate adores the flowing deity.

But when his sweaty face is drench'd
  In her cool waves, when from her sweet
Bosom his burning thirst is quench'd;
  Then mark how with disdainful feet
He kicks her banks, and from the place
That thus refresh'd him, moves with sullen pace.

So shalt thou be despis'd, fair maid,
  When by the sated lover tasted;
What first he did with tears invade,
  Shall afterwards with scorn be wasted;
When all the virgin springs grow dry,
When no stream shall be left, but in thine eye.*

TO SAXHAM.

Though frost and snow lock'd from mine eyes
That beauty which without door lies,
The gardens, orchards, walks, that so
I might not all thy pleasures know;

* This little poem is entirely worthy of Carew's verses with elegance.

Yet, Saxham, thou, within thy gate,
Art of thyself so delicate,
So full of native sweets, that bless
Thy roof with inward happiness;
As neither from, nor to thy store,
Winter takes aught, or spring adds more.
The cold and frozen air had starv'd
Much poor, if not by thee preserv'd;
Whose prayers have made thy table blest
With plenty, far above the rest.
The season hardly did afford
Coarse cates unto thy neighbour's board,
Yet thou hadst dainties, as the sky
Had only been thy volary;*
Or else the birds, fearing the snow
Might to another deluge grow,
The pheasant, partridge, and the lark,
Flew to thy house, as to the ark.
The willing ox of himself came
Home to the slaughter, with the lamb,
And every beast did thither bring
Himself to be an offering.
The scaly herd more pleasure took,
Bath'd in thy dish, than in the brook.
Water, earth, air, did all conspire
To pay their tributes to thy fire;
Whose cherishing flames themselves divide
Through every room, where they deride
The night, and cold abroad; whilst they,
Like suns within, keep endless day.
Those cheerful beams send forth their light,
To all that wander in the night,

* *A great bird-cage, in which the birds have room to fly up and down.*

And seem to beckon from aloof
The weary pilgrim to thy roof;
Where, if refresh'd, he will away,
He's fairly welcome; or, if stay,
Far more, which he shall hearty find,
Both from the master and the hind.
The stranger's welcome each man there
Stamp'd on his cheerful brow doth wear;
Nor doth this welcome, or his cheer,
Grow less, 'cause he stays longer here.
There's none observes, much less repines,
How often this man sups or dines.
Thou hast no porter at the door
T' examine or keep back the poor;
Nor locks nor bolts; thy gates have been
Made only to let strangers in;
Untaught to shut, they do not fear
To stand wide open all the year;
Careless who enters, for they know
Thou never didst deserve a foe;
And as for thieves, thy bounty's such,
They cannot steal, thou giv'st so much.

SONG.

THE WILLING PRISONER TO HIS MISTRESS.

Let fools great Cupid's yoke disdain,
  Loving their own wild freedom better;
Whilst proud of my triumphant chain,
  I sit and court my beauteous fetter.

Her murdering glances, snaring hairs,
  And her bewitching smiles so please me,
As *he** brings ruin, *that* repairs
  The sweet afflictions that disease me.

Hide not those panting balls of snow
  With envious veils from my beholding;
Unlock those lips, their pearly row
  In a sweet smile of love unfolding.

And let those eyes, whose motion wheels
  The restless fate of every lover,
Survey the pains my sick heart feels,
  And wounds themselves have made, discover.

TO MY RIVAL.

Hence, vain intruder! haste away,
  Wash not with unhallowed brine
  The footsteps of my Celia's shrine;
Nor on her purer altars lay
Thy empty words, accents that may
  Some looser dame to love incline:
  She must have offerings more divine;
Such pearly drops, as youthful May
Scatters before the rising day;
  Such smooth soft language, as each line
Might stroake† an angry god, or stay
  Jove's thunder, make the hearers pine
With envy: do this, thou shalt be
Servant to her, rival with me.

* *Cupid.* † An ancient phrase for pacify.

BOLDNESS IN LOVE.

Mark how the bashful morn in vain
  Courts the amorous marigold
With sighing blasts and weeping rain;
  Yet she refuses to unfold:
But when the planet of the day
Approacheth with his powerful ray,
Then she spreads, then she receives
His warmer beams into her virgin leaves.*
So shalt thou thrive in love, fond boy;
  If thy tears and sighs discover
Thy grief, thou never shalt enjoy
  The just reward of a bold lover:
But when with moving accents thou
Shalt constant faith and service vow,
Thy Celia shall receive those charms
With open ears, and with unfolded arms.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

SHEPHERD, NYMPH, CHORUS.

SHEPHERD.

This mossy bank they prest. Nym. that aged oak
  Did canopy the happy pair
  All night from the damp air.

* A modern poet seems to have availed himself of this beautiful passage, and made a very happy use of it. See the Fables of Flora, Fab. I.—We may observe here, that many, very many of the most beautiful passages which are found in the poems of this age, have been borrowed from the neglected bards of the 16th and 17th centuries.

CHO. Here let us sit, and sing the words they spoke,
Till the day-breaking their embraces broke.

SHEPHERD.

See, love, the blushes of the morn appear;
And now she hangs her pearly store
(Robb'd from the eastern shore)
I' th' cowslip's bell and rose's ear:
Sweet, I must stay no longer here.

NYMPH.

Those streaks of doubtful light usher not day,*
But show my sun must set; no morn
Shall shine till thou return:
The yellow planets, and the gray
Dawn, shall attend thee on thy way.

SHEPHERD.

If thine eyes gild my paths, they may forbear
Their useless shine. NYM. My tears will quite
Extinguish their faint light.
SHEP. Those drops will make their beams more clear,
Love's flames will shine in every tear.

CHORUS.

They kist, and wept; and from their lips and eyes,
In a mixt dew of briny sweet,

* This pastoral dialogue seems to be entirely an imitation of the scene between Romeo and Juliet, Act iii. sc. 7. The time, the persons, the sentiments, the expressions, are the same.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it well;
It is some meteor, &c.
To light thee on thy way to Mantua.

Their joys and sorrows meet;*
But she cries out. NYM. Shepherd, arise,
The Sun betrays us else to spies.

SHEPHERD.

The winged houres fly fast whilst we embrace;
But when we want their help to meet,
They move with leaden feet.
NYM. Then let us pinion Time, and chace
The day for ever from this place.

SHEPHERD.

Hark! NYM. Ah me stay! SHEP. For ever. NYM.
No, arise;
We must be gone. SHEP. My nest of spice.
NYM. My soul. SHEP. My paradise. [eyes
CHO. Neither could say farewell, but through their
Grief interrupted speech which tears supplies.

A LOVER,

Upon an accident necessitating his departure, consults with Reason.

LOVER.

WEEP not, nor backward turn your beams,
Fond eyes; sad sighs, lock in your breath;
Lest on this wind, or in those streams,
My griev'd soul fly, or sail to death,

* It is impossible to pass over these three lines with inattention. The delicacy of the thought is equalled only by the simplicity of the description. Those soft sensations which arise in lovers when their joys and sorrows meet, as a man of genius only can describe them, so a man of taste only can conceive them.

Fortune destroys me if I stay,
Love kills me if I go away;
Since Love and Fortune both are blind,
Come, Reason, and resolve my doubtful mind.

REASON.

Fly, and blind Fortune be thy guide,
  And 'gainst the blinder god rebel;
Thy love-sick heart shall not reside
  Where scorn and self-will'd error dwell;
Where entrance unto truth is barr'd;
Where love and faith find no reward;
For my just hand may sometime move
The wheel of Fortune, not the sphere of Love.

EPITAPH

ON THE LADY S. WIFE TO SIR W. S.

The harmony of colours, features, grace,
Resulting airs (the magic of a face)
Of musical sweet tunes, all which combin'd
To crown one sovereign beauty, lie confin'd
To this dark vault: she was a cabinet
Where all the choicest stones of price were set;
Whose native colours and pure lustre lent
Her eye, cheek, lip, a dazzling ornament;
Whose rare and hidden virtues did express
Her inward beauties and mind's fairer dress;
The constant diamond, the wise chrysolite,
The devout sapphire, em'rald apt to write
Records of mem'ry, cheerful agate, grave
And serious onyx, topaz that doth save

The brain's calm temper, witty amethyst;
This precious quarry, or what else the list
On Aaron's ephod planted had, she wore:
One only pearl was wanting to her store;
Which in her Saviour's book she found exprest;
To purchase that, she sold Death all the rest.

ON THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

SISTE, HOSPES, SIVE INDIGENA, SIVE ADVENA: VICISSITUDINIS RERUM MEMOR, PAUCA PERLEGE.

Reader, when these dumb stones have told
In borrowed speech what guest they hold,
Thou shalt confess the vain pursuit
Of human glory yields no fruit;
But an untimely grave. If Fate
Could constant happiness create,
Her ministers, Fortune and Worth,
Had here that miracle brought forth:
They fix'd this child of honour where
No room was left for hope or fear,
Of more or less: so high, so great
His growth was, yet so safe his seat:
Safe in the circle of his friends;
Safe in his loyal heart and ends;
Safe in his native valiant spirit;
By favour safe, and safe by merit;
Safe by the stamp of Nature, which
Did strength with shape and grace enrich;
Safe in the cheerful courtesies
Of flowing gestures, speech, and eyes;

Safe in his bounties, which were more
Proportion'd to his mind than store:
Yet though for virtue he becomes
Involv'd himself in borrow'd sums,
Safe in his care, he leaves betray'd
No friend engag'd, no debt unpaid.
  But though the stars conspire to show'r
Upon one head th' united power
Of all their graces, if their dire
Aspects must other breasts inspire
With vicious thoughts, a murderer's knife
May cut (as here) their darling's life:
Who can be happy then, if Nature must,
To make one happy man, make all men just?

SONG.

QUESTION.

From whence was this first fury hurl'd,
This Jealousy, into the world?
Came she from Hell? Answ. No, there doth reign
Eternal Hatred, with Disdain:
But she the daughter is of Love,
Sister of Beauty. Quest. Then above
She must derive from the third sphere
Her heavenly off-spring. Answ. Neither there:
From those immortal flames could she
Draw her cold frozen pedigree?

QUESTION.

If not from Heaven nor Hell, where then
Had she her birth? Ans. I' th' hearts of men.

Beauty and Fear did her create,
Younger than Love, elder than Hate.
Sister to both, by Beauty's side
To Love, by Fear to Hate ally'd.
Despair her issue is, whose race
Of fruitful mischief drowns the space
Of the wide earth in a swoln flood
Of wrath, revenge, spite, rage, and blood.

* * * * * * * * *

SONG.

A LOVER, IN THE DISGUISE OF AN AMAZON, IS DEARLY BELOVED OF HIS MISTRESS.

Cease, thou afflicted soul, to mourn,
Whose love and faith are paid with scorn;
For I am starv'd that feel the blisses,
Of dear embraces, smiles and kisses,
From my soul's idol, yet complain
Of equal love more than disdain.

Cease, beauty's exile, to lament
The frozen shades of banishment,
For I in that fair bosom dwell,
That is my Paradise and Hell;
Banish'd at home, at once at ease
In the safe port, and tost on seas.

Cease in cold jealous fears to pine,
Sad wretch, whom rivals undermine;

For though I had lock'd in mine arms
My life's sole joy, a traitor's charms
Prevail; whilst I may only blame
Myself, that mine own rival am.

AN HYMENEAL DIALOGUE.

BRIDE AND GROOM.

GROOM.

Tell me (my love) since Hymen ty'd
  The holy knot, hast thou not felt
A new infused spirit slide
  Into thy breast, whilst thine did melt?

BRIDE.

First tell me (sweet) whose words were those?
  For though your voice the air did break,
Yet did my soul the sense compose,
  And through your lips my heart did speak.

UPON MR. W. MONTAGUE

HIS RETURN FROM TRAVEL.

Lead the black bull to slaughter, with the boar
And lamb; then purple with their mingled gore
The Ocean's curled brow, that so we may
The sea-gods for their careful waftage pay:

Send grateful incense up in pious smoke
To those mild spirits that cast a curbing yoke
Upon the stubborn winds, that calmly blew
To the wish'd shore our long'd-for Montague:
Then, whilst the aromatic odours burn
In honour of their darling's safe return,
The Muse's quire shall thus with voice and hand
Bless the fair gale that drove his ship to land.

Sweetly-breathing vernal air
That with kind warmth do'st repair
Winter's ruins; from whose breast
All the gums and spice of th' east
Borrow their perfumes; whose eye
Gilds the morn, and clears the sky;
Whose dishevel'd tresses shed
Pearls upon the violet bed;
On whose brow, with calm smiles dress'd,
The halcyon sits and builds her nest;
Beauty, youth, and endless spring,
Dwell upon thy rosy wing.
Thou, if stormy Boreas throws
Down whole forests when he blows,
With a pregnant flow'ry birth
Canst refresh the teeming earth:
If he nip the early bud,
If he blast what's fair or good,
If he scatter our choice flowers,
If he shake our hills or bowers,
If his rude breath threaten us;
Thou canst stroke great Eolus,
And from him the grace obtain
To bind him in an iron chain.

Thus, whilst you deal your body 'mongst your friends,
And fill their circling arms, my glad soul sends
This her embrace: thus we of Delphos greet;
As lay-men clasp their hands, we join our feet.

TO A LADY,

THAT DESIRED I WOULD LOVE HER.

Now you have freely given me leave to love,
What will you do?
Shall I your mirth or passion move,
When I begin to woo?
Will you torment, or scorn, or love me too?

Each petty beauty can disdain, and I,
Spite of your hate,
Without your leave can see and die:
Dispense a nobler fate;
'Tis easy to destroy, you may create.

Then give me leave to love, and love me too;
Not with design
To raise, as Love's curst rebels do,
When puling poets whine,
Fame to their beauty from their blubber'd eyn.

Grief is a puddle, and reflects not clear
Your beauty's rays:
Joys are pure streams, your eyes appear
Sullen in sadder lays;
In cheerful numbers they shine bright with praise;

Which shall not mention, to express you fair,
Wounds, flames, and darts,
Storms in your brow, nets in your hair,
Suborning all your parts,
Or to betray or torture captive hearts.

I'll make your eyes like morning suns appear,
As mild and fair;
Your brow, as crystal smooth and clear;
And your dishevel'd hair
Shall flow like a calm region of the air.

Rich Nature's store (which is the poet's treasure)
I'll spend to dress
Your beauties, if your mine of pleasure
In equal thankfulness
You but unlock, so we each other bless.

TO MY FRIEND G. N.

FROM WREST.

I BREATHE, sweet Ghibs, the temperate air of Wrest,
Where I, no more with raging storms opprest,
Wear the cold nights out by the banks of Tweed,
On the bleak mountains where fierce tempests breed,
And everlasting winter dwells; where mild
Favonius and the vernal winds, exil'd,
Did never spread their wings: but the wild north
Brings sterile fern, thistles, and brambles forth.
Here, steep'd in balmy dew, the pregnant Earth
Sends from her teeming womb a flow'ry birth;

And, cherish'd with the warm Sun's quick'ning heat,
Her porous bosom doth rich odours sweat;
Whose perfumes through the ambient air diffuse
Such native aromatics, as we use
No foreign gums, nor essence fetch'd from far,
No volatile spirits, nor compounds that are
Adulterate; but, at Nature's cheap expense,
With far more genuine sweets refresh the sense.
Such pure and uncompounded beauties bless
This mansion with an useful comeliness
Devoid of art; for here the architect
Did not with curious skill a pile erect
Of carved marble, touch, or prophecy,
But built a house for hospitality.
No sumptuous chimney-piece of shining stone
Invites the stranger's eye to gaze upon,
And coldly entertain his sight; but clear
And cheerful flames cherish and warm him here
No Doric nor Corinthian pillars grace
With imagery this structure's naked face:
The lord and lady of this place delight
Rather to be in act, than seem, in sight.
Instead of statues to adorn their wall,
They throng with living men their merry hall,
Where, at large tables fill'd with wholsome meats,
The servant, tenant, and kind neighbour eats:
Some of that rank, spun of a finer thread,
Are with the women, steward, and chaplain, fed
With daintier cates; others, of better note,
Whom wealth, parts, office, or the herald's coat,
Have sever'd from the common, freely sit
At the lord's table, whose spread sides admit
A large access of friends to fill those seats
Of his capacious sickle, fill'd with meats

Of choicest relish, till his oaken back
Under the load of pil'd-up dishes crack.
Nor think, because our pyramids and high
Exalted turrets threaten not the sky,
That therefore Wrest of narrowness complains,
Or straighten'd walls; for she more numerous trains
Of noble guests daily receives, and those
Can with far more conveniency dispose,
Than prouder piles, where the vain builder spent
More cost in outward gay embellishment
Than real use; which was the sole design
Of our contriver, who made things not fine,
But fit for service. Amalthea's horn*
Of plenty is not in effigy worn
Without the gate; but she within the door
Empties her free and unexhausted store.
Nor crown'd with wheaten wreaths doth Ceres stand
In stone, with a crook'd sickle in her hand:
Nor on a marble tun, his face besmear'd
With grapes, is curl'd, uncizar'd Bacchus rear'd.
We offer not, in emblems, to the eyes,
But to the taste, those useful deities:
We press the juicy god, and quaff his blood,
And grind the yellow goddess into food.
Yet we decline not all the work of Art;
But where more bounteous nature bears a part,
And guides her handmaid, if she but dispense
Fit matter, she with care and diligence

* Amalthea was the daughter of Melissus, king of Crete. She is fabled to have fed Jupiter, while an infant, with the milk of a goat, whose horn the god afterwards made her a present of, endued with this virtue, that whoever possessed it, should have every thing they wished for. Hence it was called the horn of plenty.

Employs her skill; for where the neighbour source
Pours forth her waters, she directs her course,
And entertains the flowing streams in deep
And spacious channels, where they slowly creep
In snaky windings, as the shelving ground
Leads them in circles, till they twice surround
This island mansion, which, i' th' centre plac'd,
Is with a double crystal Heaven embrac'd;
In which our wat'ry constellations float,
Our fishes, swans, our waterman and boat,
Envy'd by those above, which wish to slake
Their star-burnt limbs in our refreshing lake;
But they stick fast nail'd to the barren sphere,
Whilst our increase, in fertile waters here,
Disport, and wander freely where they please
Within the circuit of our narrow seas.

With various trees we fringe the water's brink,
Whose thirsty roots the soaking moisture drink,
And whose extended boughs in equal ranks
Yield fruit, and shade, and beauty to the banks.
On this side young Vertumnus sits, and courts
His ruddy-cheek'd Pomona; Zephyr sports
On th' other with lov'd Flora, yielding there
Sweets for the smell, sweets for the palate here.
But did you taste the high and mighty drink
Which from that luscious fountain flows, you'd think
The god of wine did his plump clusters bring,
And crush the Falern* grape into our spring;
Or else, disguis'd in wat'ry robes, did swim
To Ceres' bed, and make her beg of him,

* The grape of Falernus is celebrated by all antiquity. It was produced from vines of a peculiar strength and flavour which grew in the Falernian fields in Campania.

So was thy play; whose clear, yet lofty strain,
Wise men, that govern fate, shall entertain.

THE COMPARISON.

Dearest, thy tresses are not threads of gold,
Thy eyes of diamonds, nor do I hold
Thy lips for rubies, thy fair cheeks to be
Fresh roses, or thy teeth of ivory:
Thy skin, that doth thy dainty body sheath,
Not alabaster is, nor dost thou breath
Arabian odours; those the earth brings forth,
Compar'd with which, would but impair thy worth.
Such may be others' mistresses, but mine
Holds nothing earthly, but is all divine.
Thy tresses are those rays that do arise,
Not from one sun, but two; such are thy eyes;
Thy lips congealed nectar are, and such
As, but a deity, there's none dare touch;
The perfect crimson that thy cheek doth cloath
(But only that it far exceeds them both)
Aurora's blush resembles, or that red
That Iris struts in when her mantle's spread;
Thy teeth in white do Leda's swan exceed;
Thy skin's a heavenly and immortal weed;
And when thou breath'st, the winds are ready straight
To filch it from thee; and do therefore wait
Close at thy lips, and snatching it from thence,
Bear it to Heaven, where 'tis Jove's frankincense.
Fair goddess, since thy feature makes thee one,
Yet be not such for these respects alone;
But as you are divine in outward view,
So be within as fair, as good, as true.

Now noise prevails, and he is tax'd for drowth
Of wit, that with the cry spends not his mouth.
Yet ask him reason why he did not like;
Him, why he did; their ignorance will strike
Thy soul with scorn and pity: mark the places
Provoke their smiles, frowns, or distorted faces,
When they admire, nod, shake the head, they'll be
A scene of mirth, a double comedy.
But thy strong fancies (raptures of the brain,
Drest in poetic flames) they entertain
As a bold impious reach; for they'll still slight
All that exceeds Red Bull* and Cockpit flight.
These are the men in crowded heaps that throng
To that adulterate stage, where not á tongue
Of th' untun'd kennel can a line repeat
Of serious sense, but the lips meet like meat;
Whilst the true brood of actors, that alone
Keep nat'ral, unstrain'd Action in her throne,
Behold their benches bare, though they rehearse
The terser Beaumont's or great Jonson's verse.
Repine not thou then, since this churlish fate
Rules not the stage alone; perhaps the state
Hath felt this rancour, where men great and good
Have by the rabble been misunderstood.

* After the restoration, there were two companies of players formed, one under the title of the king's servants, the other under that of the duke's company, both by patent from the crown; the first granted to Mr. Killigrew, and the latter to Sir William D'Avenant. The king's servants acted first at the Red Bull, in St. John's street, and afterwards at the Cockpit, in Drury Lane; to which place our poet here alludes. It seems, by the verses before us, that though Killigrew's company was much inferior to D'Avenant's it was more successful; though the company of the latter, who performed at the duke's theatre in Lincoln-Inn-Fields, acted the pieces of Shakespeare, Jonson, Beaumont, and were headed by the celebrated Betterton.

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So be within as fair, as good, as true.

THE ENQUIRY.

AMONGST the myrtles as I walk'd,
Love and my sighs thus intertalk'd:
"Tell me, (said I, in deep distress,)
Where may I find my shepherdess?"

"Thou fool," (said Love,) "know'st thou not this,
In every thing that's good she is?
In yonder tulip go and seek,
There thou mayst find her lip, her cheek.

"In yon enamel'd pansy by,
There thou shalt have her curious eye.
In bloom of peach, in rosy bud,
There wave the streamers of her blood.

"In brightest lilies that there stand,
The emblems of her whiter hand.
In yonder rising hill there smell
Such sweets as in her bosom dwell."

"'Tis true" (said I): and thereupon
I went to pluck them one by one,
To make of parts a union;
But on a sudden all was gone.

With that I stopt: said Love, "These be,
Fond man, resemblances of thee:
And, as these flow'rs, thy joys shall die,
Ev'n in the twinkling of an eye:
And all thy hopes of her shall wither,
Like these short sweets thus knit together."

LOVE'S FORCE.

In the first ruder age, when Love was wild,
Not yet by laws reclaim'd, not reconcil'd
To order, nor by reason mann'd, but flew,
Full-plum'd by nature, on the instant view,
Upon the wings of appetite, at all
The eye could fair, or sense delightful call,
Election was not yet; but as their cheap
Food from the oak, or the next acorn-heap,
As water from the nearest spring or brook,
So men their undistinguish'd females took
By chance, not choice. But soon the heavenly spark,
That in man's bosom lurk'd, broke through this dark
Confusion; then the noblest breast first felt
Itself for its own proper object melt.

END OF VOL. IV.

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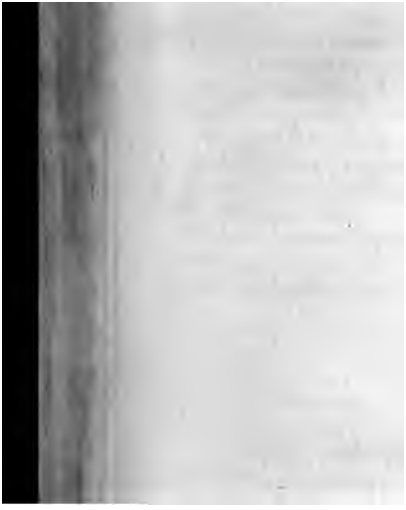
END OF VOL. IV.